

# 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 dejé 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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