We Don't Give A Fuck

[Lil' Kim](#)

Take that nigga chain, we don't give a fuck
Hit that nigga up, we don't give a fuck
Jack that nigga truck, we don't give a fuck
We don't give a fuck, he ain't down with us
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I Brooklyn Bounce nigga, in Dirty South down to the ATL
Rep B.I.G. to death, betta watch what come out ya breath
We thuggin', thuggin', we thuggin', honey girl Queen B double E-E
I'm heatin' up in oven, no bitch is comin' like me
We get by, we get crunk, we spit fire, we got pumps
We get high, we get drunk, we got heat for y'all punks
Can't find you layin', my fam is not playin'
Gotta get that money, that money, that money, money
You don't want no problems man, none if you get outta lane
We comin' like the Taliban, poppin' like a collar man
Cowards want to violate, then we got to demonstrate
You faggot niggaz tellin', when we see you we be yellin'
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Bitch I been trill ever since the day I came out my mommas cock
Come on down to that Dirty South, you gon' see I got it locked
I can go on any block and on any hood and on any town
Runnin' deep with money and jewelery and holdin' myself down
Connected to every heavy nigga across the U.S
My cocaine is the whitest and my diamonds are the bluest
My city is the trillest and my niggaz are the truest
Got everything to gain and nothing to lose, so let's do this
We load 'em up, cock 'em back, let 'em go and knock 'em off
Cut off all his cake, rocks, and eggs, this nigga block 'em off
It's B U N for U G K, straight up out that B A T

Holdin' it down for K I M, reppin' for Pimp C, let's see 'em bitch
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Big cars, big trucks, big nuts when it comin' up off the dust
Think it's funny 'til he comin' up out the club
Gonna getcha money when I'm comin' up out the cut
If I catch a nigga slippin', I'ma tell a nigga know that shit
Then I snatch that chain
When he leave his friends, I'ma get him out his ends
And his Benz, make him cash that train
Come out the dark and get the lights on, turn together, get it up
Take his watch, take his bracelet, take his dust, take his truck
I can't help it to get itchy if I see the nigga ballin'
Nigga yes y'all then I gotta get a piece of that
Steady figure with the Jacob in the bezel with charm
Well, come over hear I got a little heat for that
AK-47 and the Desert Eagle with a sawed-off pump
Got a what, an E-95 with leather grip
And a Mac-11 comin' out the trunk
Got what, a black ski mask and leather gloves
And duct tape I can get what I want
Got what, when the Queen and the Twist ride on them bitches
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