## Carly Simon F/ Marc Cohn, Ben Taylor ''Nobody Cares''

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[Kastro] (talking) Hmm, damn, I feel ya Turn, nope, don't nobody care These Outlawz feel y'all (yup) Yeah, don't nobody care Sometime it get like that (When it feel like don't nobody care) It seems like nobody care (nope, not nobody) I care though, listen

[Kastro - Verse 1] I been so sick lately, bellyin and not achy These issues keep me with pistols for safety I got plans that the cops ain't included in And not a handcuff or shell could hold em in Right at the end of my road, who been there before? Now that I'm dead, it's like I've been dead before Same story, it's raw, I'm an outlaw A bread warhead, K-Dogg is a warrior And when I stand, I stand on my own two If I fall, I land on my own two A soldier, and it been like that Pac and Yak see us now and they could see all that Who really care? Fuck the tarry hair And the rest of the Outlawz was without a share Don't nobody care, just like I thought So I just stare at the world like I don't give a fuck

## [Napolean - Verse 2]

I remember them days when it was dark outside The only thing I felt I had was my nuts and my pride I was different than them niggaz on the block sellin drugs

But I was always with em, actin like a thug Runnin through the mud cause the cops was on us We just walkin home from school but they always on us It's like this, the streets is so lovely I love the streets, because the streets made me The ghetto seems so in peace Man, that I moved to the suburbs and there's more police Where I'm from, a fiend'll pack a gun Overton, Jersey the harder the slum But I made it up outta there, thanks to the Lord, kid But I'll never leave my box alone, nigga I swear (swear) And to the young kids wearin the streets do I know nobody don't care, but the Outlawz do (cause we do)

[Chorus - Young Noble] We stack clips, glack licks in the air Smoke sticks on the stairs, dog, nobody care (nobody care) We shot the fear when everybody was there Beat each other half to death, but homie nobody care (nobody care)

My momma wasn't there and my poppa wasn't there Couldn't find em anywhere cause nobody cared, yeah We split mills, pop pills and shit

Ten on the floor, ten in the bed, damn, nobody care

[Young Noble - Verse 3]

Yo, hard times as a youngsta

Scarred by the hunger, wonder

How many gonna die this summer (die this summer) We loud like thunder roamin the strip

Now everybody act cool, we approachin the vip (come on, come on)

Smokin a stick, hit, cause we live for this (live for this) Just like shit is hard raisin kids in this

I got 'Outlaw' tatted on my stomach and all (stomach and all)

We can fight and hang out later like nothing is wrong Laise your Timms up tight cause the ride is rough (uh) You can tighten my cuffs, I'm still likin the cuffs (come on)

Fuck this and that, cause I'mma get you back (uh-huh) I know you mother fuckers sick and wish that I couldn't rap

Hatin already waitin till my pockets is fat (uh) Would you rather see me incarcerated, locked in the back? (come on)

Cockin a strap, have your whole block in a gat (yeah) Every body down flat, where them dollars at? (uh, oh yeah)

## [EDI Mean - Verse 4]

I put my faith in the Lord, pray for patience in war Now only time'll tell if he heard me before I see myself in the mirror, young nigga full of flaws But in the streets, I'm a hero cause I give it to em raw I'm just my momma's second son, and I just bought me a gun Cause some niggaz want some, and I ain't got nothin for em Me and my niggaz stay hungry, strivin for the old and gray money Ridin while these niggaz think it's funny But ain't a damn thing funny to a nigga like me (nah) When you sittin on your ass broke and thirty And don't nobody care about your sob story (nah) I work so hard homie, you better be about your money (homie) Oh yeah, it goes both ways, and momma used to say 'The Lord'll help those who help themselves' I keep my eyes on the prize so there ain't no chance for me fail Cause don't nobody give a fuck when you livin in hell

Chorus x 2

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