

## Confidential "It Really Don't Matter"

Visit "[It Really Don't Matter](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro]

Come on, uh-huh  
Confidential, play hard baby  
Come on  
Uh, uh-huh

It really don't matter to me  
It really don't matter to me (come on)  
It really don't matter to me (uh, come on)  
It really don't matter to me [what to do?]

It really don't matter to me  
It really don't matter to me (uh-huh)  
It really don't matter to me (come on)  
It really don't matter to me [what to say?]

Yo, in the city, see catch run  
I heard jewel, money squashed in the mark down  
In the pure fidel, ain't no touchin' my click  
Step to me wrong, I'm bustin' my clip  
G felon, separate the real from the story tellin'  
More exclusive than the powder that these n\*\*\*\*\*  
Play around, I'll numb you like the powder that they  
sellin'  
Potna, don't you know you f\*\*\*\*\* with a mobsta?  
I don't give a f\*\*\* about you, I spit 'em in Q  
In a 6 drop-top, ?suited by Sue?  
Just me and a half rippin' the turn pike  
Broad all over me, can't even turn right  
These rats and lease out get an earn right  
Supposed to be the king, this here's my birth right  
Small town, it's on now, let it be known  
If you ain't ready to play ball, better be gone

I got dreams, everyday wishin' for cream  
Wishin' for teams, thug style, plottin' a scheme  
Now we high, rollin' with Teck, packin' bombs  
Rolex with icy s\*\*\*, freezin' the arm  
Know who I am?  
Mafia, rockin' that s\*\*\*  
The one who got the man on his knees coppin' the 5th  
Don't f\*\*\*\*\* take care, cuz you can see the balls we

break here

Leave the one dead for all the cats who talk  
Chop your body up, make the D's toss the chalk  
Try me, watch the jury say we walk  
I'm on some can't catch me, touch me, can't rush me

Some call me n\*\*\*\* but you pigs can't flush me

1 - It really don't matter to me  
It really don't matter to me  
It really don't matter to me  
It really don't matter to me [what to do?]

It really don't matter to me  
It really don't matter to me  
It really don't matter to me  
It really don't matter to me [what to say?]

Yo

Yo, I'm from the school of hard knocks  
Streets, not books  
F\*\*\* the dean's list, cuz he breed high crooks  
And f\*\*\* a dope verse, cuz we spit hot hooks  
And f\*\*\* you... one false move, know what I'ma blast  
mines  
It ain't a threat, said it for the last time  
Pull your fam through some sad times  
In the streets, catch me with a Glock 9  
Suited up, power moves, they ran, had time  
It's over, so consider it done, we marked  
Got beef, then we get 'em a gun  
If ya heavyweight n\*\*\*\*\*, we get 'em in tons  
And if you never took a L, consider it won, what

It's open season, all them C's, let's get it on  
Who wanna come down and test Cajun?  
I'll slaughter all of ya if I wanna, heard me potna?  
Y'all gon' learn how to respect your father  
I'm the street scholar, squeeze tight on my trigga  
And take what I want, get caked in my spot  
Chief, I knock out teeth when it's drama, no doubt  
Might as well be summertime, the way the heat comes  
out  
I'm quick to collapse, so y'all better watch how you act  
Cuz the the clip on my 3-8 will make my wrist snap back  
And I draw like Doc Holiday, see ya tombstone  
Cuz I'm ready, I'm so so ready

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Blackground, thugs world, 2G  
Never stop baby, what  
(What to say)  
Yeah, no doubt, what, what  
(What to do)  
(What to do)

Visit [Confidential](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.