

2Pac "I Don't Give A F**k"

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I don't give a f**k
They done push me to the limit the more I live
I might blow up any minute, did it again
Now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon
While this cops bragging about the ni**a he's jackin
I see no justice
All I see is ni**as dying fast
The sound of a gun blast
Then watch the hurst past
Just another day in the life G
Gotta step lightly 'cause cops tried to snippe me
The catch, they don't wanna stop at the brother man
But then they'll have an accident and pick up another
man

I went to the bank to cash my cheque
I get more respect from the muthaf**kin dope man
The Grammy's and the American music shows pimp us
like hoes
They got dough but they hate us though
You better keep your mind on the real s**t

And f**k trying to get with these crooked a*s
hypocrites
They way they see it, we was meant to be keep down
Just can't understand why we getting respect now
Mama told me they're be days like this
But I'm pissed cause it stays like this
And now they trying to send me off to Kuwait
Gimme a break
How much s**t can a ni**a take
I ain't goin' nowhere no how
What you wanna throw down
Better bring your guns pal
'cause this is the day we make 'em pay
f**k bailin' hate I bail and spray with my A-K
And even if they shoot me down
There'll be another ni**a bigger
from the mutha-f**kin' underground

So step but you better step quick
Cause the clocks goin' tick and I'm sick of the bulls**t

You're watching the makings of a physco-path
The truth didn't last
Before the wrath and aftermath
Who's that behind the trigger?
Who'd do yah figure!?
A mutha-f**kin night ni**a
Ready to buck and rip s**t up
I had enough and I don't give a f**k

ni**as!, isn't just the blacks
also a gang of mutha-f**kas dressed in blue slacks
They say ni**as hang in packs and their attitude is
s**tty
Tell me, who's the biggest gang of ni**as in the city
They say ni**as like to do ni**as
Throw me in the cuffs with just two ni**as
A street walkin' ni**a and a beat walkin' ni**a with a
badge
I had to shoot yah and the pa*s for the blast take his
cash

And bash his head in dump him at the dead in
And that's just his luck
Cause a ni**a like me
don't really give a f**k

Walked in the store what's everybody staring at
They act like they never seen a muthaf**ker wearing
black
Following a ni**a and s**t
Ain't this a bi**h
All I wanted was some chips
I wanna take my business else where
But where?
Cause who in the hell cares
About a black man with a black need
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend
I wonder if knows that my income is more than
His pension, salary and then some
Your daughter is my number one fan
And your trife a*s wife wants a life with a black man
So who's the mac in fact who's the black jack
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat
while he thinks that he's getting over
I bust a move as smooth as casanova
And count another quick meal
I'm getting paid for my traid but its still real
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme
AS strong as a f**kin' nine
Mail stacked up ni**as wanna act up
Let's put the gats up and throw your backs up

But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot
Usta come but he's done, now we run the block
To my brothers stay strong keep yah heads up
They know we fed up
But we they just don't give a f**k

They just don't give a f**k
I gotta give my f**k offs
f**k you to the San FranCisco police department
f**k you to the Marin County Sheriff department
f**k you to the F.B.I
f**k you to the C.I.A
f**k you to the B-u-s-h
f**k you to the AmeriKKKa
f**k you to all you redneck prejudice mutha f**kas
And f**k yah
f**k Y'all
Punk gay sensitive little d**k bastards
2paclypse mutha f**kin' know
Y'all can kiss my a*s and suck my d**k
And my uncle Tommy's balls
f**k Y'all
Punks, punks, punks, punks, punks

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