Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz "I Don't Give A F***"

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Okay, okay, okay, okay Okay, okay, okay, okay

You ride up to the club, nigga, I don't give a fuck Shakin' yo' ass in the club, bitch, I don't give a fuck Drinkin' cris in the V I, I don't give a fuck Talkin' shit 'bout me, bitch, I don't give a fuck

You gotta pocket fulla money, nigga, I don't give a fuck You drinkin' off with them ho's, bitch, I don't give a fuck In the club wit yo' pussy click, I don't give a fuck Security on my dick, bitch, I don't give a fuck

Drop dem bow's on dem muthafuckin' pussy ass niggas

Drop dem bow's on dem muthafuckin' pussy ass niggas

I got that East side wit me, I don't give a fuck Got that West side wit me, I don't give a fuck

Drop dem bow's on dem muthafuckin' pussy ass niggas

Drop dem bow's on dem muthafuckin' pussy ass niggas

I got that North side wit me, I don't give a fuck I got that South side wit me, I don't give a fuck

We rollin' deep in this bitch, so, fuck y'all niggas We rollin' deep in this bitch, so, fuck y'all niggas I got that dirty South wit me, I don't give a fuck I got that Midwest wit me, I don't give a fuck

If security step up we'll crush dem niggas
If security step up we'll crush dem niggas
I got that East coast wit me, I don't give a fuck
I got that West coast with me, I don't give a fuck

You ridin' up to the club, nigga, I don't give a fuck Shakin' yo' ass in the club, bitch, I don't give a fuck Drinkin' cris in the V I, I don't give a fuck Talkin' shit 'bout me, bitch, I don't give a fuck

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Man, I do this in spite, my mom ain't married, bitch, I'm a bastard

Nigga, I fuck over me, you know what I do to these rappers?

They come in here huffin' and puffin' and screamin' And cussin' and bustin' me verses Nigga you betta calm yo' ass down Unless you excited to see me in person

I'm rollin' with thugs and felons, ugh
That's cuz it's on killaz
We gon' teach you ol' punk ass niggas to respect us
authority figures
Throw one of a kind boy when we be pourin' up in the
club

You're going down boy, too bad fuck, we're sorry for ya Listen, let's not to get shook but I ain't the one to come lookin'

'Cuz all I can tell the police is, I am not a crook

I fuck big fine bitches, my dick get hard, watch it grow Then gimme fine head, blow my shotgun, tastes good, don't it?

Now, tell me that ain't the life, tellin' me my niggas ain't for life

Now, tell me that shit ain't tight, tell me that y'all wanna be just like me

I beat these bitches down, I watch these powers up Nigga, you talkin' shit, huh, ho you tryin' to power up

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Y'all niggas ain't ready for this
Muthafuckas ain't steady for this 'cuz y'all still ain't
learn
Nigga got a 4-4 cocked, in a flow so hot
Make a muthafucka feel that burn

Niggas ain't workin' wit an earn
You stay up off my dick don't back talk my nigga finna'
get up in 'em
Back up off of this nigga
The one nigga that fucked up they set up the talkin'
Barkin' betta block 'em off the nigga talkin, sparkin'
Betta watch and dodge and never mind me, call it

Where da thugs at up in this bitch? Fuck a nigga up y'all represent Gimme some gin, gimme some Henn \hat{A} ¢ \hat{A} \in \hat{A} $^{\text{M}}$ Naw, just gimme both and I'll mix it all in Who wanna take a lil' sip of this in? Let me get ya twisted man

Niggas on fire, don't stop droppin' dem that's a lie We just won't die, we come back fightin' and never Hide it or ever this time, with venomous rhyme

So any nigga wanna get involved?
What you think you can fuck wit my dogs?
Nigga, you thinkin' you rubbin' us while we're thuggin' this
Did you think you can fuck wit us? Bone, bone, bone, bone.

You ready to do this the hell with the song We ain't gotta tell you it's on You know it's poppin' the glock to put a stop to the ho shit

Y'all still can't fuck wit us and never will because We too fuckin' cold, too fuckin' bold Got too many soldiers ready to roll With them goddamn bone's

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