

# Kane & Abel, Don't Give A Fuck About Cha

[Hook]

I don't give a fuck about cha'  
Ya know, I'm just tryin' to get that pussy out cha'  
Ya know I'm the one ya should be lookin' out for  
Lil' ho but I'm still gon' do good without cha' for sho'

[Verse 1]

I got too many hoes for you niggas to know what to do with  
Still but always got room for a little bit  
Cause I do shit niggas only get to see in movies  
Like lay in the tub and let three bitches do me  
All of em' top notch  
That's the only way to ever lay in my spot  
Nigga, cause I got bitches on the East Bank, hoes on the East Coast  
A-Class bitches with big pockets and deep throats  
I see no reason that they come with no vision  
Once I get into position, they changin' their religion  
Listen, I don't trust em' nigga I don't love em'  
Play like I'ma get a rubber and switch her with my brother  
What the fuck them hoes think this is the "Love Boat";  
You at a motherfuckin' gangsta's crib, we cut throats  
We tag team em' till they can't stand up (But all my girls do)  
And what, and what

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

It takes a nigga like meee  
To run the right gee  
I put a bitch on her kneeess  
Before I break out with the cheeeese  
Boy I work strip clubs from New Orleans to A-T-L  
Up in Houston shootin' game on gay females  
Clientele bring me mail, partner livin' swell  
Gorilla pimpin' pussy sells, nigga you can't tell  
I pimp a bitch until a motherfucker pass out  
In front of that hotel room waitin' with my hands out  
If she don't come to the door with my cash out  
I reach back like a pimp and knock her ass out  
Don't think with ya penis become a genius  
Hoes be double teamin' send em' to the fuckin' cleaners  
Let me catch you in my pockets lookin' for my wallet  
Soon as you got like an eye out of socket  
I tell ya, you could do bad all by yourself  
So I could leave ya broke ass off in the Melf  
Bitch I'll take ya fuckin' last, add it to my wealth  
Then I scratch off, laughin' to myself

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Now, now, now, now  
When the wrinkles on my hand and the wrinkles on my balls  
Spit the type of shit that'll make a dog bitch fall  
To her knees so quick she'll get skid marks  
Lick a nigga dick from daybreak till it gets pitch dark  
Ain't no beatin' around the bush  
Besides ain't no slackin' in my mackin' ain't no eatin' around ya tush  
Look, the game that I spit will make Orphan Annie quit  
Talkin' that tomorrow shit and just lick a nigga dick  
It's all good in the small hood  
I don't think you know how many hoes one call could  
Get me but ah let me clear my throat, uh uh  
Take note playboy

I'm low (Hey baby) I'm bumpin' through ya hood soon  
But I don't want cha' cat the mack just wanna shoot cha' Moon  
Grease it down with ya finger  
And all the way through with my trusty sidekick stinger  
Click, dip from the phone booth  
Next thing I know I'm under ya ho under ya own roof  
And I'm in there like swimwear  
Do ya think him care...yeah

[Hook repeated till the end]