

Erick Sermon

"We Don't Care"

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Def Squad, J. Bleezy
Ha, com-bust-ya-ble, huh

It's Erick, I'm back again, full fledged
American flag in here so y'all pledge
A few of y'all sold some albums, yeah congrats
The game in trouble, I must rescue rap
Yo, I'm a hero!
Sometimes I feel the same way
Like the folks involved with Ground Zero
And somebody owe me boy, I'm dead serious
This year my Squad better blow to oblivious

Yo, did you lose weight? Yeah, I got stamina
Profile me like this and hold the camera
I'm alone, so what y'all wanna do?
Take over your faciliy like I'm John Q
I rock mics, I Chris Rock, I Kid Rock
I rock the house like I'm Run
Rap conniseur, I rock Sean John velour
B-boy stance and that's hardcore
E-Dub, real name, no gimmicks
Your style is over, finito, finished
You a parasite, type lyrical germ
You a sucker MC in layman terms, and

We don't care nuttin 'bout you
Yeah, we don't care, we come up in the spot sayin', oh
yeah
Oh yeah, throw your hands in the air
Oh yeah, 'cause

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Yeah, I got a track record, I spit fouls
E don't stop, keep it grinding, puts it down fo' sho'
(Grinding)
My figgedy flow is sick siggedy, yo

Watch me biggedy blow, and y'all niggedy know
It's Def Squeezy, thirteen years in rap
And now it's easy, I do things to please me
Yo, I come through so crazy
I'm a, "Stun'na" like M. Fresh and Baby
Got more toys than Kay Bee, me and my yung'uns

Slow down before you receive a summons
And get hit for speeding, I break a switch off a tree
You catch a beating for y'all misleading
(Yeah!)

Shame on you, when you step to, huh
The Green Eyed Bandit, smile you on candid
Rob J. Timberlake, I got Janet
I'm in control now, ohh wow
Yeah, 'cause that's how it is, and that's how I'm livin'
I bring turmoil like Mike and Robin Givens
And watch me go off a-go off
A yes, yes, y'all, and show off and show off, and yes

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Oh yeah, throw your hands in the air
Oh yeah, 'cause

Sermon, the word I preach to ya
Control the airwaves so it can reach to ya
The underground of rap ring, I'm David Tua
The one round knockout, your eyeballs pop out
High school dropout, I'm not gon' cop out
I did the rhymin' thing and now a truck I hop out
"Fiesta" I'm down with R. Kelly shit

I'm, "Supa Dupa Fly" Missy Elliott
I stay focused, keep the same cycle
Do me, proceed to rock the world like Michael
Without Chris Tucker, with no Marlon Brando
Just give enough for J-Lo to handle
So scream at me, holla, smoke signals
Morse code, try a 2-way, or telephone
And I give it to ya, all day in street
Two turntables a mic and breakbeat, 'cause

We don't care nuttin 'bout you
Yeah, we don't care, we come up in the spot sayin', oh
yeah
Oh yeah, throw your hands in the air
Oh yeah, 'cause

You got about five seconds to get to the dance floor

You got about two more seconds to get to the dance
floor

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