

Damn

YoungBloodz

OK, OK, OK
OK, OK, OK, this Sean Paul
Lil John, J-Bo, Youngbloodz
You already know how we do it homeboy
It's A-Town (105 Road for dem hoes)
It's A-Town (east side for dem hoes), Attic Crew you already know
Lil John, Eastside Boyz
and yo boy Sean Paul let me tell ya like this here boy (let's go)They callin' me
to come back to the streets, Sean P.
A.K.A Sharp Crease, said it was necessary
these sucka niggaz out here very scary
They come from the hole they livin' in the month of February
OK then put a sissy nigga on display then
Kick in ya door and have my folk dem bring dem K's in
I'm still Attic A-double T-I-see
It ain't a hoe out there fo real who don't know 'bout me
Bitch I'm fo sho wit it
don't make me pop that trunk to the 'Lac, bitch I will go get it
and I ain't selfish I will let you and your hoe feel it
Won't catch me sippin' on no Cris and got a cold billy
It's Youngbloodz A-Town malt liquor sippin'
comin' straight from the gutter
Toe-tag a motherfucker, leave 'em under a cover
Lil John he drop the beat that make ya bounce like rubber
Sean Paul he tote the heat to make ya mug then slug ya yeahIf you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck
If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck
If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck
If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck
Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit
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They call me Mr. Herringbone 'cause that's my right hand man
Old school straight foolish like no other indeed
With Lil John it's Youngbloodz they crunk as can be
Attic Crew 105 that's if you lookin to rumble
Cock back bust aim now I done got yo number
In the club you gone feel it when it drop this summer
Like rain we gone pour and hit you hard like thunder

'Cause in the Dirty we dem boys that drank you under the table

Where dem niggaz pimp hoes in fly suits and gators

In my Chevy so super I'm the one to call

Just dial 1-800-430 slash ALCOHOL

And dawg I'm not the one that you really just want to clown

I'm cool in my way, but shit still I shut 'em down

And piss on them haters J-Bo he cuts a fool

In the cut 'bout slizzard somewhere that's how we do (yeah)If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck

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Don't start no shit, it won't be no shitOut of town hard heads get swiss cheezed up

And you gon' need more than stitches to patch that leak up

Chump like me up my mouth TB'd up

With the plush leather guts steady grippin' the butt

Oh you fo sho with it

then pull yo pistol, show a nigga you ain't hoe with it

And I ain't selfish I will let you and your folk feel it

Talkin' big boy shit

Me muggin' like a motherfucker my hand on my dick'Cause at a grip we keep it jumpin' like it ain't nuttin' new

We started off with Shake Em Off so look up now oh guess who

It's them boys from the bottom who took you down 85

And hit you with that you-Way so don't be surprised

We buckin' blowin' chillin' and sippin' on something good

I'm peepin' out the scenery and wishin' a nigga would

In case it just might pop I'm 'bout ready to lock and load

To take you through the South to show you how we throw dem bowsIf you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck

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Songwriters

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