

We Don't Care Bout Ya

Pitbull

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-rringing
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 prone to get hauld 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 basketetball, if you shoot you better follow threw
In a casket dawg, who the fucks gon follow you?

[Chorus]

Yeah, once again my freind
Imma be the first latin rapper from the South
Shut shit the fuck 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