

We Don't Give A Fuck

Tony Yayo feat. 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Olivia

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
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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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