I Don't Give a Fuck

Nature

I don't give a fuck about your Girlfriends
I don't give a fuck about your Man boo
I don't give a fuck about your friends
And your friends ain't shit, and sometimes I can't understand you
I don't even know why you page me
I don't even know if I can trust you
Yo, is you jumpin' it off?
Is you jumpin' it off?

If not then keepin' movin' bitch, fuck youI got a whole 'lotta problems that I gotta resolve

Like 4 in the mornin' I get anonymous calls

They let it ring once, they let it ring twice

Damm, it rang twelve times, chickens ain't right

Cussin' like a sailor, fuckin' in trailors

Photoshoots, niggas did it and told me the head was much realer

Shouldn't have did it boo, you shouldn't have did it boo

Now you forgettin' exactly how many niggas you did it too

Cut you off, shit's critical, gimme my space

I admit, I was the one that made the silly mistakes

The Fifty state roamer

Had to throw the fake on her

Heavyweight, ringside seats in Nate's corner

Wait for her, it might take days

But back home's where the fight takes place

Punches and scratches

Headlocks and hatchets

Screamin' at the top of her lungs, this bitch is spazzin'

Comin' at ya, whats up with that shit? I don't give a fuck about your Girlfriends

I don't give a fuck about your Man boo

I don't give a fuck about your friends

And your friends ain't shit, and sometimes I can't understand you

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Yo, is you jumpin' it off?

Is you jumpin' it off?

If not then keepin' movin' bitch, fuck youHugs turn to kisses, kisses turn to intercourse

Engagement, marriage, then divorce

Devellish acts, sinnin' thoughts

Secrets bein' spilled out, soon as it happens the pigeons talk

I try to keep her close by, don't mind lettin' go

Let her know who the fuck she wit' Like any Man unless he's whipped

A messy script leads to domestic disputes

All your friends gettin' caught in our beef 'cause they thought it was

Cute

Dressin' in suits, I used to get you from work

Checked your feelings, even flipped on you first

Stripped down your purse

One night I found your phonebook

Hidin' spots, look in all the places you thought I won't look

Never said shit, but dead shit immediate

Ripped out the numbers that I needed to rip

Heated quick, did what I had to do

Sat her down, she flipped it around, looked in my eyes and quickly

Caught this attitudeI don't give a fuck about your Girlfriends

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Yo, is you jumpin' it off?

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If not then keepin' movin' bitch, fuck youSome nights you might talk in your sleep, pig Latin

Drunk, the next mornin' actin' like I didn't happen

Should I cheat? give me reasonable doubt

Is the next Man trickin' on you? huh? is he eatin' you out?

You're poppin' up with mysterious gifts

When I ask you just laugh, brushin' off the seriousness

There's nothin' worse than a curious bitch

With some nosey friends

Six deep in a old BM

Pushin' it to the limit

Ripped up seats with cushion in it

Change on the rug

She give brains to all the thugs

While she drives, somethin' called dangerous love

Got a airbag on both sides, no lie

Doin' shit the average hoes don't try

Wanna know why I'll never leave you?

You're intelligent, young, and evil

The definition of a real bitch, some'll G you

Come and see you like "Next!"

Right after their exI don't give a fuck about your Girlfriends

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I don't give a fuck about your friends

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