

A.O.N. "Don't Care What You Say"

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{Verse 1}

See eminem is my hero
But I just can't rap like him though
I gotta flow that's worth 8 bank rolls
It's real high class and a lil bit slow
Gimme 5 sluts and 2 big hoes
That ain't afraid to stand there with no clothes
Ain't afraid to bend over and touch thay toes
That'll fuck for a buck a blow for dough
When I'm finished with em thay be beggin for mo
You say you got the most bitch I got mo
You say you got two bitches, I got 4
You say you got weed, man I got dro
You say you make it rain all on the flo
I crank it like ice-man and make it snow
Your sis is a slut and your mom's a ho
Thay all up on my dick, I'm like sluts go
To hell or to your home
Call the cops on the phone
Please bitch leave me alone
You're gone on tha patron
Damn slut you did me wrong
Been great since you've been gone
Wish you'd leave me alone
I'm a white rapper clone
That's why I wrote this song
To fit in, to belong
To have a "real rap" song
Why don't you sing along
I show all of my green
10's 20's and 50's
As soon as it is seen
Yo mom gets on her knees

[Chorus]

Nowadays everybody wanna speak
Like they got somethin to say
But nothin comes out when they open they mouth
Just a bunch of bullshit
Motherfuckers act like I care what they say

Nowadays everybody wanna speak
Like they got somethin to say
But nothin comes out when they open they mouth
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{Verse 2}

This is A.O.N.
Back on the fuckin track again
Lost all my homies and my friends
That said they'd be there till the end
They played me for a fool
But I just don't give a mu-fuckin shit
Cause everyone of the sons of bitches
Can suck my fuckin dick
Yeah I may be white
But I just don't give a shit
Cause every song that I put outs
Gon be a fuckin hit
Never doubt me
Never hate me
Never talk that shit about me
Cause I will knock you the fuck out
There won't be no hesitating
5 4 3 2 1
Get ready here I come
You better start to run
Cause I'm pullin out my gun
I shoot bitches for fun
I kill every last one
The chase is half the fun
To bad this is your last one
While I'm pullin out my gat
I give your mom's ass a smack
While I kill a fuckin cat
With a fuckin baseball bat
That last rhyme made no sense
But what's the difference
I could say I'll fuck a fence
And nobody would give a shit

[Chorus]

{Verse 3}

I'm not even famous and I got critics
People tellin me how to write my lyircs
People fussin and throwin fits
Cause I just won't write gangsta shit

They say real rap aint what I'm doin
I can be gangter, that's what I'm provin
You happy now! ? I hope so
I really hope this is heard by Harpo
Cause he's the one just the other day
Who told me that I need to change my ways
Said that gangsta shits what I need to play
So listen up now to what I spray
This is a little different for me
Normally I just write poetry
Now I'm talkin bout fuckin a tree
While your mom's goin down on me
That shit is just fucked up
Like tryna fuck a duck
Or pissin in a cup
While your mom drinks it up
That shit was just plain wrong
This is one fucked up song
It's also very long
How long will this shit go on
This came from one warped brain
That's new to the rap game
Now that this song was played
You'll never be the same
Before I end this verse
Have one thing to say first
I think of all my songs
This one might be the worst

[Chorus]

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