# Eminem, We Don't Give A Fuck

## Olivia:

Oeh Oeh Oeh Oeh Oehhhhh Oeh Oeh Oeh Oehhhhh

We, We don't give a f\*\*k about you Your homie on the block can get it too Ya'll little motherf\*\*kas ain't gangster Save your crew Before I put a hit out on you Before I let my niggers come threw Ya'll little motherf\*\*kas ain't gangster, gangster

## 50 Cent:

#### Yeah

I come creepin' through your hood in the day or the night, boy It's good that you ain't scared to die 'cause you might, boy Nigger cross the line and my wolves will jump on you The beef escalade, they'll be back to dump on you They follow orders. I tell 'em to let off that pump at you Before you snitch, yeah, see I know what you chumps will do Sunny day; hot fudge, vanilla, banana split Four niggers in the whip A.K. banana clip Wartime, frontline, nigger ride or running high Everything alive dies Why X why, why cry? Man up chump where we in is for the week You can hold your own or get left for dead in the street

#### Olivia:

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Your homie on the block can get it too
Ya'll little motherf\*\*kas ain't gangster
Save your crew
Before I put a hit out on you
Before I let my niggers come threw
Ya'll little motherf\*\*kas ain't gangster, gangster

## Tony Yayo:

## Yeah Yeah

In the hood when I pop up
Minked up and wrapped up
Niggers ice grill cause he's old G's is washed up
I got a left like Winky Wright
My pinky bright, my bank card'll end your life
Niggers keen but they sweeted it; cookies and cream
Homie I got more blocks than Hakim the dream
That ain't task force money, that's Gun police
I got my ratchet in the alley with that fiend Denise
Cruising streets, stuntin in that maybach 62
Nigger run my dope 4 for 62, come on
A gram, my man, my plans to expand
Try to trixing you hooks to catscans

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# Lloyd Banks:

I got a crew o' schizo's behind me
I give em the word to wet your whole block up
Like the tsunami try me
Hey your mommy will be right in the lobby
And they'll be feeding you jell-o
Like you Bill Cosby
Yeah everybody yelling (yeah) so the beef cooks
And somebody gets hit in the melon
Then they tell em don't go tongue-lashing wit Lloyd
Niggers'll put stabs in your boy like Brad Pitt in troy
You'll be shaking like a cuddy with his last bit of boy
And I'll be calm 'cause it's bulletproof glass in the toy
Yeah I'm flashy as f\*\*k, mashin' with buck
Windows up blowing big cause the stash in the trunk

# Olivia:

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#### Oeh