

A Buried One Lyrics by Old Mans Child

"It Really Don't Matter"

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(Niccademus)

Woo

Yo

(Twista)

Do you really wanna ride with me and my nigga
tippin' flickin' through cities
and never where we slow down

(Niccademus)

Come on

Ah Ah

Ah Ah

Nic Don

(Twista)

Do you really wanna ball with me and my nigga
tippin' flickin' through cities
and never where we slow down

(Niccademus)

I was dirty south

Ever since it start with my shiny mouth

I make the whole crowd part what you talkin' bout

Step up in the club baby turn it out

Them hater's get no love yo without a doubt

Hey whats that smell

Smokin' on a hot dub from A-T-L, whoa

Bitches in the back countin' my money

My two way off the hook cos everythang for sale

And it don't matter to me

Slangin' in the studio or out in the streets

without a motherfuckin' cap on my salary

So iced out cornered in the breeze

coat chillin' in the place to be

And they ain't ready for me

What ya'll thought

45 G's up for a key and a boat, yo

Niccademus stayin' down to ride

I want whatever me and Twista bout to get it fo sho, yo

(chorus) (Niccademus)

Yo we can do it but it really don't matter to me
Said we can do it but it really don't matter to me
Said we can do it but it really don't matter to me

(Twista)

Do you really wanna ride with me and my nigga
tippin' flickin' through cities
and never where we slow down

(Niccademus)

But it really don't matter to me
Said we can do it but it really don't matter to me
Said we can do it but it really don't matter to me

(Twista)

Do you really wanna ball with me and my nigga
tippin' flickin' through cities
and never where we slow down

(Niccademus)

What

(Twista)

It really don't matter to me either as long as the weeds
purple
fiendss in my circle so be when I hurt you
It ain't shit to see us
Hoe niggas go and get your heata's
Ain't no fuckin' with Twista and Niccademus ya'll some
mistameena's
I don't bail better through the city of 50-60
in the pocket next to the sticky sippin' on Mickie's
On a money mission
While peoples eyes takin' pictures
rollin' swisser's hollin' at bitches thick as boa
constrictors
Blaze all that hash sure
Screamin' show me baby what you got that ass for
Come and get with real niggas that'll pull it
Murderers poppin' mo'
Tryin' to double it off with dro with 55 hata's blow
Hata's how you gonna care
Handlin' and countin' hundreds
Or freak on it while we get blunted or get them thangs
a gunnin'
It really don't matter to us
T and Nic Don
We step on competition and empty the clips gone

(chorus)

(Niccademus)
It really don't matter to me
From the Chi-Town all the way over to S.C.
From the dirty Bama up to Milwuakee
Niggas ride candy with 20 inch D's
Spend a whole sack at the bar hoe please
Call my homie B and he be hittin' it with mo' cheese
Thug got takin' your bitches and steady stackin' more
riches
now throw your hands up for street B
Everybody feel me raise it up
Twist up another burner of stick-a-green blaze it up
They on the floor now
Tell me do you wanna ride with me and my nigga balla
post speed and we never gonna slow down, oh
It don't even matter yo
Smoked out with Twist in the studio
I spit a mothafuckin' tone on the microphone
Have 'em screamin' Nic Don nigga ready to go, oh

(chorus) 2x

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