

# 2Pac, I Don't Give A Fuck

I don't give a fuck  
They done push me to the limit the more I live  
I might blow up any minute, did it again  
Now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon  
While this cops bragging about the nigga he's jackin  
I see no justice  
All I see is niggas dying fast  
The sound of a gun blast  
Then watch the hurst past  
Just another day in the life 'G'  
Gotta step lightly cuz cops tried to snippe me  
The catch, they don't wanna stop at the brother man  
But then they'll have an accident and pick up another man  
I went to the bank to cash my cheque  
I get more respect from the mutha-fuckin' dope man  
The Grammy's and the American music shows pimp us like hoes  
They got dough but they hate us though  
You better keep your mind on the real shit  
And fuck trying to get with these crooked ass hypocrites  
They way they see it, we was meant to be keep down  
Just can't understand why we getting respect now  
Mama told me they're be days like this  
But I'm pissed cause it stays like this  
And now they trying to send me off to Kuwait  
Gimme a break  
How much shit can a nigga take  
I ain't goin' nowhere no how  
What you wanna throw down  
Better bring your guns pal  
Cuz this is the day we make 'em pay  
Fuck bailin' hate I bail and spray with my A-K  
And even if they shoot me down  
There'll be another nigga bigger  
from the mutha-fuckin' underground  
So step but you better step quick  
Cause the clocks goin' tick and I'm sick of the bullshit  
You're watching the makings of a physco-path  
The truth didn't last  
Before the wrath and aftermath  
Who's that behind the trigger?  
Who'd do yah figure!?  
A mutha-fuckin night nigga  
Ready to buck and rip shit up  
I had enough and I don't give a fuck

Niggas!, isn't just the blacks  
also a gang of mutha-fuckas dressed in blue slacks  
They say niggas hang in packs and their attitude is shitty  
Tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city  
They say niggas like to do niggas,  
Throw me in the cuffs with just two niggas  
A street walkin' nigga and a beat walkin' nigga with a badge  
I had to shoot yah and the pass for the blast take his cash  
And bash his head in dump him at the dead in  
And that's just his luck  
Cause a nigga like me  
don't really give a fuck

Walked in the store what's everybody staring at  
They act like they never seen a mutha fucker wearing black  
Following a nigga and shit  
Ain't this a bitch  
All I wanted was some chips  
I wanna take my business else where

But where?  
Cause who in the hell cares  
About a black man with a black need  
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend  
I wonder if knows that my income is more than  
His pension, salary and then some  
Your daughter is my number one fan  
And your trife ass wife wants a life with a black man  
So who's the mac in fact who's the black jack  
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat  
while he thinks that he's getting over  
I bust a move as smooth as casanova  
And count another quick meal  
I'm getting paid for my traid but its still real  
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme  
AS strong as a fuckin' nine  
Mail stacked up niggas wanna act up  
Let's put the gats up and throw your backs up  
But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot  
Usta come but he's done, now we run the block  
To my brothers stay strong keep yah heads up  
They know we fed up  
But we they just don't give a fuck

They just don't give a fuck

I gotta give my fuck offs

Fuck you to the San FranCisco police department  
Fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff department  
Fuck you to the F.B.I  
Fuck you to the C.I.A  
Fuck you to the B-u-s-h  
Fuck you to the AmeriKKKa  
Fuck you to all you redneck prejudice mutha fuckas  
And fuck yah  
Fuck Y'all  
Punk gay sensitive little dick bastards  
2paclypse mutha fuckin' know  
Y'all can kiss my ass and suck my dick  
And my uncle Tommy's balls  
Fuck Y'all  
Punks, punks, punks, punks, punks