

Ja Rule, Black Child, Tah Murdah & Vita "We Don't Give Fuck"

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Yo, throw your motherfuckin' middle fingers in the air,
nigga
'Cause if y'all don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfuckin' fingers in the air
Motherfucker, the war is on, we're gonna pour it on

Niggas to be feminine, guns rapidly scenative
For the love of the Benjamins
Keep em' leeking and bleeking
To dogs with his brawds trembling

I'm sending him, till the LORD calls my adrenalin
You slow mo, niggas getting slow dough
Fuck your po-po, I let the flow blow
Keep em' running like Flo-Joe, I flow so

Sickest Murder! Clip Inserter!
Drop Pop and rip your wordah
We lust for more, can't touch, crush the rope
Hit a clubs rush the door, niggas fuck the [unverified]

That's why we've been blazed to you froze it up
Had your name to the crease so you closed it up
I'm one in a mil, niggas got me gunning for real
Leaving you nothing to steal, so no pain to feel

So fuck the world! Ya either get
When you see the sink
Skin no more than my thugs
Than your guns let off

I earned connections, every time I burn my weapon
Y'all niggas gonna learn your lesson
Fuck the feds, nigga we spit hollow heads
Our motto is shed blood for dead thug

That shed blood in hell, when my slugs set bail
Pray for death from your cell, I won't bet we got to jail
From pretty niggas with half a nickel flow
Them bitch niggas, they keep their dimes on the low

Y'all niggas is lame, commercial niggas get out the

game
We here now, shits gonna change
We spit them things from point blank range at you
Then ask what the fuck you goin' do, test the mic on
your gun

Lose your life and your ones, I don't give a fuck where
you from
Niggas run when we come, I bust my gun
'Cause I'm a bum from the gutter, you better know
It's Murda! Motherfucker!

Y'all ain't hear me, y'all with me
Throw your fuckin' fingers up, motherfucker
'Cause if y'all don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfuckin' fingers in the air

Nigga, I'm living my live, fucking your wife
Bending her up while I'm holla red and I don't give a
fuck
So I move like, like it such and y'all can't get enough of
the murderers
It'll murda y'all, nigga, what, what

I know y'all are ready to die, know why
'Cause the pain is too much to bare while alive
So I cock my nine, then close my eyes
Take another hit and then crip and blow minds

These are hard times niggas, in these streets and bust
blind
Out of fear, out of dispair, but never in the air
We gonna take this, point blank range in your Range
Rover
Pistol with the kids and rape your stray hoe

We The Murderers, yo, what you expect from us?
We niggas you can't trust, that don't really give a fuck
We dedicated to street life, game and hustle
I don't wanna be white, let them black and live for
struggle

My niggas tow guns for hittin' you and your squad up
Now we got the upper hand so keep your palms up
Niggas, if you want it with Ja come in and line up
Guaranteed, you be meeting your maker when you
times up

Negative, I can go into the streets we live
Paper, foreign niggas be murdering shit
So what, what, Niggas is holla, yo what up

Murda Inc. is the movement that won't be touched

Motherfuckers, ya hear me, Murder Inc. niggas
'Cause if you don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Throw your motherfucking fingers in the air

We don't give a what, what
All of my ladies, it's all gravy
Get your tubs up, it's Murder, turn it up
Plus, ain't nobody hotter than Totti
So who you riding with

Ladies hating blatantly hating 'cause they ain't hiding
Dismiss hot chick, straight to the top chick
That'll chase you, that'll strip you off your crown and
replace you
When I stay laced boo, in the top of the line

In the finest designers from Fendi and Gabbana
Players if you want it, I got it, just come and get it
Thugs if you hustling, hustling, come and get it
Mommy, if you rolling with Totti, let's get this dough off
We don't give a fuck! What!

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