

Murder Inc, We Don't Give A Fuck

(Tah Murda)

Yo, throw your motherfuckin middlefingers in the air, nigga
Cause if y'all don't give a fuck, like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfuckin fingers in the air
Motherfucker, the war is on, we're gonna pour it on
Niggas to be feminine
Guns rapidly scenative
For the love of the Benjamins
Keep em' leeking and bleeding
To dogs with his brawds trembling
I'm sending him, till the LORD calls my adrenalin
You slow mo, niggas getting slow dough
Fuck your po-po, I let the flow blow
Keep em' running like Flo-Joe, I flow so
Sick its Murder!
Clip Inserter!
Drop Pop and rip your word up
We lust for more, cant touch crush the rope
Hit a clubs rush the door, niggas fuck the noise
That's why we've been blazed to you froze it up,
Had your name to the crease so you closed it up
I'm one in a mil, niggas that be gunning for real
Leaving you nothing to steal, so no pain to feel
So fuck the world! Now eat a dick
When you see the sink, skin no more than my thugs than your guns let off

(Black Child)

I earn connections, everytime I burn my weapon
Ya'll niggas gonna learn your lesson
Fuck the feds, nigga we spit hollow heads
Our motto is shed blood for dead thug
That shed blood in hell, when my slugs set bail
Pray for death from your cell, I won't bet we got to jail
From pretty niggas, with half a nickel flow
Them bitch niggas, that keep their dimes on the low
Ya'll niggas is lame, commercial niggas get out the game
We here now, shits gonna change
We spit them things, from point blank range at you
Then ask what the fuck you goin' do, test the mic on your gun
Lose your life and your ones, I don't give a fuck where you from
Niggas run when we come, I bust my gun
Cause I'm a bum from the gutter, You better know
It's Murda! Motherfucker!
Y'all ain't hear me
Y'all with me
Throw your fuckin fingers up, motherfucker
Cause if y'all don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfuckin fingers in the air

(Ja Rule)

Nigga, I'm, living my live, fucking your wife
Bending her up, while I'm hollerin I don't give a fuck
So I move like like it such, and ya'll can't get enough, of the murderers
It'll murda ya'll, nigga, what, what,
I know yall aint ready to die, know why?
Cause the pain is too much to bare while alive
So I cock my nine, then close my eyes
Take another hit and then crip and blow minds
These are hard times niggas, in these streets and bust blind
Out of fear, out of dispair, but never in the air
We gonna take this, Point Blank range in your Range Rover
Pistol with the kids and rape your stray hoe
We the Murderers, yo, what you expect from us,
We niggas you can't trust, that don't really give a fuck,

We dedicated to street life, game and hustle,
I dont wanna be White,
let them black and built for struggle
My niggas tow guns for hittin you and your squad up,
Now we got the upper hand so keep your palms up
Niggas, if you want it with Ja come in and line up
Guaranteed, you be meeting your maker when you times up
Negative, I can go into the streets we live
Paper, foreign niggas be murdering shit
So what, what, Niggas is holla, yo what up
Murda Inc. is the movement that won't be touched
Motherfuckers, ya hear me, Murder Inc. niggas
Cause if you don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfucking fingers in the air!

(Vita)

We don't give a what, what,
All of my ladies, it's all gravy
Get your tubs up
It's Murder, turn it up
Plus, ain't nobody hotter than Totti
So who you riding with
Ladies hating blatantly hating cause they ain't hiding
This Miss hot chick, straight to the top chick
That'll chase you, that'll strip you off your crown and replace you
When I stay laced boo, in the top of the line,
in the finest designers, from Fendi and Gabbana
Players if you want it, I got it, just come and get it
Thugs if you hustling hustling, come and get it
Mommy if you rolling with Totti, let's get this dough off
We don't give a fuck! What!