

# I Don't Care

The Roots

[Chorus: sung 2X]

I don't care, as long as the bassline's pumpin  
The drumline bangin away  
Make one move and I'll blow you away  
One false move and I'll blow you away  
[Black Thought]  
Yo - I don't really know but somebody said  
that the O.G. flow, it could fuck witcha head  
And the po-lice know that the green black and red  
too strong to con-trol, they study what I said  
Dig it - my name is 'Riq, and when I'm on the mic  
I'm known to spit somethin that these MC's hate  
I couldn't care less what you feel what you say  
Cause I gotta put it to you in my own special way - I'm a MONSTER!  
You know I'm certified sick

I came from the corner where nobody got shit  
Took the cards I was dealt, turned it into hot spit  
Now I'm not only a passenger, I'm in the cockpit  
Been a long time comin, I was caught in the scramble  
of cats, tryin to do the same thing that they man do  
Eagles born to fly, real is made to ramble  
"A Dangerous Mind," I'm a prime example

[Chorus]

[Black Thought]

Superfans wanna run up on me sparkin the ground up  
You need to fall back, could be NARC's around us  
You in a hot area for marchin powder  
If you holdin chowder, just walk without it  
Them real crook brothers don't talk about it  
They never make a move 'til they thought shit out kid  
I knew a lot of men who did bids for mayhem  
They made a lot of money, they money never made them  
The game of survival is filled with rivals  
Knives and fo'-five slugs flyin in spirals  
The wicked is diseased and it ain't all viral  
Could be greed and gluttony bubblin inside you  
Dawg, follow your pride, the rhythm'll guide you  
Yo, follow them guys, them niggaz'll rob you  
And have you up in somethin that dont' really involve you  
But you don't give a fuck you wanna pump the volume, I know

[Chorus]

[Black Thought]

Yo, aiiyyo the waistline thumpin, the face kinda jumpin the game  
Lookin sweeter than a bassline bumpin  
Don't come 'round me sparks and waste time frontin  
Them trick ass marks'll get the eight-five dumpin  
It ain't really bout nothin - Philly just love cuttin  
They shut shit down before the law start shuttin  
Get your route right cousin - be out nightclubbin relaxed  
And wanna get lights out tonight brother, perhaps  
It's the percussion that keeps shit, kinetic  
For some it ain't as fame, more sweet the street credit  
Some cats that play dirty didn't live, to regret it  
But move to the music he can live through the record  
I'm a Philly boss player, a dope rhyme sayer  
It's Black Ink back gettin cake by the layer  
by the stack, comin at us, get your weight right yeah

If not, you makin a mistake right there, f'real  
[Chorus - 2X]