

Youngbloodz F/ Lil Jon, Ludacris, Bonecrusher, Jer "Damn"

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[Intro Lil' Jon]

YoungBloodz.
Dammn!

[Ludacris, and Lil' Jon]

If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck (yaaaah).

[DJ Quick, Lil' Jon, and Jermaine Dupri]

[DJ Quick:] Lil' Jon
[Jermaine Dupri:] So So Def
[DJ Quick:] Jermaine Dupri
[Lil' Jon:] What! What! Heeey.
[Jermaine Dupri:] It's the YoungBloodz
[Lil' Jon:] You know!
[Jermaine Dupri:] Uh! Lil' Jon
[DJ Quick:] Old Man West
[Lil' Jon:] Yaahh!
[Jermaine Dupri:] Bone Crusher
[Lil' Jon:] Yaahh!
[Jermaine Dupri:] And my man Ludacris!
[Lil' Jon:] Let's go!!
[Jermaine Dupri:] Let's go!!.

[Verse #1 Ludacris, and Jermaine Dupri in brackets]

Dig deep, motherfucker! goin' four years strong.
Got plenty haters, really wishin' I ain't last this long.
And please don't get it twisted I ain't Hollywood yet
I just jumped in 'dat movie to get a big ass check (that's right).
So fool break yourself, that's the phrase that pays,
I'm about to open my own shop, AK's and Chevrolets.
I just bought 20 acres, and I'm still in the hood,
they like damn Lafolafo doin' pretty damn good.
So when it comes to this paper I don't slack to get it (uh huh).
They call me lazy, 'cause my cribs gotta' elevator in it

(that's right).

It's sorry to say, but It's harder to see, and I don't have to hit the club, I'll bring the party to me (uh huh).

'Cause I'm the Lord of the Lord, and the King of the Kings.

I never claim to be hard just down for my team (that's right).

Showin' a 20 chingy, titty, and face, I grab a booty, and pinch, and lick the titty, and shake.

[Verse #2 Sean P.]

Now roll back in 'da street, work, and stackin' my bread, the song in the hood,
'cause I got plenty to spare, and a brand new Cadillac, on some brand new feet,
a brand new breed shinin' like a G, still ride wit' AK's, still a sweep the street,
but i'm a weird G, I ain't got no time for beef, I don't train for nuttin' nigga,
imma' part of the street, and live life everyday, like it's a party to me.

Bitch I'm fo' sho' wit' it, if It's money to be made, well imma' go get it,
split it wit' 'da hood, and den get some throw wit' it. Catch me swirvin' through your hood, no he didn't did he.

Straight up sippin' on some hen, I ain't no go get it.

I leave the tapes for the supper.

Seperate the hard motherfucker from all the bust (from all the bust).

To the grinder's in the hustle, so I know 'dat you feel me.

Put your hood up in 'da air, represent for your city.

[Chorus Ludacris, Lil' Jon, Jermaine Dupri, and Bone Crusher]

[Lil' Jon:] Yaahh!

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga!

[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga!

[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck!

[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what

[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga! (niggaaa!)

Lil' Jon: Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!
Lil' Jon: Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!
Lil' Jon: Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!
Lil' Jon: Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!

[Verse #3 J-Bo, and Jermaine Dupri]

Now who 'da hell wanna' tangle my ankle, I'm sittin' off.
To 'da party, no party like Crusher, we Break 'Em Off.
YoungBloodz, and Ludacris in which you know the
name.
We runnin' through your speakers like big balls of
flame.
(?) We blowin' through your town, wipin' out your
system, and shuttin' 'da club down.
'Cause we don't give a fuck, already you know the deal.
Like soldiers, we walk slow, so listen close, and clear.
'Cause we don't act foolish, and we send chumps back
to school (uh huh).
And teach 'dem motherfuckers, to never break the
rules (that's right).
Lesson one, some pimps don't never crack the style.
Lesson two, respect they been doin' it for a while
(c'mon).
A-Town, Southbound, we bumpin' down your block.
Switch it from lane-to-lane, you know it don't stop (nah).
We back, and still foolish, and poppin' like once befo'.
So go, and throw it up my people, now hear 'da flow.

[Chorus Ludacris, Lil' Jon, Jermaine Dupri, and Bone
Crusher]

[Lil' Jon:] Yaahh!
[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn,
we don't give a fuck nigga!
[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what
[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn,
we don't give a fuck nigga!
[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what
[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn,
we don't give a fuck!
[Jermaine Dupri:] Say what, say what
[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn,
we don't give a fuck nigga (niggaaa!)
[Lil' Jon:] Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!
[Lil' Jon:] Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!
[Lil' Jon:] Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!
[Lil' Jon:] Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit!

[Verse #4 Bone Crusher]

I won the strongest competition in '94.
For bitches 600 pounds, and no more.
That equals 6 of your feathered waists gonna hit 'da floor.
So a nigga want a buck, then a nigga needa' know.
I'm serious wit' 'dis, boy am I frish, but I'm 'dis shit.
You about 6 fuckin' seconds away from catchin' these bricks (hahaha).
When it's all said, and done, and I ain't done 'dis song.
You better ask fuckin' more so ya'll niggaz learn.
I cry for this paper, shake a nigga down for his paper.
These underacheiven' niggaz always hate ya.
So you gotta' keep ya need lock, and load for these takers.
Ya'll niggaz harder than my daughter (?) (daddy).
Wake up, YoungBloodz, and Bone Crusher fuck niggaz discover (uh huh).
Put 'dem fight strips on ya, and watch ya suffer.
'Dey call me noodanator, a bitch nigga bluffer.
Watch ya see me in 'da streets, wit' all ya mean brotherz, ya bitch!

[Chorus Ludacris, Lil' Jon, Jermaine Dupri, and Bone Crusher]

[Lil' Jon:] Yaahh!
[Ludacris and Bone Crusher:] If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck nigga!
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