

## **Mobb Deep**

### **"We Don't Give A..."**

Visit "[We Don't Give A...](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Twin Gambino]

Look at my life, you ain't ready to walk in my shoes  
I was bruised in this game that's why I stay with them  
tools  
Got nothing to lose, cause shit ain't workin' out for the  
kid  
I had a deal over at Virgin, but they dropped the kid  
How come, I don't know, they wasn't feelin' the kids  
Or the music to hot for their ears to list'  
Back to square one it's all good, it ain't gon' stop a  
nigga  
Like have me do something stupid like go and pop a  
nigga  
It's a movie and I'mma be the star of this shit  
With ten bitches at one time, suckin' my dick  
We gon' get rich and kill them two cats, that snitch  
IM3, bustin' they way, through this hip hop shit  
So watch your lip, don't say nothin' about my click  
Or catch a clip, while you walkin' wit ya lady and shit  
We crazy and shit, like chickens with their head cut off  
We little niggaz with big guns that'll take your head off  
And we rippin' your lady in the bathroom of the Green  
Acres Mall  
Where gonna stand tall, we fall if a slug hit our chest  
It's all gravy, Queensbridge roll like the Navy  
Little girls runnin' around havin' mad babies

[Chorus: Havoc]

Yo, ya'll don't a give a yeah, we don't give a yeah  
At the, end of the day, a slug'll, ruin your liver  
For real, on the strength of that automatic steel  
So fast, you won't have time to build

[Ty Knitty]

Ayo, we here foot in the door, time for take off  
Yo, we take over, move over, IM3  
And ya'll niggaz don't really mean shit to me  
Spread love through the five boroughs, tri-state mid-  
state  
Violate, get your face carved in  
Fuckin' with these Queensbridge marksmen  
Never go against our grain, twenty tats, ball head cat,

rep QB

See me on the stage iced out, laced up  
Hazed up, jumping in them big ass trucks  
When we shoot you better duck, you out of luck  
young'n  
Catch you runnin' while we gunnin', chasin' you down  
like blood hounds  
Beatin' you down, to the very last compound  
With fo'four pounds, two aluminum bats, we ruin' you  
cats  
We IM3 nigga you better move back, we fake no jacks  
Jump real quick, we them Queens motherfuckers, that  
stay in that bullshit

[Chorus]

[Godfather]

Looking back at time, a lot of niggaz died  
Right before my eyes, suicide, homicide, do or die  
My crew and I, pledge Infamous, don't leave no  
witnesses  
We handled all our differences, these menaces we  
livin' it  
We've been gettin' it got it, glock cock won't hesitate  
To empty out the whole clip, y'all niggaz best notice  
When it's time and it's bout to go down, we control the  
shit  
Ain't nobody in this whole, industry can hold us in  
You can try, but you won't succeed, we a rare breed  
And don't say much, cause, real niggaz don't speak  
Amongst beef, my handle like, hot sauce  
I take that on top boards, my action unaccountable  
Could snap at any give time, doubting you  
My raps steady pounding you, we drowning you with  
Infamous  
The IM3 continuous, we livin' it, I speak from  
experience  
He's driven it, we M-O-B-B, QB, Murda Muzik

[Havoc]

Yo, that's that that shit, that I be, talkin' about  
Niggaz, playin' they hands wrong, runnin' they mouth  
Snitchin', all up in they blood, I can't click  
There ain't nothing to discuss, I only fuck with  
Niggaz raise with me, ain't no time for new friends  
Loose ends, take my gangsta to the grave with me  
It's all day with me, loyal to my dunns  
Know it's nothing, cowards breathe when we clappin'  
those guns

[Chorus]

Visit [Mobb Deep](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.