

Romeo Must Die Soundtrack

"It Really Dont Matter"

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Performed by NY Confidential)

[Intro]

Come on, uh-huh

Confidential, play hard baby

Come on

Uh, uh-huh

It really don't matter to me

It really don't matter to me (come on)

It really don't matter to me (uh, come on)

It really don't matter to me [what to do?]

It really don't matter to me

It really don't matter to me (uh-huh)

It really don't matter to me (come on)

It really don't matter to me [what to say?]

Yo, in the city, see catch run

I heard jewel, money squashed in the mark down

In the pure fidel, ain't no touchin' my click

Step to me wrong, I'm bustin' my clip

G felon, seperate the real from the story tellin'

More exclusive than the powder that these n*****

Play around, I'll numb you like the powder that they

sellin'

Potna, don't you know you fucking with a mobsta?

I don't give a fuck about you, I spit 'em in Q

In a 6 drop-top, ?suited by Sue?

Just me and a half rippin' the turn pike

Broad all over me, can't even turn right

These rats and lease out get an earn right

Supposed to be the king, this here's my birth right

Small town, it's on now, let it be known

If you ain't ready to play ball, better be gone

I got dreams, everyday wishin' for cream

Wishin' for teams, thug style, plottin' a scheme

Now we high, rollin' with Teck, packin' bombs

Rolex with icey shit, freezin' the arm

Know who I am?

Mafia, rockin' that shit

The one who got the man on his knees coppin' the 5th

Don't fucking take care, cuz you can see the balls we
break here

Leave the one dead for all the cats who talk

Chop your body up, make the D's toss the chalk

Try me, watch the jury say we walk

I'm on some can't catch me, touch me, can't rush me

Some call me nigga but you pigs can't flush me

1 - It really don't matter to me

It really don't matter to me

It really don't matter to me

It really don't matter to me [what to do?]

It really don't matter to me

It really don't matter to me

It really don't matter to me

It really don't matter to me [what to say?]

Yo

Yo, I'm from the school of hard knocks

Streets, not books

Fuck the dean's list, cuz he breed high crooks

And fuck a dope verse, cuz we spit hot hooks

And fuck you... one false move, know what I'ma blast
mines

It ain't a threat, said it for the last time

Pull your fam through some sad times

In the streets, catch me with a Glock 9

Suited up, power moves, they ran, had time

It's over, so consider it done, we marked

Got beef, then we get 'em a gun

If ya heavyweight niggas, we get 'em in tons

And if you never took a L, consider it won, what

It's open season, all them C's, let's get it on

Who wanna come down and test Cajun?

I'll slaughter all of ya if I wanna, heard me potna?

Y'all gon' learn how to respect your father

I'm the street scholar, squeeze tight on my trigga

And take what I want, get caked in my spot

Chief, I knock out teeth when it's drama, no doubt

Might as well be summertime, the way the heat comes out

I'm quick to collapse, so y'all better watch how you act

Cuz the the clip on my 3-8 will make my wrist snap back

And I draw like Doc Holiday, see ya tombstone

Cuz I'm ready, I'm so so ready

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Blackground, thugs world, 2G

Never stop baby, what

(What to say)

Yeah, no doubt, what, what

(What to do)

(What to do)

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