

Redman, I Don't Kare

Give it to me, yo yo give it to me
Yo, give it to me.. give it to me
Bitch give it to me.. give it to me
Nigga give me that cash, bitch give it to me
Bitch give it to me, or I'll smack the shit out you
Give it to me.. yo yo yo yo yo!
Give it to me..
Yo, yo yo yo, yo, yo check it

Yo I'm too old for these young whippersnappers out here
I'm a legend, you should be poppin corks to my beer
When I appear, full gear, down from the rear
Sliced so quick, you thought Doc -- whispered in your ear
Yeah, there's too many MC's, but not enough MC's
are raw like that liquid that you pour on mint leaves
Look around the premises, spot blemishes
Call me Doc O-Dog, more Menace than Dennis
It's him in this, the raunchy shit I prefer
So every word be hard to turn when you stir
My grill, my balls, my jaws, stretch twelve floors
Vacate your college dorm halls
I can stand still and ricochet off the walls
The gun sparks yourself cause your pee ate the stall
Who Shot J.R.? I did, right in the melon
So I could own a ranch and start fuckin Sue Ellen!
I do murders that's hard to solve through forensic
Any clash of hash able to burn I bent it
You push a 6 while I push a rented Tempest
Rockin, hoe hoppin, bumpin Lil' Kim shit!

["I Don't Kare";] Aiyyo, niggaz poppin shit Red
["I Don't Kare";] Bitches say you don't got money
["I Don't Kare";] Yo niggaz say he nicer than you
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" [Milk: "I don't care!"]

He got a big icy chain - "I Don't Kare";
He got a Benz and a Range - "I Don't Kare";
His records get mad airplay - "I Don't Kare";
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" [Milk: "I don't care!"]

Yo yo, fuck all you radio that wanna play clean singles
I cleaned mine for years and still ain't hit a million (WHY??!?!)
I get the buddha heads buggin, shit
I should be four mil' and better for that shit I'm Unpluggin
Doc rocked every corridor in Florida
Watch the formula pour sucka absorb it up
And while you foam up from the two in your Nautica
I orchestrate the orchestra to Arkestra
Never trust no bitch, map your click
She ain't with it, Call Tyrone to pack her shit
Funk Doc, Goldeneye, Double-Oh agent
I be in court more than them dollar cap Haitians
Lick a shot, BLAOW, think the Doc is goin pop?
Eat a cock, BLAOW, ready for real hip-hop to
rock you block, BLAOW, all chicks I turn em out
Send they boyfriends back home, takin the garbage out
Ha ha, yo, I'ma sewer rat the tracks
With gats bigger than Will Smith gat in Men in Black
And if it's Friday, you better double your lap
I hit you on the floor sayin, "My neck and my back!";
Yo, let's settle it out of court for ten dollars smoke
Two-fifty in Jawbreakers, dollar in envelopes
Yo, how tight are you? - Tighter than a Federal jail
How High? - You better check XXL!

Yo niggaz say you ain't shit - "I Don't Kare"
Yo bitches say you broke as fuck - "I Don't Kare"
Niggaz say he better than you - "I Don't Kare"
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" [Milk: "I don't care!"]

Yo yo, he got a lot of fuckin ice - "I Don't Kare"
Yo, he got a Benz and a Range - "I Don't Kare"
He get forty spins a day! - "I Don't Kare"
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" [Milk: "I don't care!"]

"I Don't Kare"
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" [Milk: "I don't care!"]
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"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" [Milk: "I don't care!"]