

# I Don't Give A Fuck

AZ

"I was destined to come" (Yeah)  
"What you expect?" (Quiet money for life) "I don't give a fuck now"  
(The so-ciety game returns) "As a clever nigga, nuttin to play with"  
"Thank god he blew breath in my lungs"  
(Urban wars) "I was destined to come" (Dream Team baby)  
"What you expect?" (Fall back yall) "I don't give a fuck now"  
"As a clever nigga, (I Don't Give a Fuck) nuttin to play with"  
"Thank god he blew breath in my lungs"

I'm known global, blooded out pimp by coastal  
Rap mobile, low key, anti-social  
Smoke gray Timbs, criss fade, wave to sin  
White Denali, teared it up, flagrant rims  
I'm no thief, I live by the code of the streets  
I hold heat, but no need to go in the deep  
Don for real with the same gotti traumata pill  
Von o niel, embraced by the arms of the ill  
Art of war, a hundred men, cars galore  
Wanted men, who couldn't see in robbin the law  
Live or not, I'm one half divide the block  
And I can show you how to take cash and bribe the cops  
And from the bars to the backyards, alleys and aves  
Subtracted, divide, add up, tally the math  
Stand direct, for dolo demand respect  
Hand solo, sit back and watch the plans connect  
Ya heard

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I rock coogies but need fatigues, holdin the cock oozie  
The block school me, cuties drop your doobies  
It's on now, some claim I'm wrong but how  
Been indited so watch, rhyme, pull on my trial  
Blow with me, I'm like the life of that old 50  
I dose quickly, moves is so shifty  
Days been broke, on corners with them trays of coke  
It was the dirty hustle money that raise my folks  
Tights from jail, few niggas might see bail  
It's kinda foul when you watch niggas wifies tell  
Flip-on who?, I still wore wrist on blue  
Yall know my style, M.I.A. but I miss yall too  
Tryin to remain breathin, hot blocks never change seasons  
Bodies get caught for the strangest reasons  
Breath the smoke, and time for me is need to coke  
Won't stop till I stack it all and flee the coast

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So now I toast, to all my close niggas that's ghost  
Yall know the sos only soft niggas worry the most  
Come and get me, shit, I'm nasty like Ken Griffy

Niggas is sissies, I bought some men with me  
Wait til the Heny' hit me, hope that sin lift me  
Never smile, style is wild, only grin strictly  
Your main supplier, for days in the same retier  
Sat and watch niggas used to get it again and expire  
Deep in thought, spit it like a street report  
I rep alone still I stand without no feet support  
Fuck the threats, I rip necks of suckin a tech  
Either that or ice picks stuck in ya neck  
I play different I put a work stay consistent  
I love paper, plus a nigga praise commitment  
Dead the jokes I'm near when the bread get boast  
So fuck me, ask your bitch who get head the most

"I was destined to come" (Ya heard?)

"What you expect?" ('Chall niggas want?) "I don't give a fuck now"

(It's on) "As a clever nigga, nuttin to play with"

(It's time to yall get it) "Thank god he blew breath in my lungs"

(The god has returned) "I was destined to come"

(BK don) "What you expect?" "I don't give a fuck now" (So-ci, Visualiza)

"As a clever nigga, nuttin to play with"

(This is quiet money for life) "Thank god he blew breath in my lungs"