

Ruff Ryders, We Don't Give A Fuck

Artist: Drag-On, Fiend

Album: Ruff Ryders * Ryde or Die Volume Three: In the 'R' We Trust

Song: We Don't Give a Fuck

Typed by:

[Drag-On]

Yeah, yeah, Volume Three

Real disrespectful on the one Unc', uh-huh

I ain't got no more respect for these niggaz, uh-uh

Icepick, where the fuck your knife at?

Now who the fuck wanna ryde with this gangsta nigga, thug nigga

.38 snub busters, slugs rush ya

I should be in anger management class, the way I'm aimin a mac

That's how I let off frustration pertainin my past

Murder ya block, then Drag's wavin at cabs

Feds is on cars that's why they give him On-Star

Straight blood, when I walk in, throw on the red light bulbs

Then I throw my pinky ring on and writin up the club

I'm all real, y'all slight thugs, I'm just like

them Arabs, fuck a gat, I use a knife

Keep my dick sucked like, straws in soda

Y'all know the deal like, cards and poker, huh?

I'm a monster on the street, I'll play all strips

I'll beat down lyrics and stomp out beats and dump out clips

If I ain't got it I crack knuckles on jaws, stab a couple on tour

Y'all faggots never knuckled up before, bitch

[Chorus 2X: Fiend]

We don't give a fuck about none a y'all (none a y'all)

I'm talkin bout all y'all (all y'all)

Don't make me grab the thing and get to runnin y'all (runnin y'all)

Every single motherfuckin one of y'all (one of y'all)

[Drag-On]

Listen up..

I bought a yellow banana six cause the way I peel off

Tommy gun banana clip, if you thinkin I'm soft

This'll silence yo' ass quick, put a apple on the tip

Then go sip, apple martinis and laugh about this shit

Niggaz wanna look at my chest, nigga watch your eyes

cause, Drag'll give you his change and give you a surprise

Cause when I ride, I put a heart in them niggaz and get 'em live

then let my toast, put the ghost in niggaz and watch it rise

Yeah I look out for my niggaz, but I'm not a town hero

When I walk, I set fire to the floor like ground zero

I'm the reason niggaz jumpin out of buildings, shit

They better let that hard ground kill 'em then they run down sizzlin

Got a hundred hidden guns in the wall where I live

So the only way I'm fightin for the wall is they comin to my crib

Double-R motherfucker, we runnin this shit

Cause every time we put in our guns y'all runnin and shit, bitch

[Chorus]

[Drag-On]

Listen, I wasn't born with stats, but I might stand while y'all was young

I used to be on the cheese line cause I was born to be a rat

My race is like a pizza pie, y'all can get a slice

And it won't be just them Arabs runnin around with they face wrapped

So if you a thug - throw these slugs!

And not at my vest, throw it at my mug

Cause my niggaz'll get y'all back, love is love

Cause we all family and nigga blood is blood

I never back down, I put backs on grounds

that'll make your mother pull out that all-black gown

Man FUCK this track, listen to how I sound

That's your block, that's your city, that's your town?

BLADOOOOW! It's mines now

Cause I ain't drop a album in two years, it's time now

Cause I know y'all all laughin, playin your John Madden
'til me and my niggaz kick open the door like {*BOOM*}
[Chorus] - 2X