

# Funkmaster Flex, I Don't Care

(feat. Jadakiss)

Still just happy to be here, y'know?  
Funk Flex, Volume 4, let's do it

[Jadakiss]

Uh-huh, uhh..

Two thousand, what, what, yo  
I be the K-I double to the death and that's that  
If niggaz half nice, then that mean they half wack  
Aqua blue Viper, whyn't you try to pass that  
With bitches that'll snipe you where you buy your hash at  
I even give daps to niggaz I blast at  
And y'all gon' give me my ASCAP, or get your ass capped  
I take the clip out, and hit you with the back of the gun  
Then put it back in and shoot you in the back if you run  
Call me Jada, I love to clap the shit out a hater  
Give my lawyer seven then give him another three later  
Cause you know it cost a hundred to beat it  
And I lost plenty fights, but my gun is still undefeated  
Cause I'm tryin to be around like Boston Baked Beans  
Gave so many samples out, that it's hard to shake fiends  
Since a young boy, I was taught to mind my neck  
And since a grown man, I was taught to sign my checks  
And I don't want drama, but if you do I'm killin your children  
Go to any project in the world and chill in the buildin  
Hit me later, I think not, I keep the glock  
And drive around with no coat cause my seats is hot  
Fuck buyin a Range, if I ain't with my son I'm gettin high  
or either with my niggaz, at the firin range  
While y'all clown niggaz keep jokin, and get treated like ashes  
I clip y'all off and keep smokin

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I don't care who you with, or who you get  
Or what you got, all of that'll get you shot  
Everybody in the world know Kiss is hot  
Everybody in the world know Kiss is hot

[Jadakiss]

Ay yo, I got a lotta shit on my chest  
and niggaz wanna put more on it; so I gotta put on my vest  
You got grazed in the head so that mean you was duckin  
Seen my shades by your bed so that mean I was fuckin  
While you was out frontin, I was in, nothin for nothin  
All in ya honey, walkin 'round countin ya money  
Holdin ya stacks, in the closet loadin ya gats  
Feedin ya curs, skeetin all over ya furs  
Right before yo' ass come home I'm peelin the tar  
And have the shorties like, "Damn, Jay willied the car"  
I'm like God, cause y'all can't touch me or see me  
But y'all know I'm there and y'all know that y'all need me  
New five wagon, with the old Bebe's  
And I'm an old G so I listen to old CD's  
My rocks is so rippy, if you was watchin arms in a party  
you won't skip me  
I'm like a nigga in jail waitin  
so come get me  
But if the job ain't done quickly and done swiftly  
you catchin one-fifty  
Cross your face, then I bang you in the stomach  
And make sure I go in your pockets after you vomit  
If that ain't good enough, I'm a light things up  
Cause they love me in the hood, I'm like the ice cream truck

Nigga, this is to the general public  
When you hear the name Jadakiss nigga, ain't nothin above it  
Fuck it

[Chorus]