

# We Don't Care Bout Ya

## Pitbull

We don't care  
We don't care  
We don't care  
We don't care, we don't care  
We don't care, we don't care We don't care 'bout ya clique  
We don't care 'bout ya crew  
We don't care 'bout ya bitch  
We don't care what you do We don't care about your cars  
We don't care about your chips  
We don't care about shit  
Accept getting rich Now that Little Jon has opened the door  
It's over dawg, this that new south, that's it, it's over y'all  
No more warning y'all, we tired of getting over looked  
You want beef then I hope you like it over-cooked Oh and for that bread, it's whatever man  
I'm fully prepared to pump lead  
At any nigga that wanna bump heads  
So bring it but when them things go Rr-rr-ringing Someone's gonna get hit  
And that's a fact, not an opinion  
I'm building my connects  
And that there is dangerous Didn't your mother teach you, not to talk to strangers?  
Then why are you in my ear talking all the shit  
Just 'cause I'm Cuban doesn't mean I flip bricks So stop asking me the price on them thangs down here  
'Cause that sort of thangs that get chu killed 'round here  
I don't care who you are, who you might be  
But I'd rather die, then let an undercover bite me We don't care 'bout ya clique  
We don't care 'bout ya crew  
We don't care 'bout ya bitch  
We don't care what you do We don't care about your cars  
We don't care about your chips  
We don't care about shit  
Accept getting rich We don't care 'bout ya clique  
We don't care 'bout ya crew  
We don't care 'bout ya bitch  
We don't care what you do We don't care about your cars  
We don't care about your chips  
We don't care about shit  
Accept getting rich I'm in this bitch now, y'all niggaz better get ready  
I'm ready for whatever y'all want, boy, but it ain't nothing pretty  
Y'all wanna start shit, tell me what y'all wanna do

Me, Pit, DB, we don't care about booze?I don't care about slanging them thangs  
Back 'em spraying them thangs  
If you get roped, just homie don't mention my name  
Blakah, that's exactly what I'm spitting meng  
Homie, don't make me have to blow 'em chopper meng'Cause I can spit it, spit it, however you want it, want it  
My peoples is with it, with it, we about that money money  
And I do anything that I have to do to get that money meng  
Miami, money is a major issue mengThey, they don't understand what we about to do  
We about to shit on this game, we about to shit on your crew  
Pitbull don't care about ya, Cubo don't care about ya  
DB don't care about ya, we, we don't care about yaWe don't care 'bout ya clique  
We don't care 'bout ya crew  
We don't care 'bout ya bitch  
We don't care what you doWe don't care about your cars  
We don't care about your chips  
We don't care about shit  
Accept getting richWe don't care 'bout ya clique  
We don't care 'bout ya crew  
We don't care 'bout ya bitch  
We don't care what you doWe don't care about your cars  
We don't care about your chips  
We don't care about shit  
Accept getting richThis game is scandalous  
The more money you make  
The more you're prone  
To get hauled off in an ambulanceThat's why I say to myself in the cut, man, I can't be seen  
Ears open, mouth shut, just watching thangs  
And if it pops off, I pop up, both popping thangs  
Guns, I was taught proper to cop and aimRun, when you hear that Blakah meng  
P-rr-rr-rrat that's the sound of the chopper meng  
Just let me know exactly what it is you trying to do  
'Cause we can both dance with the Devil, dawg  
It's all on youLike basketball, if you shoot you better follow through  
In a casket dawg, who the fucks gon' follow you?We don't care 'bout ya clique  
We don't care 'bout ya crew  
We don't care 'bout ya bitch  
We don't care what you doWe don't care about your cars  
We don't care about your chips  
We don't care about shit  
Accept getting richWe don't care 'bout ya clique  
We don't care 'bout ya crew  
We don't care 'bout ya bitch  
We don't care what you doWe don't care about your cars  
We don't care about your chips  
We don't care about shit

Accept getting rich Yeah, once again, my friend  
I'mma be the first Latin rapper from the south  
Shut shit the fuck down  
And I got Lil' Jon to bounced to that  
The King of the south And Uncle Luke will tell you the same shit  
So get ready, niggaz  
Pitbull, DB, Lil' Jon  
Y'all ain't ready for this shit Haha, suckas

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