

Sex Pistols

"I Don't Care"

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Still just happy to be here, y'know?
Funk Flex, Volume 4, let's do it

[Jadakiss]

Uh-huh, uhh..

Two thousand, what, what, yo

I be the K-I double to the death and that's that

If niggaz half nice, then that mean they half wack

Aqua blue Viper, whyn't you try to pass that

With bitches that'll snipe you where you buy your hash
at

I even give daps to niggaz I blast at

And y'all gon' give me my ASCAP, or get your ass
capped

I take the clip out, and hit you with the back of the gun

Then put it back in and shoot you in the back if you run

Call me Jada, I love to clap the shit out a hater

Give my lawyer seven then give him another three later

Cause you know it cost a hundred to beat it

And I lost plenty fights, but my gun is still undefeated

Cause I'm tryin to be around like Boston Baked Beans

Gave so many samples out, that it's hard to shake
fiends

Since a young boy, I was taught to mind my neck

And since a grown man, I was taught to sign my checks

And I don't want drama, but if you do I'm killin your
children

Go to any project in the world and chill in the buildin

Hit me later, I think not, I keep the glock

And drive around with no coat cause my seats is hot

Fuck buyin a Range, if I ain't with my son I'm gettin high
or either with my niggaz, at the firin range

While y'all clown niggaz keep jokin, and get treated like
ashes

I clip y'all off and keep smokin

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I don't care who you with, or who you get

Or what you got, all of that'll get you shot

Everybody in the world know Kiss is hot

Everybody in the world know Kiss is hot

[Jadakiss]

Ay yo, I got a lotta shit on my chest
and niggaz wanna put more on it; so I gotta put on my
vest
You got grazed in the head so that mean you was
duckin
Seen my shades by your bed so that mean I was fuckin
While you was out frontin, I was in, nothin for nothin
All in ya honey, walkin 'round countin ya money
Holdin ya stacks, in the closet loadin ya gats
Feedin ya curs, skeetin all over ya furs
Right before yo' ass come home I'm peelin the tar
And have the shorties like, "Damn, Jay willied the car"
I'm like God, cause y'all can't touch me or see me
But y'all know I'm there and y'all know that y'all need
me
New five wagon, with the old Bebe's
And I'm an old G so I listen to old CD's
My rocks is so rippy, if you was watchin arms in a party
you won't skip me
I'm like a nigga in jail waitin
so come get me
But if the job ain't done quickly and done swiftly
you catchin one-fifty
Cross your face, then I bang you in the stomach
And make sure I go in your pockets after you vomit
If that ain't good enough, I'm a light things up
Cause they love me in the hood, I'm like the ice cream
truck
Nigga, this is to the general public
When you hear the name Jadakiss nigga, ain't nothin
above it
Fuck it

[Chorus]

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