It Doesn't Matter

gags

Yo, this is the Rock kicking it with the Refugee camp
And you're 'bout to smell what the Rock is cookin'
Yo, this is strictly a club record
Dedicated to everybody who used to stand outside in the cold
When the F-L-E-X was spinnin' at the Red Zone, hooded down
And these tired bouncers would not let me in
You know what I'm sayin'
Yo, yo, yo
I got fifty Bentley's in the West Indies
(It doesn't matter!)
I got a pocket full of cheese and a garden full of trees
(It doesn't matter!)
I just won the bingo bought a crib in Rio
(It doesn't matter!)
'Cause if you ain't sharin' people ain't carin'
Come up in the hood and they take everything you wearin'
Back in the days it was all about the clubs
And the so-called thugs used to dance the break for love
The girls, they wouldn't say "Hey!"
Unless you bought 'em champagne like it was they birthday
Me, I used to stand outside
Hustlin' my way in I'm on the guest list plus five!
Who's performin' tonight? He said Shabba
Mister Lover Daddy he be the selector
(Someone jump the Rock's up in here)
Disrespect emcees and catch a smack in your left ear
Light up like Vegas when it's time to gamble
Girls scream for me like I was part of the Beatles
But I'm not honey, but I could be your Paul McCartney
And "Ebony or Ivory" into my Jacuzzi
Foundation like Kool Herc, or DJ Red Alert goes bezerk
The needle ain't skip the record jerked
'Cause y'all jumpin' too hard
(Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!)
I got fifty Bentley's in the West Indies
(It doesn't matter!)
I got a pocket full of cheese and a garden full of trees
(It doesn't matter!)
What? I just won the bingo bought a crib in Rio

(It doesn't matter!)
Yo, 'cause if you ain't sharin', people ain't carin'
Come up in the hood and they take everything you wearin'
(Yo, Rock I just bought a fresh Bentley)
(It doesn't matter you just bought a fresh Bentley!)
How many of y'all ever been to a barbecue
And you always got an aunt or uncle
wanna show you how the old dances go
And they start it off like this
Electric slide on the dance floor
Freaky-deaky like Studio 54
Girls! Until the IRS raids it

Drug money get converted into music
The dope man becomes an entertainer
Leave that crack alone! I told the customers
I'm into bigger and better things Mr. Fiend
You want a hit? Give me a guitar and a drum machine
And the crowd will scream loud when the bass thump
I can smell it in the air, the smell is funk
Excuse me I gotta cough
Girl, you in so much ice you could freeze New York
You're man must really love you, what does he do for a living?
(He works on Wall Street he's only home two nights a week)
That's when she said a little too much conversation
Think she want to indulge in lyrical masturbation
So I proceeded with the conversation, I said
Can I offer you a glass of Merlot Mrs. No Name?
(Let's get it straight huh, my name's Veronica)
She had the ass the size of South America
She said ain't you that kid that sing Guantanamera
way before Ricky Martin sung "Livin' la vida loca"
What hood you come from?
I was raised in Brooklyn, but did my studies in Jerusalem
The New Jerusalem yup, that's short for New Jersey
Checked my watch it was a quarter to three
Slid to her crib when we opened the door
Her man was on the bottle waiting for her with the 44
Now what it look like, it ain't really that
(It doesn't matter!)
So he cocked the gat at my top hat
(It doesn't matter!)
Are you crazy? You was married!
(It doesn't matter!)
'Cause if you ain't sharin', people ain't carin'

Come up in your hood and they take everything you wearin'
Yeah, that's when shorty walked up to her man
And she said I gotta go I can't be here no more
And she said this
Take me home, to the place
I belong at the Refugee Camp
And the Booga basement
That's where I live, oh
Come on
Yo, Rock I sold like seventeen million records
(It doesn't matter how many records you've sold!)
Alright I'm with you, yo check it out
(It doesn't matter)
You wanna go get diamond rings?
(It doesn't matter if the Rock wants to go get diamond rings or not!)
Man listen, listen
I just got two new Grammy's man
(It doesn't matter about your Grammy's!)
(It doesn't matter)
(It doesn't matter)

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