

# 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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