

# U Don't Care

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, Math, yeah, Killah Priest, yeah

I write movies, with colorful films of loose leaf  
Paper, for every line that I write with the paintbrush  
I color ink in, the pictures of gangstas  
The bullet in Lincoln to the blood on a stranger  
Conspiracy from vice laws to power rules  
To G.E.D. to the Cobra's Bible  
No survival, soul survival, tribal  
Like Africans in the villages, projects is the pyramids  
Weeded in the bricks, you see the four fifth  
Images, ain't nothing mysterious  
It's the true and living, been through the system  
Stay wise and afloat when you choose your wisdom

Can I ask you something, why?  
Why did we soul this shit less down  
Why do we hate one another (Because...)  
We live in the same country as the white boy  
They aren't talking, hate themselves like we are  
(Man, them brothers are dying in the streets...)

Picture my life through a crystal, the day I brought my first instrumental  
Still remember the verse that I put it to  
Born criminal, flow rare like an emerald  
Robbing dudes coming out of chemical  
If you ain't official, I ain't feeling you  
First you hear a bang, then a whistle, then it's filling you  
Admit it, when I'm killing you  
This is what a villain do, avoiding the cops  
Basketball hoop, nailed to my wall, playing ball with a sock  
Seen tough dudes calling a cop, weak dudes running the spot  
Street dudes running with glocks  
No chances, in crunch time, I'm running the clock  
Came up hard, like a caveman, never bought a statement  
Study the rules, just so I can learn how to break 'em  
If your soldier ain't on they job, didn't make 'em  
I hired new ones to replace them  
Got a lot of rap dudes, hearts racing, my style's sacred  
Rap game, I'm so anxious... so amazing

Let the Gods be with you...

Where the trees at, dog? I'm smoking again  
Tell the fiends that the crack spot is open again  
I'm screaming, fuck the world, I'm fiending to fuck your girl  
I got my burner, bitch nigga, nail his back to murder  
Before I die, tryin' to get rich on a nine to five  
Rather die in a ditch with my nine and fives  
Cuz ya'll niggas get ready to war, take your guns  
Put 'em in the air, cock 'em back, get ready to brawl  
I know where you live, since brought mines, pop dog, I'm knowing your kids  
Since thug, non-stop, ya'll know what it is  
The streets is full of some shit  
I got the heat, and I'm pulling the clip  
How many bullets'll fit, fourteen, with one in the head  
You run around with one in your leg, painting the back streets

Ain't the yac' sweet, I heard your fam came home from jail  
I hit 'em up, split 'em up, and send 'em home in the mail  
For the love of the game, non-stop until the whole world say I'm insane  
Quiet as kept, ask Pretty Tone, about the thug-a-hill, them down on the step  
And took drugs out of town from the left, yo  
My bitch is a hoe, and I ain't trippin' in gold  
Cuz I'm getting the dough, so ya'll niggas'll know  
This some bitch shit, dog, now you riding high  
Don't get your whip, hit, boy, when you riding by  
Even your niggas know you ain't no wolf  
Even your niggas know you ain't the truth  
Don't make my fam come around your way  
Don't make my mans gun you down today  
Love is love, nigga, other than that, slug for slug, nigga  
Fuck I look like, rolling dice  
With niggas that's just holding ice  
Bitch, that ain't your shine  
Muthafucka, it ain't your time  
For the bread, I bring it straight to your head  
Give me the loaf, give me that platinum rope  
And watch me turn it into crack and dope  
Cuz if this music don't do it, nigga, gats'll smoke  
If this music don't do it, nigga, gat's elope  
Picture me rolling in the six, take flicks of me holding  
On your bitch, nigga, picture me folding  
Up the chips and frame it, you know what the name of the game is  
Make money, make money, by any means  
Take money, take money, there's many schemes

You ain't got no time for that shit  
(Maybe you don't, but I do)