

Confidential, It Really Don't Matter

(Intro)

Come on, uh-huh
Confidential, play hard baby
Come on
Uh, uh-huh

It really don't matter to me
It really don't matter to me (come on)
It really don't matter to me (uh, come on)
It really don't matter to me (what to do?)

It really don't matter to me
It really don't matter to me (uh-huh)
It really don't matter to me (come on)
It really don't matter to me (what to say?)

Yo, in the city, see catch run
I heard jewel, money squashed in the mark down
In the pure fidel, ain't no touchin' my click
Step to me wrong, I'm bustin' my clip
G felon, seperate the real from the story tellin'
More exclusive than the powder that these n*****
Play around, I'll numb you like the powder that they sellin'
Potna, don't you know you f***** with a mobsta?
I don't give a f*** about you, I spit 'em in Q
In a 6 drop-top, ?suited by Sue?
Just me and a half rippin' the turn pike
Broad all over me, can't even turn right
These rats and lease out get an earn right
Supposed to be the king, this here's my birth right
Small town, it's on now, let it be known
If you ain't ready to play ball, better be gone

I got dreams, everyday wishin' for cream
Wishin' for teams, thug style, plottin' a scheme
Now we high, rollin' with Teck, packin' bombs
Rolex with icy s***, freezin' the arm
Know who I am?
Mafia, rockin' that s***
The one who got the man on his knees coppin' the 5th
Don't f***** take care, cuz you can see the balls we break here
Leave the one dead for all the cats who talk
Chop your body up, make the D's toss the chalk
Try me, watch the jury say we walk
I'm on some can't catch me, touch me, can't rush me
Some call me n**** but you pigs can't flush me

1 - It really don't matter to me
It really don't matter to me
It really don't matter to me
It really don't matter to me (what to do?)

It really don't matter to me
It really don't matter to me
It really don't matter to me
It really don't matter to me (what to say?)

Yo
Yo, I'm from the school of hard knocks
Streets, not books
F*** the dean's list, cuz he breed high crooks
And f*** a dope verse, cuz we spit hot hooks
And f*** you... one false move, know what I'ma blast mines
It ain't a threat, said it for the last time

Pull your fam through some sad times
In the streets, catch me with a Glock 9
Suited up, power moves, they ran, had time
It's over, so consider it done, we marked
Got beef, then we get 'em a gun
If ya heavyweight n*****, we get 'em in tons
And if you never took a L, consider it won, what

It's open season, all them C's, let's get it on
Who wanna come down and test Cajun?
I'll slaughter all of ya if I wanna, heard me potna?
Y'all gon' learn how to respect your father
I'm the street scholar, squeeze tight on my trigga
And take what I want, get caked in my spot
Chief, I knock out teeth when it's drama, no doubt
Might as well be summertime, the way the heat comes out
I'm quick to collapse, so y'all better watch how you act
Cuz the the clip on my 3-8 will make my wrist snap back
And I draw like Doc Holiday, see ya tombstone
Cuz I'm ready, I'm so so ready

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

Blackground, thugs world, 2G
Never stop baby, what
(What to say)
Yeah, no doubt, what, what
(What to do)
(What to do)