

No Profile

"I Don't Care Featuring Dca"

Visit "[I Don't Care Featuring Dca](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh, oh, oh,
Oh,oh,yea
I don't care what ya peeps say ain't nobody go do shit
better than me
Ain't nobody gone keep shit realer than me
Make more figures than me binge chrome through a
TS3
Now what ya friends grillin me for?
Cause I'm a young nigga peelin' in a 2 door?
And I make a lotta cheeter when I'm on tour
Dollar commitee you know Q be that hot boy
Now I don't need them other chicks for me
With they seats back in the wip wit me me
So why ya mom's got it in for me cause I'm bona fide
now
That's the way I be

Chores
I don't care if they wanna talk about me
Cause I push a chromed out TS3
Why ya peeps keep frontin on me,
Bangin'on me, dumpin on me
Mad cause we be gettin it down
Ticked just because we be outta town
Everybody mad cause ya minked out now,
Ya iced out now, ya benzed out now.

How many niggas get it like we get it?
How many niggas spit it like we spit it?
Jags, trucks, all tinted
DCA baby (don't you get it)
Come through leavin em sick
Cause we cris it, rich glistin it
And them big thangs chrome 20 dippin' it
You start yo ain't no dip it'
I know ya pops don't like when I break you off
And ya brother wanna hate cause ya tops be off
(what they hatin' me for?)
Ya moms trippin ain't like we breakin the law
Nah that aint what I came here for.

Chores

Moms gon say I ain't the one for you like
I ain't neva made a call to you like you
Neva saw me braw for you
And you know damn well I broke the law for you
When you needin' me like late at night
And I make sure that I hit it right
You know I brought you everything from ice ta nice
And you gotta admit yo that set was tight
And they say I neva fought life
Cause a black man get down on a dirt bike?
I f you can't see me then it ain't right
Name another nigga that'll spend a hundred thousand
When he cop that ice for a dime piece chick form feet
To head you make other chicks talk and stare
Other cats want you but I don't share
And I ya mom's keep hatin' I don't care.

Can't nobody get it like we get it
Can't nobody spit it like we spit it
Jags, trucks, all tinted
Watch ya back we commin' to get it.

Chores

Bona Fide
No question
DCA
You know how we do
This ain't a game
It's the remix 2 triple

Visit [No Profile](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.