

# Chingy, Don't Really Care (Bonus Track)

Yes(get it boyz)its ya boy chingy once again(chingaling)representin that STL,you kno wut im sayin

(chorusx2)

i dont really care if yall niggaz hate me(go head)'cause im out herr hustlin gettin mine baby,i guess

(verse 1)

im tha same cat tho some of yall  
changed before 106 and park i was stuck  
in tha grane see these record labels and  
exzits got me insane,mo money mo,now  
watch how my money grow, and all  
these wack rappaz i gorge em real  
slow,yea i slung blow,hung on tha  
fo,cocked 44's and kicked down  
dooz,robbed liquor stoze,threw my  
bowz,dealt wit cats who put shit in they  
noze,at tha age 8 i wuz ridin in a  
rolls,bitches stay mad,'cause i aint tha  
dad,of they child,but bitch look herr dat  
1 and park wild

(chorusx2)

i dont really care if yall niggaz hate me (go head)'cause im out herr hustil gettin mine baby,i guess

(verse 2)

all i do is listen to headphones and get  
on airplanes,one album made me rich i  
know it aint a ferr game(nuh uh), i aint  
got no sperr change,me and my cats  
your thang(4's up),ya twinz get on ya  
kneez tell me whats on your brain,we  
hop in tha range,wit them rimz dat  
move,im a mechanic couse i keep them  
handy man toolz,hommie i cant lose i

choose to crush crewz(crush em)come at  
me sideways get yo,peanut bruised,all i  
eva wanted was a house on the hillz,but  
how i end up wit 4 carz, 4 braudz and 4  
mill(thats right)

(chorusx2)

i dont really care if yall niggaz hate me(go head)'cause im out herr hustlin gettin mine baby, i guess

(verse 3)

i gotta few friendz,i gotta few  
endz,enough to buy dat blue benz wit  
alot of blue trim,yes some new  
rimz,spreewellz do spin,berry blue ginn  
mixed wit cherr coke hynn,i passed tha  
dope men,the crack house juss got  
broke in,us they provokin,leave pistols  
smokin,they choze me to play tha game  
herr go my token,no bring no men,come  
to my show then,see dont cha head be  
open from tha lead im throwin u gon die  
from chockin wit slow wind,im doin this  
one herr, on the strenth of yo sins,if ya  
talk shit,hommie check dis no win,the  
IRS gotta tab and i owe them,my  
peeps,hand out to so now i got no  
friendz, tha streets tellin em watch it and  
i aint jokin,for my son to have a future

dat's what in hopin'..soo

(chorusx4)

i dont really care if yall niggaz hate me(go head) 'cause im out herr hustlin gettin mine baby,i guess

lyrics from calvin