Teddy And The Frat Girls
"We Don't Care"

[Intro]
Oh yeah, I got the perfect song for the kids to sing
And all my people that's

[Chorus (Kanye 1-2, 4-7)]
[1] Drug dealin' just to get by
[2] stackin' money 'till it get sky high
[3] (kids, sing. kids, sing)
[4] We wasn't supposed to make it past 25
[5] Joke's on you, we still alive
[6] Throw your hands up in the sky and yell
[7] We don't care what people say

[Verse 1]
If this is your first time hearin' this
You are about to experience something so cold, man
We never had nothin' handed
Took nothin' for granted
Took nothin' from no man
Man I'm my own man
But as a shorty I looked up to the dope man
Only adult man I knew that wasn't broke, man
Flickin' Starter coats, man
Man you don't know, man
We don't care what people say

This is for my niggas outside all winter
'Cause this summer they ain't finna'
Say next summer I'm finna'
Sittin' in the hood like community colleges
This dope money here is little Tre's scholarship
'Cause ain't no tuition for having no ambition
And ain't no loans for sittin' your ass at home
So we forced to sell crack, rap, and get a job
You gotta do somethin' man, your ass is grown

[Chorus (Kanye 1-3, kids 4-6)]

[Verse 2]
The second verse is for my dawgs workin 9 to 5
That still hustle 'cause a nigga can't shine off $6.55

And everybody selling makeup, Jacob's
And bootlegged tapes just to get they cake up
We put shit on layaway, then come back
We claim other people kids on our income tax
We take that money, cop work, then push packs to get
paid
And we don't care what people say
Momma say she wanna move south
Scratchin' lottery tickets, eyes on a new house
'Round the same time, Doe ran up in dude house
Couldn't get a job, so since he couldn't get work
He figured he'd take work
The drug game bulimic, it's hard to get weight
A nigga's money is homo, it's hard to get straight
But we gon' keep bakin' 'till the day we get cake
And we don't care what people say
My niggas

[Chorus (kids 1-2, 4-6; Kanye 3)]

[Verse 3]
You know the kids gon' act a fool
When you stop the programs for after school
And they DCFS, some of em dyslexic
They favorite 50-Cent song +12 questions+
We scream, rock, blows, weed, park
See now we smart
We ain't retards, the way teachers starve
Hold up, hold fast. We make more cash
Now tell my momma I belong in that slow class
Bad enough we on welfare
They tryin to put me on the school bus with the space
for the wheelchair
I'm trying to get the car with the chromie wheels here
They trying to cut our lights out like we don't live here
Look what was handed us
Fathers abandoned us
When we get them hammers, go on call the ambulance
Sometimes I feel no one in this world understands us
But we don't care what people say
My niggas

[Chorus (kids 1-2, 4-6; Kanye 3)]