

We Don't Give A Fuck

Tony Yayo

We, we don't give a fuck about you
Your homey on the block can get it too
Y'all lil' motherfuckers ain't gang-ster, save your
Crew, before I put a hit out on you
Before I let my niggas come through
Y'all lil' motherfuckers ain't gang-ster, gang-sterYeah!
I come creepin through your hood in the dead of the night boy
It's good that you ain't scared to die cause you might boy
Nigga cross the line, and my wolves'll jump on you
The beef escalate, they'll be back to dump on you
They follow orders, I tell 'em to let off that pump at you
Before you snitch, yeah see I know what you chumps'll do
Sunny day, hot fudge, vanilla banana split
Four niggas in a whip, AK banana clip
War time, frontline, nigga ride or run and hide
Everything alive dies, why ask why? Why cry
Man up, chump, worryin is for the weak
You could hold your own or get left for dead in the streetWe, we don't give a fuck about you
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Y'all lil' motherfuckers ain't gang-ster, gang-sterYeah, yeah
In the hood when I pop up, minked up and rocked up
Niggas ice grill cause these O.G.'s is washed up
I got a left like, Winky Wright
My pinky bright, my bank card'll end your life
Niggas scheme but they sweeter than, cookies'n'cream
Homey I got more blocks than Hakeem the Dream
That ain't taskforce money, that's real police
I got my ratchet in the alley with that fiend Denise
Cruise the streets, stuntin in that Maybach sixty-two
Nigga what my dope goin fo', 62, c'mon! A gram
By man, my plan's to expand
Try to jux and you hoods get catscansWe, we don't give a fuck about you
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Y'all lil' motherfuckers ain't gang-ster, gang-sterUhh, Banks
I got a crew of schitzos behind me, I give 'em the word
They'll wet your whole block up, like the tsunami
Try me, and your mami'll be right in the lobby
And they'll be feedin you Jello, like you're Bill Cosby
Yeah everybody yellin yeah, so the beef cook
Then somebody gets hit in the melon, then they tellin
Don't go tongue lashin with Lloyd
Niggas'll put stabs in your boy like Brad did in Troy
Be shakin like a cutty, with his last bit of boy
And I'll be calm cause there's bulletproof glass in the toy
Yeah I'm flashy as fuck, mashin with BuckWindows up blowin big cause there's stash in the truck, what?We,
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Songwriters

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