

# I Don't Give a Fuck

## Kay One

I was destined to come, yeah  
What you expect? I don't give a fuck now  
(Quiet money for life)  
As a clever nigga, nuttin' to play with  
(The society game returns)  
Thank God, he blew breath in my lungs  
Urban wars, I was destined to come  
(Dream Team, baby)  
What you expect? I don't give a fuck now  
(Fall back y'all)  
As a clever nigga, nuttin' to play with  
(I don't give a fuck)  
Thank God, he blew breath in my lungs  
I'm known global, blooded out pimp by coastal  
Rap mobile, low key, anti-social  
Smoke gray timbs, criss fade, wave to sin  
White Denali, teared it up, flagrant rims  
I'm no thief, I live by the code of the streets  
I hold heat but no need to go in the deep  
Don for real with the same Gotti traumata pill  
Von O Niel, embraced by the arms of the ill  
Art of war, a hundred men, cars galore  
Wanted men, who couldn't see in robbin' the law?  
Live or not, I'm one half divide the block  
And I can show you how to take cash and bribe the cops  
And from the bars to the backyards, alleys and aves  
Subtract, divide, add up, tally the math  
Stand direct, for dolo demand respect  
Hand solo, sit back and watch the plans connect  
You heard  
I was destined to come  
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Thank God, he blew breath in my lungs  
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Thank God, he blew breath in my lungs  
I rock coogies but need fatigues, holdin' the cock oozie

The block school me, cuties drop your doobies  
It's on now, some claim I'm wrong but how?  
Been indited so watch, rhyme, pull on my trial  
Blow with me, I'm like the life of that old 50

I dose quickly, moves is so shifty  
Days been broke, on corners with them trays of Coke  
It was the dirty hustle money that raised my folks  
Tights from jail, few nigas might see bail  
It's kinda foul when you watch nigga's wifies tell  
Flip-on who? I still wore wrist on blue  
Y'all know my style, MIA but I miss y'all too  
Tryin' to remain breathin', hot blocks never change seasons

Bodies get caught for the strangest reasons  
Breathe the smoke and time for me is needed to Coke  
Won't stop till I stack it all and flee the coast

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So now I toast, to all my close niggas that's ghost  
Y'all know the sos, only soft niggas worry the most  
Come and get me, niggas, I'm nasty like Ken Griffy

Nigga is sissies, I bought some men with me  
Wait 'til the heny' hit me, hope that sin lift me  
Never smile, style is wild, only grin strictly  
Your main supplier, for days in the same attire  
Sat and watch nigga, used to get again, expire

Deep in thought, spit it like a street report  
I rep alone still I stand without no feet support  
Fuck the threats, I rip necks of suckin' a tech

Either that or ice picks stuck in your neck  
I play different, I put a work stay consistent  
Love paper, plus a nigga praise commitment

Dead the jokes, I'm near when the bread get boast  
So fuck me, ask your bitch who get head the most

I was destined to come  
(You heard?)

What you expect? I don't give a fuck now  
(Y'all niggas want? It's on)  
As a clever nigga, nuttin' to play with  
(It's time to y'all get it)

Thank God, he blew breath in my lungs

(The God has returned)

I was destined to come

(BK don)

What you expect? I don't give a fuck now

(So-ci, visualiza)

As a clever nigga, nuttin' to play with

Thank God, he blew breath in my lungs

(This is quiet money for life)

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