

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 theif, 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

"I was destined to come"
"What you expect?" "I don't give a fuck now"
"As a clever nigga, nuttin to play with"
"Thank god he blew breath in my lungs"

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

"I was destined to come"
"What you expect?" "I don't give a fuck now"
"As a clever nigga, nuttin to play with"
"Thank god he blew breath in my lungs"

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"