

We Don't Give a Fuck

The Murderers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo, throw your motherfuckin' middle fingers in the air, nigga
'Cause if y'all don't give a fuck, like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfuckin' fingers in the air
Motherfucker, the war is on, we're gonna pour it on
Niggas to be feminine, guns rapidly scenative
For the love of the Benjamins
Keep 'em leekin' an' bleekin' to dogs with his broads tremblin'
I'm sendin' him 'til the Lord, calls my adrenalin
You slow mo, niggas gettin' slow dough
Fuck your po'-po', I let the flow blow
Keep em' runnin' like Flo Jo, I flow so
Sickest murder, clip inserter, drop, pop an' rip your word up
We lust for more, can't touch crush the rope
Hit a club, then rush the door, niggas fuck the known
That's why we've been blazed, to you, froze it up
Had your name to the crease so you closed it up
I'm one in a mil, niggas got me gunnin' for real
Leavin' you nothin' to steal, so no pain to feel
So fuck the world, ya either get when you see the sink skin
No more than my thugs than your guns let off
I earned connections, every time I burn my weapon
Y'all niggas gonna learn your lesson
Fuck the Feds, nigga, we spit hollow heads
Our motto is 'Shed blood for dead thug'
That shed blood in hell, when my slugs set bail
Pray for death from your cell, I won't bet we got to jail
From pretty niggas with half a nickel flow
Them bitch niggas, they keep their dimes on the low
Y'all niggas is lame, commercial niggas, get out the game
We here now, shit's gonna change
We spit them things from point blank range at you
Then ask what the fuck you gon' do
Test the mic on your gun, lose your life an' your ones
I don't give a fuck where you from, niggas run when we come
I bust my gun 'cause I'm a bum from the gutter
You better know it's murda, motherfucker
Y'all ain't hear me, y'all with me
Throw your fuckin' fingers up, motherfucker
'Cause if y'all don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfuckin' fingers in the air
Nigga, I'm livin' my life, fuckin' your wife
Bendin' her up while I'm hollerin', I don't give a fuck

So I move like like it such and y'all can't get enough
Of The Murderers, it'll murda y'all, nigga, what, what? I know y'all are ready to die, know why?
'Cause the pain is too much to bare while alive
So I cock my nine then close my eyes
Take another hit an' then creep an' blow minds These are hard times, niggas, in these streets an' bust blind
Out of fear, out of despair but never in the air
We gonna take to this, point blank range in your Range Rov'
Pistol with the kids an' rape your stray hoe We The Murderers, yo, what you expect from us?
We niggas you can't trust, that don't really give a fuck
We dedicated to street life, game an' hustle
I don't wanna be white, let them black an' live for struggle My niggas tote guns for hittin' you an' your squad up
Now we got the upper hand, so keep your palms up
Niggas, if you want it with Ja, come in an' line up
Guaranteed you be meetin' your Maker, your times' up Negative, I can go into the streets we live
Paper, foreign niggas be murderin' shit
So what, what? Niggas is holla, Yo, what up?
Murda Inc. is the movement that won't be touched Motherfuckers, ya hear me? Murder Inc., niggas
'Cause if you don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfuckin' fingers in the air We don't give a what, what?
All of my ladies, it's all gravy
Get your tubs up, it's murder, turn it up
Plus, ain't nobody hotter than Totti, so who you ridin' with?
Ladies hatin' blatantly hatin' 'cause they ain't hidin' Dismiss hot chick, straight to the top chick
That'll chase you, that'll strip you
Off your crown an' replace you
When I stay laced, boo, in the top of the line
In the finest designers, from Fendi an' Gabbana Players, if you want it, I got it, just come an' get it
Thugs, if you hustlin', hustlin', come an' get it
Mommy, if you rollin' with Totti, let's get this dough off
We don't give a fuck, what?

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