

Pitbull

"We Don't Care Bout Ya"

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We don't care
We don't care
We don't care
We don't care, we don't care
We don't care, we don't care

We don't care 'bout ya clique
We don't care 'bout ya crew
We don't care 'bout ya bitch
We don't care what you do

We don't care about your cars
We don't care about your chips
We don't care about shit
Accept getting rich

Now that Little Jon has opened the door
It's over dawg, this that new south, that's it, it's over
y'all
No more warning y'all, we tired of getting over looked
You want beef then I hope you like it over-cooked

Oh and for that bread, it's whatever man
I'm fully prepared to pump lead
At any nigga that wanna bump heads
So bring it but when them things go Rr-rr-ringing

Someone's gonna get hit
And that's a fact, not an opinion
I'm building my connects
And that there is dangerous

Didn't your mother teach you, not to talk to strangers?
Then why are you in my ear talking all the shit
Just 'cause I'm Cuban doesn't mean I flip bricks

So stop asking me the price on them thangs down here
'Cause that sort of thangs that get chu killed 'round
here
I don't care who you are, who you might be
But I'd rather die, then let an undercover bite me

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I'm in this bitch now, y'all niggaz better get ready
I'm ready for whatever y'all want, boy, but it ain't
nothing pretty
Y'all wanna start shit, tell me what y'all wanna do
Me, Pit, DB, we don't care about booze?

I don't care about slanging them thangs
Back 'em spraying them thangs
If you get roped, just homie don't mention my name
Blakah, that's exactly what I'm spitting meng
Homie, don't make me have to blow 'em chopper meng

'Cause I can spit it, spit it, however you want it, want it
My peoples is with it, with it, we about that money
money
And I do anything that I have to do to get that money
meng
Miami, money is a major issue meng

They, they don't understand what we about to do
We about to shit on this game, we about to shit on your
crew
Pitbull don't care about ya, Cubo don't care about ya
DB don't care about ya, we, we don't care about ya

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This game is scandalous
The more money you make
The more you're prone
To get hauled off in an ambulance

That's why I say to myself in the cut, man, I can't be
seen
Ears open, mouth shut, just watching thangs
And if it pops off, I pop up, both popping thangs
Guns, I was taught proper to cop and aim

Run, when you hear that Blakah meng
P-rr-rr-rrat that's the sound of the chopper meng
Just let me know exactly what it is you trying to do
'Cause we can both dance with the Devil, dawg
It's all on you

Like basketball, if you shoot you better follow through
In a casket dawg, who the fucks gon' follow you?

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Yeah, once again, my friend
I'mma be the first Latin rapper from the south
Shut shit the fuck down
And I got Lil' Jon to bounced to that
The King of the south

And Uncle Luke will tell you the same shit
So get ready, niggaz
Pitbull, DB, Lil' Jon
Y'all ain't ready for this shit

Haha, suckas

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