

# Youngbloodz, Damn! (Remix)

(feat. Lil' Jon, Jermaine Dupri, Ludacris, Bone Crusher)

[Intro Lil' Jon]

YoungBloodz.  
Dammn!

[Ludacris, Jermaine Dupri]

If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck.  
(If you already know).

[Jermaine Dupri and Lil' Jon]

[Jermaine Dupri:] So So Def  
[Lil' Jon:] What! What! Heeyy.  
[Jermaine Dupri:] It's the YoungBloodz  
[Lil' Jon:] You know!  
[Jermaine Dupri:] Uh!  
[Lil' Jon:] Yeah!  
[Jermaine Dupri:] Lil' Jon  
[Lil' Jon:] Yeah!  
[Lil' Jon:] Yeah!  
[Jermaine Dupri:] Bone Crusher  
[Lil' Jon:] Yeah!  
[Jermaine Dupri:] And my man Ludacris!  
[Lil' Jon:] Let's go!!  
[Jermaine Dupri:] Let's go!!.

[Verse #1 Ludacris]

D-T-P, motherfucker! goin' four years strong.  
Got plenty haters, really wishin' I ain't last this long.  
And please don't get it twisted I ain't Hollywood yet  
I just jumped in 'dat movie to get a big ass check (that's right).  
So fool break yourself, that's the phrase that pays,  
I'm about to open my own shop, AK's and Chevrolets.  
I just bought 20 acres, and I'm still in the hood,  
they like damn lova-lova's doin' pretty damn good  
So when it comes to this paper I don't slack to get it (uh huh).  
They call me lazy, 'cause my cribs gotta' elevator in it (that's right).  
It's sorry to say, but It's harder to see, and I don't have to hit the club, I'll bring the party to me (uh h  
'Cause I'm the Lord of the Lord, and the King of the Kings.  
I never claim to be hard just down for my team (that's right).  
Shawna,20, Chingy, Titty, and Fate, I grab a booty, and pinch, and lick the titty, and shake.

[Verse #2 Sean P.]

Now roll back in 'da street, working, stackin' my bread, saw him in the hood,  
'cause I got plenty to spread, and a brand new Cadillac, on some brand new feet,  
a brand new breed shinin' like a gold teeth, still ride wit' AK's, still sweep in the street,  
but i'm a real G, I ain't got no time for beef, I don't train for nuttin' nigga,  
imma' part of the street, and live life everyday, like it's a party to me.

Well I'm fo' sho' wit' it, if It's money to be made, well imma' go get it,  
split it wit' 'da hood, and den get some throw wit' it.  
Catch me swirvin' through your hood, no he didn't did he.  
Straight up sippin' on some hen, I ain't no go get it.  
I leave the tapes for the supper.  
Seperate the hard motherfucker from all the busters (from all the busters).  
To the grinder's in the hustle, so I know 'dat you feel me.  
Put your hood up in 'da air, represent for your city.

[Chorus Ludacris, Lil' Jon, Jermaine Dupri, and Bone Crusher]

[Lil' Jon:] Yaahh!

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga!

[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga!

[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck!

[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga! (niggaaa!)

Lil' Jon: Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!

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Lil' Jon: Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!

[Verse #3 J-Bo, and Jermaine Dupri]

Now who 'da hell wanna' tangle my ankle, I'm sittin' off.

To 'da party, no party like Crusher, we Break 'Em Off.

YoungBloodz, and Ludacris in which you know the names.

We runnin' through your speakers like big balls of flame.

Livin like hurricanes,

We blowin' through your town, wipin' out your system, and shuttin' 'da club down.

'Cause we don't give a fuck, already you know the deal.

Like soldiers, we walk slow, so listen close, and clear.

'Cause we don't act foolish, and we send chumps back to school (uh huh).

And teach 'dem motherfuckers, to never break the rules (that's right).

Lesson one, some pimps don't never crack the style.

Lesson two, respect they been doin' it for a while (c'mon).

A-Town, Southbound, we bumpin' down your block.

Switch it from lane-to-lane, you know it don't stop (nah).

We back, and still foolish, and poppin' like once befo'.

So go, and throw it up my people, now hear 'da flow.

[Chorus Ludacris, Lil' Jon, Jermaine Dupri, and Bone Crusher]

[Lil' Jon:] Yaahh!

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga!

[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what

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[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck!

[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga (niggaaa!)

[Lil' Jon:] Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!

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[Verse #4 Bone Crusher]

I won the strongest competiton in '94.

For benchin 600 pounds, and no more.

That equals 6 of your feathered waists gonna' hit 'da floor.

So a nigga want a buck, then a nigga needa' know.

I'm serious wit' 'dis, pardon my french, but I'm 'dis shit.

You about 6 fuckin' seconds away from catchin' these bricks (hahaha).

When It's all said, and done, and I ain't done 'dis song.

You better ask fuckin' more so ya'll niggaz learn.

I cry for this paper, shake a nigga down for his paper.

These underacheiven' niggaz always hate ya.

So you gotta' keep ya need lock, and load for these takers.

Ya'll niggaz harder than my daughter on a seven o clock wake up

Wake up, YoungBloodz, and Bone Crusher fuck niggaz discover (uh huh).

Put 'dem fight strips on ya, and watch ya suffer.

'Dey call me noodanator, a bitch nigga bluffer.

Watch ya see me in 'da streets, wit' all ya mean brotherz, ya bitch!

[Chorus Ludacris, Lil' Jon, Jermaine Dupri, and Bone Crusher]

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[fades out]