

A.G. "We Don't Care"

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[A.G.]

Uhh, uhh, uhh, that's right
A.G., that's right
Finesse what's poppin my nigga
Nigga Scraggs this shit sound crazy
I'm straight dirt
Got this shit soundin real nice
D.I. and all that, Show where you at my nigga?
BX nigga, let's go

I empty Eagles if you think you the fifth Beatle
I'm evil, the left'll lean you, but the tec'll leave you
Now Joe Buddens must've pumped you up
Niggaz'll air you out, lay you down and slump you up
Nah - y'all can't beat him and I die for my freedom
Cover yout team in sheets, you would think it was a
Klan's meeting
I'm sick with a screwdriver, I got screws loose
The fifth'll make 'em shit on theyself - I call it prune
juice
Follow the path that made Pun sell
I throw my index and my thumb and represent my son L
That's 'til the lights go off
You gotta build/Bill Gates around your house cause you
Microsoft
And it's time to get this thunder off
I come across some heat, beats made by the
underboss
Make it do somersaults

[Chorus]

We don't care - I make it hot on your block nigga
We're not scared of you - what you thinkin that you
gangsta?
We don't care - thugs make slugs fly dawg
We're not scared of you - and no I'm not a killer but
We don't care - can't take my life without a fight nigga
We're not scared of you
Say my name and I'ma - be right there
We all know that semi auto boy - will put air in you

[A.G.]

I'm straight dirt when I come around, do it like the Alamo
Send mainstream niggaz underground with this hundred round calico
You had to know I'm a Casanov'
That don't matter though, cause the mac'll throw...back
His mommy held his body but he ain't there
And when homicide knock for me they say - he ain't here
And I run to avoid the sentence
My niggaz call me A, you'd think they tryin to get my attention
And fuck what you say nigga this is raw
We let the streets judge, you wanna take this to court
I got 12 motherfuckers that'll plan your fate
Got sentenced to a lake in a van upstate
So why you fuckin with A
My nigga Boldfingaz glide on them keys like I'm fuckin with Ray

[Chorus]

[A.G.]

I shoot the fifth with Shane Mosley, like James Posey
I get grizzly, just for thinkin we ain't dirty
Remain dingy, I'm past crazy, I'm 8:30
Off the hizzy, up in V-A like I'm Missy
And I wish he, wouldn't come to me though
And cause you got a Scarface don't mean youse a young Pacino
Youse as dumb as Dino, and you about to be extinct
I'll have your girl wearin black same day she wearin pink
With the powder blue diesel and a link, I had to do it
Even had her do it on the sink, how a master do it
She feel like paradise when A be with her
She swallow crazy I call her the babysitter
And I ain't got no young'uns, I just take niggaz and son 'em
Like Mr. Drummond I'm gone - where's the horns?

[Chorus] - to fade

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