

Real Thing

"I Don't Care"

Visit "[I Don't Care](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Noreaga)

Aiyyo these industry niggaz - they startin not to like me
I'm too chiesty (chiesty) I'm too fiesty (fiesty)
Run up on labels and I beat up kids
It's N-O! Ain't no need to ask who that is
I'm like Tim Duncan (nigga) close to unstoppable
Shoot at your face, kid Whatchu gonna do?
I go to Jacob with a hundred thou'
While you go up to him with twenty-five hundred, wow!!
I throw fifty on the chain (what!!)
Fifty on the watch (what!!)
I still cock, blow, and throw fifty on the block (what!!)
It's thugged out, so my people listen and watch
Yo my name "nore" but only fam' call me "flint"
My people that smoke weed get high in bed, yo am I a
hoe?
You can see me at the Tahoe, rockin a shirt that say
"Let the Lox go"
In L.A. I rock the same shirt at Roscoe

(Chorus)

Remember if I shot a nigga - I don't care
In the club (?) - I don't care
You see the way we pop Crist' yo - I don't care
It's CNN every thug throughout the atmosphere
See us iceberged out yo - I don't care
Chromed out the lower twenties yo - I don't care
It's CNN every thug throughout the atmosphere

(Capone)

I'm out of this world, keep a fresh Philly to twirl
Pretty thug fly nigga, gimme your girl
I been on all avenues
Strips hot like Malibu's sand
I got chips shit
Rappers' savan
I represent every Ghetto like a broke elevator
Piss downstairs, sunny dude
Cherry Now and Later
Save her for a favor, one of my favorites
When a nigga circum

To the slum, I rap one of the greatest
Off the kicks
I'm rockin' the latest Air Pimps
Let me have that scar underneath my shit
We thugged out, shit bleed thugged out
QB reign as the last stop like the QB train
In L.A. I'm with Kurupt
South Central with Daz, hot nine's Clue
Thug pop wine in the coop
Fatigue the suit nigga
Still shootin cues
Huh? Clue, how we do? (huh? how we do?)

(Chorus)

[DJ Clue - over Chorus]
Fat shout! TDK!
Sam Elbridge! Brian Gordon!
C'mon!

(Noreaga)
I'm went from, right (right), and I never forget ('get)
where we sell a lot of coke and we fight off pits
The whole block on the run, yo even the chicks
I cop every Jordan's, I love them kicks
I got hurt when the Spurs beat the New York Knicks
I had the gamblin' in the hood
Scramblin' the hood (word)
When shit got hot, I leave hammers in the hood
A thugged-out shirt and bandana in the hood
I'm the "Godfather" of the thugs
King of the hood
King of the 'dro
King of the Crist'
King of the ass
and sayin' what, what?
to Grandmaster Flash
Hey what?
The super thug is back, and I got some shit
I'm like a crackhead, can't turn down a hit
I keep the chrome out on the four-fifth, Four point six
I went from hustlin nicks to hustlin bricks
I'm big-timin' this game, I'm small-timin' this

(Chorus)

[DJ Clue - over Chorus]
DJ Clue! Desert Storm!
Fat shout! Theo Ratliff!
Sixers! Saint Johns!
Germ players! Mike Jordan!

Alex! DJ Clue!
Professional - Part Two!..
..New York!

[Noreaga - over DJ Clue]
Yeah, yeah, DJ Clue
Duro! CN motherfuckin N
Y'know how we fuckin do it
Thugged out and you all tittied out
Desert Storm, strait form on ya norm'
Keep it regular nigga
Smoke good weed nigga, not the regular
Smoke good weed nigga, not the regular..

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

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