

We Don't Care

Big Punisher

Yeah, the foundation, LGP
Latin's goin' platinum baby
Yeah yeah, yeah
Year 2000, Terror Squadians, Terror Squad
You won't like me when I'm angry
We rock the party and
I guarantee you, you won't like me when I'm angry
Yeah, yeah, yeah Terror Squadians
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We rock the party and Yeah! I tear the club up, pull up in the Hummer with Pun
My fuckin' brother, makin' motherfuckers run for cover
The number runner son, I'm nothin' but a hustler
Burnin' rubber with drugs, stuffed up in the muffler
Shut the fuck up! Bust a slug through your jugular
Plus suckers get fucked up with golf clubs, never front on us
T.S. baby, straight out the B.X. baby
So if they B.S., we deeper than the U.S. navy You ain't crazy, laid up in the club like what?
With all the ladies, showin' us nothin' but love
Guzzlin' 80, proof to truth, straight to the gut
In a Mercedes, Coupe fucked up doin' a buck
If jakes chase me, I'm cuttin' off trucks, pressin' my luck
It's all gravy, puffin' the blunt, blazin' it up
Maybe you hate me, 'cause your baby mom's on my nuts
She wanna rape me just because I'm sexy as fuck, so nigga what? Tear the club up 'cause we don't care
Everybody strip, yeah we don't care
Shoot the place up yeah, we don't care, nuh-ah
We don't care, nuh-ah! We don't care!! Nahhhahh!
Yeah, we don't care, T Squaders
Yeah, we don't care, fuck you nigga
Nah we don't care, nuh-ah
We don't care, nuh-ah! We don't care!! Nahhhahh! Yo, I'm livin' in mansions, give me the Spanish props
I got to have it
Loadin' and bustin' a mac, did shit in the past
Was grabbin' the girls on they asses
Duck when the mac hits or be dead before your body falls
'Cause when my shotty roars we ignore Guiliani laws
My trigger got no heart nigga, I'm blowin' apart liver
And holdin' the glocks, call to the cops, blowin' the spot Baby better head for the hills, my niggaz wild for the
night

My lead ready to peel this shit really real
My clip fillity fill your chick with a chill
My dick quick to kill, we fittin' to ill
No survivors, frozen Godivas or roses and flowers
Sour the grapes for those opposin' the Squaders
Thrown in the garbage, like funky pajamas, word to my junkie mama
I'ma keep it funky for homies livin' tomorrow You fuckin' with scholars, street knowledge
Carter kids stuck to the projects
Go ahead keep checkin that mall
And me and Cuban gon' keep doublin' our chips
Keep talkin' that dumb shit like you want it
Yeah when are you gonna buck shit
[Incomprehensible] this mug shit 02.15 Tear the club up 'cause we don't care
Everybody strip, yeah we don't care
Shoot the place up, we don't care, nuh-ah
We don't care, nuh-ah! We don't care!! Nahhhahh!
Now we don't care, T Squaders
Now we don't care, fuck you nigga
We don't care, nuh-ah
We don't care, nuh-ah! We don't care!! Nahhhahh! Yeah, Big punisher
Cuban link, Terror Squad
Y'all wanna party? Gon' party our way
Anything goes
The code of the streets, what what?

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