

Didi & Abc Boys**"Don't Give a Fuck About Cha"**

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[Hook]

I don't give a fuck about cha'
Ya know, I'm just tryin' to get that pussy out cha'
Ya know I'm the one ya should be lookin' out for
Lil' ho but I'm still gon' do good without cha' for sho'

[Verse 1]

I got too many hoes for you niggas to know what to do
with
Still but always got room for a little bit
Cause I do shit niggas only get to see in movies
Like lay in the tub and let three bitches do me
All of em' top notch
That's the only way to ever lay in my spot
Nigga, cause I got bitches on the East Bank, hoes on
the East Coast
A-Class bitches with big pockets and deep throats
I see no reason that they come with no vision
Once I get into position, they changin' their religion
Listen, I don't trust em' nigga I don't love em'
Play like I'ma get a rubber and switch her with my
brother
What the fuck them hoes think this is the "Love Boat"
You at a motherfuckin' gangsta's crib, we cut throats
We tag team em' till they can't stand up (But all my
girls do)
And what, and what

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

It takes a nigga like meee
To run the right geee
I put a bitch on her kneeess
Before I break out with the cheeeese
Boy I work strip clubs from New Orleans to A-T-L
Up in Houston shootin' game on gay females
Clientele bring me mail, partner livin' swell
Gorilla pimpin' pussy sells, nigga you can't tell
I pimp a bitch until a motherfucker pass out
In front of that hotel room waitin' with my hands out

If she don't come to the door with my cash out
I reach back like a pimp and knock her ass out
Don't think with ya penis become a genius
Hoes be double teamin' send em' to the fuckin'
cleaners
Let me catch you in my pockets lookin' for my wallet
Soon as you got like an eye out of socket
I tell ya, you could do bad all by yourself
So I could leave ya broke ass off in the Melf
Bitch I'll take ya fuckin' last, add it to my wealth
Then I scratch off, laughin' to myself

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Now, now, now, now
When the wrinkles on my hand and the wrinkles on my
balls
Spit the type of shit that'll make a dog bitch fall
To her knees so quick she'll get skid marks
Lick a nigga dick from daybreak till it gets pitch dark
Ain't no beatin' around the bush
Besides ain't no slackin' in my mackin' ain't no eatin'
around ya tush
Look, the game that I spit will make Orphan Annie quit
Talkin' that tomorrow shit and just lick a nigga dick
It's all good in the small hood
I don't think you know how many hoes one call could
Get me but ah let me clear my throat, uh uh
Take note playboy
I'm low (Hey baby) I'm bumpin' through ya hood soon
But I don't want cha' cat the mack just wanna shoot cha'
Moon
Grease it down with ya finger
And all the way through with my trusty sidekick stinger
Click, dip from the phone booth
Next thing I know I'm under ya ho under ya own roof
And I'm in there like swimwear
Do ya think him care...yeah

[Hook repeated till the end]

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