

# Pitbull ft. Cubo, We Don't Care About Ya

Yeah Yeah

Que Vuelta?

Di le nota (Di le nota)

You know who it is

For all these bustas and haters

[Chorus]

We don't care about yo clique

We don't care about yo crew

We don't care about yo bitch

We don't care what you do

We don't care about your car

We don't care about your chips

We don't care about shit

accept getting rich

[Verse 1] (Pitbull)

Now that Little Jon has opened the door

It's over dawg

This that new south

That's it, it's over ya'll

No more warning ya'll

We tired of getting over looked

You want beef? then I hope you like it over-cooked

Oh and for that bread

It's whatever man

I'm fully prepared to pump lead

At any nigga that wanna bump heads

So bring it

But when them things go Rr-rr-rr-ringing

Someones gonna get hit

And that's a fact, not an opinion

I'm buiding my connects

And that there is dangerous

Didn't your mother teach you

Not to talk to strangers?

Then why are you in my ear talking all the shit

Just 'cause I'm cuban doesn't mean I flip bricks

So stop asking me the price on them thangs down here

'Cause that one of them thangs that get chu killed 'round here

I don't care who you are, who you might be

But I'd rather die, then let an undercover bite me

[Chorus]

[Verse 2] (Cubo)

I'm in this bitch now

Ya'll niggaz better get ready

I'm ready for whatever ya'll want

Boy, but it ain't nothing pretty

Ya'll wanna start shit

Tell me what ya'll wanna do

Me, Pit, DB, we don't care about ?

I don't care about slanging them thangs

Back 'em spraying them thangs

If you get ? just homie don't mention my name

BLAKAH, that's exactly what I'm spitting meng

Homie, don't make me have to blow 'em chopper meng

'Cause I can spit it spit it

However you want it want it

My peoples is with it with it

We about that money money

And I do anything that I have to do to get that money meng

Miami, Money is a major issue meng

They, They don't understand

What we about to do

We about to shit on this game

We about to shit on your crew

Pitbull don't care about ya  
Cubo don't care about ya  
DB don't care about ya  
We, We don't care about ya  
[Chorus]  
[Verse 3] (Pitbull)  
This game is scandalous  
The more money you make  
The more your ? hold off in an ambulance  
AOWoo!  
That's why I say to myself in the cut  
Man I can't be seen  
Ears open, mouth shut  
Just watching thangs  
And if it pops off  
I pop up, both popping than  
Guns, I was taught proper  
To cop and aim  
Run, when you hear that Blakah meng  
P-rr-rr-rrat  
That's the sound of the chopper meng  
Just let me know exactly what it is you trying to do  
'Cause we can both dance with the devil, dawg  
It's all on you  
Like basketball, if you shoot you better follow threw  
In a casket dawg, who the f\*\*ks gon follow you?  
[Chorus]  
Yeah, once again my freind  
Imma be the first latin rapper from the South  
Shut shit the f\*\*k down  
And I got Lil Jon to bounced to that  
The King of the South  
And Uncle Luke will tell you the same shit  
So get ready niggaz  
Pitbull, DB, Lil Jon  
Ya'll ain't ready for this shit  
HAHA, Suckas