

Ace Hood "I Don't Give A Fuck"

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I don't give a fuck

They done push me to the limit the more I live

I might blow up any minute, did it again

Now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon

While this cops bragging about the nigga he's jackin

I see no justice

All I see is niggas dying fast

The sound of a gun blast

Then watch the hurst past

Just another day in the life 'G'

Gotta step lightly cuz cops tried to snippe me

The catch, they don't wanna stop at the brother man

But then they'll have an accident and pick up another

I went to the bank to cash my cheque

I get more respect from the mutha-fuckin' dope man

The Grammy's and the American music shows pimp us

like hoes

They got dough but they hate us though

You better keep your mind on the real shit

And fuck trying to get with these crooked ass

hypocrites

They way they see it, we was meant to be keep down

Just can't understand why we getting respect now

Mama told me they're be days like this

But I'm pissed cause it stays like this

And now they trying to send me off to Kuwait

Gimme a break

How much shit can a nigga take

I ain't goin' nowhere no how

Better bring your guns pal

Cuz this is the day we make 'em pay

Fuck bailin' hate I bail and spray with my A-K

And even if they shoot me down

There'll be another nigga bigger

So step but you better step quick

from the mutha-fuckin' underground

Cause the clocks goin' tick and I'm sick of the bullshit

You're watching the makings of a physco-path

The truth didn't last

Before the wrath and aftermath

Who's that behind the trigger?

Who'd do yah figure!?
A mutha-fuckin night nigga
Ready to buck and rip shit up
I had enough and I don't give a fuck

Niggas!, isn't just the blacks also a gang of mutha-fuckas dressed in blue slacks They say niggas hang in packs and their attitude is shitty

Tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city They say niggas like to do niggas,

Throw me in the cuffs with just two niggas

A street walkin' nigga and a beat walkin' nigga with a badge

I had to shoot yah and the pass for the blast take his cash

And that's just his luck And bash his head in dump him at the dead in Cause a nigga like me don't really give a fuck

Walked in the store what's everybody staring at They act like they never seen a mutha fucker wearing black

Following a nigga and shit

Ain't this a bitch

All I wanted was some chips

I wanna take my business else where

But where?

Cause who in the hell cares

About a black man with a black need

They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend

I wonder if knows that my income is more than

His pension, salary and then some

Your daughter is my number one fan

And your trife ass wife wants a life with a black man

So who's the mac in fact who's the black jack

Sit back and get fat off the fat cat

while he thinks that he's getting over

I bust a move as smooth as casanova

And count another quick meal

I'm getting paid for my traid but its still real

And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme

AS strong as a fuckin' nine

Mail stacked up niggas wanna act up

Let's put the gats up and throw your backs up

But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot

Usta come but he's done, now we run the block

To my brothers stay strong keep yah heads up

They know we fed up

But we they just don't give a fuck

They just don't give a fuck

I gotta give my fuck offs

Fuck you to the San FranCisco police department
Fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff department
Fuck you to the F.B.I
Fuck you to the C.I.A
Fuck you to the B-u-s-h
Fuck you to the AmeriKKKa
Fuck you to all you redneck prejudice mutha fuckas
And fuck yah
Fuck Y'all
Punk gay sensitive little dick bastards
2paclypse mutha fuckin' know
Y'all can kiss my ass and suck my dick
And my uncle Tommy's balls
Fuck Y'all

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