

# **We Don't Give A Fuck**

**Tony Yayo feat. Lloyd Banks, Olivia & 50 Cent**

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 niggaz come through  
Y'all lil' motherfuckers ain't gangster, gangster  
Yeah, 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 niggaz 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 street  
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Yeah, yeah, in the hood when I pop up, minked up and rocked up  
Niggaz 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  
Niggaz 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 catscans  
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 niggaz come through  
Y'all lil' motherfuckers ain't gangster, gangster  
Uhh, 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 we pull it  
Niggaz'll put stabs in your boy like Brad hittin' 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 Buck  
Windows up blowin' big 'cause there's stash in the truck, what?  
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