

Pop-A-Lot "It Dont Matter"

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Uh uh uh uh uhhhhhhhh

Now the whole club tipsy
Every girl in VIP wanna leave wit me
You know how da story be-gins
And end wit them gettin kicked out at 3 a-m
I know it sound kinda harsh
Me and babygirl locked eyes at the bar
In 30 minutes cup empty and she askin for some more
And it don't matter what you drinkin baby I'ma make
em fill up your cup

Now she wanna merk too
Hop in the whip half a zip of that purple
We headed to the crib can you blame her
She a chicken-head, don't save her
She don't wanna be saved,
Niggas die like cowards tryna be super brave,
Go out like superman tryna be supadave,
They fillin up her cup I'm watchin her do her thing

Is that grey goose, mami what you drinkin on?
Is that absolute, mami what you drinkin on?
Is that Patruice, mami what you drinkin on?
It don't matter what you drinkin baby
I'ma make em fill up your cup,
Your cup your cup,
Make em fill up your cup your cup, your cup,
Gggeahhh.

It don't matter what you drinkin baby
I'ma make em fill up your cup.

I get money, ride cadillac
They got it criss-crossed, I ain't daddy-mack,
I'm a mack-daddy that brought baby daddies back.
Labels like my ex chicks want me can't have me back!
Still at the bar throwin shots back,
And they don't mention money cuz they know I got that.
Three chicks in my cross hairs,
Just like that. soon as they finish drinkin those,
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Bring some more right back,
I ain't know they drop it low to the flo
Like that lookin me dead in my eyes they know
I like that (like that) like that,
They know I'm out here gettin mine,
Cadillac so krispy, not a Kia but it shine.
I don't come when they call but I'm always on time.
Pop-a-lot is that nigga one time.
And that is basically how it goes,
I'm steady runnin my mouth,
Is your drink runnin' low

Is that grey goose, mami what you drinkin on?
Is that absolute, mami what you drinkin on?
Is that Patruice, mami what you drinkin on?
It don't matter what you drinkin baby
I'ma make em fill up your cup,
Your cup your cup, make em fill up your cup your cup,
Your cup, gggeahhh.

It don't matter what you drinkin baby
I'ma make em fill up your cup.

Friday night, I just got paid,
Bought a whole lotta drinks so it's time to get laid.
Little mama ramblin on I can't hear what she say,
When she done I cut her off (off), just like a fade.
When the club shut down, she know I don't play though,
Old schools back to back to back me Stike, and Dayo,
They played our songs back to back to back, me,
Strike and Dayo,
Nine hundred for the zip priceless how I got the J.O.s
And it's big boss pimpin when I lean to the side,
Presidential tint, 30 inch things on the ride and the whip
So high that it seems like we glide,
I'm like trick wake up this ain't a dream you alive.

When I hear last call, it's about to go down,
Like it didn't already coupe got the chickens ready,
I'm about to get her drunk if she ain't already,
We headed downtown, more drinks at the tellie.

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