

No Question, I Don't Care (Remix)

oh, oh, oh,

oh,oh,yea

I don't care what ya peeps say ain't nobody go do shit better than me
ain't nobody gone keep shit realer than me

Make more figures than me binge chrome through a TS3

now what ya friends grillin me for?

Cause I'm a young nigga peelin' in a 2 door?

And I make a lotta cheeter when I'm on tour

Dollar commitee you know Q be that hot boy

Now I don't need them other chicks for me

with they seats back in the wip wit me me

So why ya mom's got it in for me cause I'm bona fide now

Thats the way I be

chores

I don't care if they wanna talk about me

Cause I push a chromed out TS3

Why ya peeps keep frontin on me,

Bangin'on me, dumpin on me

Mad cause we be gettin it down

Ticked just because we be outta town

Everybody mad cause ya minked out now,

ya iced out now, ya benzed out now.

How many niggas get it like we get it?

How many niggas spit it like we spit it?

Jags, trucks, all tinted

DCA baby (don't you get it)

Come through leavin em sick

Cause we cris it, rich glistin it

and them big thangs chrome 20 dippin' it

you start yo ain't no dip it'

I know ya pops don't like when I break you off

and ya brother wanna hate cause ya tops be off

(what they hatin' me for?)

Ya moms trippin ain't like we breakin the law

Nah that aint what I came here for.

Chores

Moms gon say I ain't the one for you like

I ain't neva made a call to you like you

neva saw me braw for you

and you know damn well I broke the law for you

When you needin' me like late at night

and I make sure that I hit it right

You know I brought you everything from ice ta nice

and you gotta admit yo that set was tight

and they say I neva fought life

cause a black man get down on a dirt bike?

I f you can't see me then it ain't right

name another nigga that'll spend a hundred thousand

when he cop that ice for a dime piece chick form feet

to head you make other chicks talk and stare

Other cats want you but I don't share

And I ya mom's keep hatin' I don't care.

can't nobody get it like we get it

can't nobody spit it like we spit it

Jags, trucks, all tinted

Watch ya back we commin' to get it.

chores

Bona Fide
No question
DCA
You know how we do
This ain't a game
It's the remix 2 triple