No Me Importa

Dikers

Look I ain't never been afraid to tell how I really feel
Nunca, I think everybody should know that
Yo creo que todos debemos de saber eso
Fuckin' ought to know, yo
I gotta tell these chicks a lot of times, mira
Tu estas actuando en una manera muy mala
Bien mala y no me importa ya, I gotta let ya know
Let 'em know. Here we go, digale a la gente, primo
Gotta let you know for real. Son drop that
[Verse I]Siempre me encuentro con la mujer equivocada
A superficial mami con la alma comprada
Yo I'm sick of stupid chicks que hablan de nada
Let's got to my house conversacion acabada
Yeah we can fuck but you gotta go after manana
You walking bootlegged porque te deje clavada
Don't ever talk shit about niggaz and get enojada
There's a reason that you never been properly amada
Cause you fuck niggaz and suck dick como si nada
Para la porqueria and save the drama
Don't come to the fucking club con una actitud mala
You've been drinking too much Bacardi and smoking lala
Escuchame senorita, if you don't respect yourself
Don't expect respect from anyone else
Don't expect un hombre to support you with wealth
Go to college and be successful, do it for delft
Nunca vas a ser shit without knowledge your self
Mamis with cultural ineptitude are bad for your health
That's the type of mujer that I put back on the shelf
And go back to the pack crowd to look for somebody else
Adios, check it
[Hook]We keep it moving properly
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly
Smoking broccoli, compartiendo ideologies
Pero solamente pasa on special occasions
When beautiful intelligent mamis stay blazing
(Stay blazing!)
Y ahora for you motherfucking niggaz

Yo... si
[Verse 2]Immortal Technique the resurrected Che Guevara
But y'all cats are just a bunch of fake Tony Montana
I bring drama like revolucion Cubana
And block stages like my last name was Santana
Como puedes comparar your anterouch to my squad
You motherfucker is faker than resurrection full of bud
Don't try to be hard 'cause I don't stress faked fellas
I'll burn your house down and empty the clip of tu abuela
Mucha gente try to convince everyone that they trife
Hablando mierda but you never shot a gun in your life
Siempre gritando how you keep it real in the cife
But most of your rappers can't even keep it real with your wife
I'll sacrifice you puto cabron for running his mouth
Car-jack you and kidnap you in front of your house
And while you tied up by that shotgun while I'm driving down south
I'll push the pedal to setenta and kick you the fuck out
Solamente just look back and have something to laugh about
I doubt that you really want Technique as an enemigo
Fuck with me I'll make your people turn up desaparecido
My estilo es Chupa Camaro Y Zapatista
I'm a revel soldier murdering rap artistas
Colombian neck-tile MC hasta la vista
Taking over the fucking country like socialita
Cobardes, yo
[Hook]We keep it moving properly
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly
I'll broad your fucking brain out and spread your philosophy
This is if te pones celoso motherfucker is watching me
I don't make threats bitch lo que hablo es prophecy
De verdad, para que toda la gente sepa que no me importa
Cuanta mierda ustedes hablan o cuanta mierda
I still be on my job. Forever, I'll still be here
I'll still be doing my thing. Para siempre. Cojudo
Para siempre. I'll be in anybody's parade
Immortal Technique, se ha acabado la mierda..

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