

Rama

"No Fucks To Give"

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VERSE 1

I talk life, disappear into another world
I like you... why the fuck I'm with another girl?
My thoughts are tattooed that's why I act rude
You think you know but you really got no clue
I woke up without a phone n my cash gone
I'm layin next to a girl in a black thong
But here I go sip a 40 in the mornin'
Cause I could really give a fuck where I'm goin'
I grab a bud, gotta blunt to light
I got a beer to drink, I'm havin' fun tonight
Shit... might as well cause I'm back & buck now
And hell yea I'm gonna black the fuck out
I got a case of Busch Light 'n' some Keystone
I'm broke as hell, that's the only shit I'm bringing home
I'm layin' back smokin' joints in my basement
Everyday same shit, nothin' ever changin'
I gotta live that's why I got outta bed, right?
We'll get the party goin' harder than a lead pipe
So put the bottle up straight to ya dome
I'm a fuckin' role model you can try this at home

HOOK

Cause I got, no, clue where I'm goin'
I'm still drunk at 8 in the mornin'
And I don't know what I'm gonna do
But I live this way, so what's up with you
And I got, no, clue where I'm goin'
I'm fucked up at 8 in the mornin'
Oh no I ain't turnin' back
Cause I got no fucks to give, and that's that

VERSE 2

Guess whose back in the mothafuckin', game
Fucked ya girl I don't even know her, name
But don't be mad Imma low life bad boy
So get off my nuts ya little fag boy
There was a time as a matter of fact...

I was lookin for a job but what happened to that?
And what's up with all these girls never callin' me back?
I'm like shit... what the fuck yo I'm not that bad!
But I started off in class then I took it out my schedule
Dropped outta school cause it got my feelin' dreadful
I gotta find another way to make a dollar bill
It's like I'm runnin' but I'm goin up a fuckin hill.
While everybody tryna get a degree...
I'm sittin' back, think of life, I'm just livin' it free
I used to be a cool kid up in college
... Woops, I fucked that up... I'm feelin' childish

(REPEAT HOOK)

VERSE 3

I'm laid back, no shirt, wit' a fitted cap
Pierced up, tattoos, take a look at that
So holler at me if you tryna get messed up
N fuck a fancy drink, I'll take a red cup
Here we go clap, clap, when the beat hit
Don't stop, get it, get it, rock like you need it
Stop the beat got somethin' to say
White boy witta attitude, y'all betta make way

(REPEAT HOOK)

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