

Regal

"I Don't Care"

Visit "[I Don't Care](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Still just happy to be here, y'know?
Funk Flex, Volume 4, let's do it

[Jadakiss]
Uh-huh, uhh..
Two thousand, what, what, yo
I be the K-I double to the death and that's that
If niggaz half nice, then that mean they half wack
Aqua blue Viper, whyn't you try to pass that
With bitches that'll snipe you where you buy your hash
at
I even give daps to niggaz I blast at
And y'all gon' give me my ASCAP, or get your ass
capped
I take the clip out, and hit you with the back of the gun
Then put it back in and shoot you in the back if you run
Call me Jada, I love to clap the shit out a hater
Give my lawyer seven then give him another three later
Cause you know it cost a hundred to beat it
And I lost plenty fights, but my gun is still undefeated
Cause I'm tryin to be around like Boston Baked Beans
Gave so many samples out, that it's hard to shake
fiends
Since a young boy, I was taught to mind my neck
And since a grown man, I was taught to sign my checks
And I don't want drama, but if you do I'm killin your
children
Go to any project in the world and chill in the buildin
Hit me later, I think not, I keep the glock
And drive around with no coat cause my seats is hot
Fuck buyin a Range, if I ain't with my son I'm gettin high
or either with my niggaz, at the firin range
While y'all clown niggaz keep jokin, and get treated like
ashes
I clip y'all off and keep smokin

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
I don't care who you with, or who you get
Or what you got, all of that'll get you shot
Everybody in the world know Kiss is hot
Everybody in the world know Kiss is hot

[Jadakiss]

Ay yo, I got a lotta shit on my chest
and niggaz wanna put more on it; so I gotta put on my
vest
You got grazed in the head so that mean you was
duckin
Seen my shades by your bed so that mean I was fuckin
While you was out frontin, I was in, nothin for nothin
All in ya honey, walkin 'round countin ya money
Holdin ya stacks, in the closet loadin ya gats
Feedin ya curs, skeetin all over ya furs
Right before yo' ass come home I'm peelin the tar
And have the shorties like, "Damn, Jay willied the car"
I'm like God, cause y'all can't touch me or see me
But y'all know I'm there and y'all know that y'all need
me
New five wagon, with the old Bebe's
And I'm an old G so I listen to old CD's
My rocks is so rippy, if you was watchin arms in a party
you won't skip me
I'm like a nigga in jail waitin
so come get me
But if the job ain't done quickly and done swiftly
you catchin one-fifty
Cross your face, then I bang you in the stomach
And make sure I go in your pockets after you vomit
If that ain't good enough, I'm a light things up
Cause they love me in the hood, I'm like the ice cream
truck
Nigga, this is to the general public
When you hear the name Jadakiss nigga, ain't nothin
above it
Fuck it

[Chorus]

Visit [Regal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.