

Sting % Gil Evans "We Don't Care"

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[Cuban Link]

Yeah, the foundation, L.G.P.

Latins Goin Platinum baby!

Yeah yeah, yeah..

Uhh, year 2000

Terror Squadians (Terror Squad)

We rock the party and (you won't like me when I'm
angry)

(I guarantee you, you won't like me when I'm angry)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.. Terror Squadians

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (uhh, yeah)

We rock the party and..

YEAH! I tear the club up, pull up in the Hummer with Pun
my fuckin brother, makin motherfuckers run for cover
The number runner son, I'm nothin but a hustler
Burnin rubber with drugs, stuffed up in the muffler
Shut the fuck up! Bust a slug through your jugular
Plus suckers get fucked up with golf clubs, never front
on us

T.S. baby, straight out the B.X. baby

So if they B.S., we deeper than the U.S. Navy

You ain't crazy - laid up in the club like WHAT?

With all the ladies - showin us nothin but LOVE

Guzzlin 80 - proof to truth, straight to the GUT

In a Mercedes - Coupe fucked up doin a BUCK

If Jakes chase me - I'm cuttin off trucks, pressin my
LUCK

It's all gravy - puffin the blunt, blazin it UP

Maybe you hate me - cause your baby mom's on my
NUTS

She wanna rape me - just because I'm sexy as FUCK
So nigga WHAT?

Chorus: Pun and Cuban Link

[Pun] Tear the club up!

[Link] Cause we don't care

[Pun] E'rybody strip

[Link] Yeah we don't care

[Pun] Shoot the place up!

[Link] Yeah we don't care (nuh-ah)
We don't care (nuh-AH!)
We don't care!! (NAHHHAHH!)
[Link] Yeah we don't care
[Pun] T. Squaders
[Link] Yes, yeah we don't care
[Pun] Fuck you nigga!
[Link] Nah we don't care (nuh-ah)
We don't care (nuh-AH!)
We don't care!! (NAHHHAHH!)

[Big Punisher]
Yo, I'm livin in mansions, give me the Spanish props
I got to have it
Loadin and bustin a mac, did shit in the past
Was grabbin the girls on they asses
Duck when the mac hits or be dead before your body
falls
Cause when my shotty roars we ignore Guiliani laws
My trigger got no heart nigga, I'm blowin apart liver
and holdin the glocks, call to the cops, I'm blowin the
spot
Baby better head for the hills, my niggaz wild for the
night
My lead ready to peel this shit really real
My clip fillity fill your chick with a chill
My dick quick to kill, we fittin to ill
No survivors, frozen Godivas or roses and flowers
Sour the grapes for those opposin the Squaders
Thrown in the garbage, like funky pajamas, word to my
junkie mama
I'ma keep it funky for homies livin tomorrow
You fuckin with scholars, street knowledge
Carter kids stuck to the projects
Go ahead keep checkin that mall
and me and Cuban gon' keep doublin our chips
Keep talkin that dumb shit like you want it
Yeah when are you gonna buck shit
??? ???, ??? this mug shit

Chorus

[Cuban Link]
Uhh..
Yeah..
Big Punisher..
Cuban Link..
Terror Squad..
Y'all wanna party? Gon' party our way..
Anything goes..
The code of the streets, WHAT WHAT? ..

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