

# No Question

## "I Don't Care (Remix) Featuring Dca"

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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

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