I Don't Give A Fuck

Ace Hood

I don't give a fuck
They done push me to the limit the more I live
I might blow up any minute, did it again
Now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon
While this cops bragging about the nigga he's jackin
I see no justice
All I see is niggas dying fast
The sound of a gun blast
Then watch the hurst past
Just another day in the life 'G'
Gotta step lightly cuz cops tried to snippe me
The catch, they don't wanna stop at the brother man
But then they'll have an accident and pick up another man
I went to the bank to cash my cheque
I get more respect from the mutha-fuckin' dope man
The Grammy's and the American music shows pimp us like hoes
They got dough but they hate us though
You better keep your mind on the real shit
And fuck trying to get with these crooked ass hypocrites
They way they see it, we was meant to be keep down
Just can't understand why we getting respect now
Mama told me they're be days like this
But I'm pissed cause it stays like this
And now they trying to send me off to Kuwait
Gimme a break
How much shit can a nigga take
I ain't goin' nowhere no how
Better bring your guns pal
Cuz this is the day we make 'em pay
Fuck bailin' hate I bail and spray with my A-K
And even if they shoot me down
There'll be another nigga bigger
So step but you better step quick
from the mutha-fuckin' underground
Cause the clocks goin' tick and I'm sick of the bullshit
You're watching the makings of a physco-path
The truth didn't last
Before the wrath and aftermath
Who's that behind the trigger?

Who'd do yah figure!?
A mutha-fuckin night nigga
Ready to buck and rip shit up
I had enough and I don't give a fuck
Niggas!, isn't just the blacks
also a gang of mutha-fuckas dressed in blue slacks
They say niggas hang in packs and their attitude is shitty
Tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city
They say niggas like to do niggas,
Throw me in the cuffs with just two niggas
A street walkin' nigga and a beat walkin' nigga with a badge
I had to shoot yah and the pass for the blast take his cash
And that's just his luck

And bash his head in dump him at the dead in
Cause a nigga like me
don't really give a fuck
Walked in the store what's everybody staring at
They act like they never seen a mutha fucker wearing black
Following a nigga and shit
Ain't this a bitch
All I wanted was some chips
I wanna take my business else where
But where?
Cause who in the hell cares
About a black man with a black need
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend
I wonder if knows that my income is more than
His pension, salary and then some
Your daughter is my number one fan
And your trife ass wife wants a life with a black man
So who's the mac in fact who's the black jack
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat
while he thinks that he's getting over
I bust a move as smooth as casanova
And count another quick meal
I'm getting paid for my traid but its still real
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme
AS strong as a fuckin' nine
Mail stacked up niggas wanna act up
Let's put the gats up and throw your backs up
But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot
Usta come but he's done, now we run the block
To my brothers stay strong keep yah heads up
They know we fed up

But we they just don't give a fuck
They just don't give a fuck
I gotta give my fuck offs
Fuck you to the San FranCisco police department
Fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff department
Fuck you to the F.B.I
Fuck you to the C.I.A
Fuck you to the B-u-s-h
Fuck you to the AmeriKKKa
Fuck you to all you redneck prejudice mutha fuckas
And fuck yah
Fuck Y'all
Punk gay sensitive little dick bastards
2paclypse mutha fuckin' know
Y'all can kiss my ass and suck my dick
And my uncle Tommy's balls
Fuck Y'all
Punks, punks, punks, punks, punks

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