

Big Pun, We Don't Care

[cuban link]

Yeah, the foundation, l.g.p.

Latins goin platinum baby!

Yeah yeah, yeah..

Uhh, year 2000

Terror squadians (terror squad)

We rock the party and (you won't like me when I'm angry)

(I guarantee you, you won't like me when I'm angry)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.. terror squadians

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (uhh, yeah)

We rock the party and..

Yeah!□ tear the club up, pull up in the hummer with pun

My f**kin brother, makin motherf**kers run for cover

The number runner son, I'm nothin but a hustler

Burnin rubber with drugs, stuffed up in the muffler

Shut the f**k up!□ bust a slug through your jugular

Plus suckers get f**ked up with golf clubs, never front on us

T.s. baby, straight out the b.x. baby

So if they b.s., we deeper than the u.s. navy

You ain't crazy - laid up in the club like what?

With all the ladies - showin us nothin but love

Guzzlin 80 - proof to truth, straight to the gut

In a mercedes - coupe f**ked up doin a buck

If jakes chase me - I'm cuttin off trucks, pressin my luck

It's all gravy - puffin the blunt, blazin it up

Maybe you hate me - cause your baby mom's on my nuts

She wanna rape me - just because I'm sexy as f**k

So nigga what?

Chorus: pun and cuban link

[pun]□ tear the club up!

[link]□ cause we don't care

[pun]□ e'rybody strip

[link]□ yeah we don't care

[pun]□ shoot the place up!

[link]□ yeah we don't care (nuh-ah)

We don't care (nuh-ah!)

We don't care!! (nahhhahh!)

[link]□ yeah we don't care

[pun]□ t. squaders

[link]□ yes, yeah we don't care

[pun]□ f**k you nigga!

[link]□ nah we don't care (nuh-ah)

We don't care (nuh-ah!)

We don't care!! (nahhhahh!)

[big punisher]

Yo, I'm livin in mansions, give me the spanish props

I got to have it

Loadin and bustin a mac, did shit in the past

Was ? ? a fourth of they asses

Duck when the mac hits or be dead before your body falls

Cause when my shotty roars we ignore guiliani laws

My trigger got no heart nigga, I'm blowin apart liver

And holdin the glocks, call to the cops, I'm blowin the spot

Baby better head for the hills, my niggaz wild for the night

My lead ready to peel this shit really real

My clip fillity fill your chick with a chill

My dick quick to kill, we fittin to ill

No survivors, ? ? godivas or roses and flowers

Sour the grapes for those opposin the squaders
Don't ? ? ? ? , like funky pajamas, word to my junkie mama
I'ma keep it funky for homies livin tomorrow
You f**kin with scholars, street knowledge
Carter kids stuck to the projects
Go ahead keep checkin that mall
And me and cuban gon' keep doublin our chips
Keep talkin that dumb shit like you want it
Yeah when are you gonna buck shit
? ? ? ? ? ? , ? ? ? this mug shit

Chorus

[cuban link]

Uhh..

Yeah..

Big punisher..

Cuban link..

Terror squad..

Y'all wanna party? gon' party our way..

Anything goes..

The code of the streets, what what? ..