

## Redman "I Don't Kare"

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Give it to me  
Yo, give it to me  
Yo, give it to me  
Give it to me  
Bitch give it to me  
Yo, give it to me  
Yo, nigga give me that cash  
Bitch please  
Bitch give it to me or I'll smack the shit out you  
Give it to me  
Yo yo yo yo yo  
Give it to me  
That shit  
Yo, yo yo yo, yo  
Yo, check it

Yo, I'm too old for these young whippersnappers out here  
I'm a legend, you should be popping corks to my beer  
When I appear full gear, down from the rear  
Sliced so quick you thought doc, whispered in your ear  
Yeah, there's too many MC's but not enough MC's  
Are raw like that liquid that you pour on mint leaves  
Look around the premises, spot blemishes  
Call me doc o dog, more Menace than Dennis  
It's him in this, the raunchy shit I prefer  
So every word be hard to turn when you stir

My grill, my balls, my jaws  
Stretch twelve floors vacate your college dorm halls  
I can stand still and ricochet off the walls  
The gun sparks yourself cause your pee ate the stall  
Who shot J.R.? I did, right in the melon  
So I could own a ranch and start fuckin' Sue Ellen  
I do murders that's hard to solve through forensic  
Any clash of hash able to burn I bent it  
You push a six while I push a rented tempest  
Rocking, hoe hopping, bumping lil' Kim shit

Ay yo, niggas popping shit red  
I don't care  
Bitches say you don't got money

I don't care  
Yo, nigga say he nicer than you  
I don't care  
I'm knockin somebody right the fuck out  
(I don't care)  
He got a big icy chain  
I don't care  
He got a Benz and a range  
I don't care  
His records get mad airplay  
I don't care  
I'm knockin' somebody right the fuck out  
I don't care

Yo yo, fuck all you radio that wanna play clean singles  
I cleaned mine for years and still ain't hit a million  
Why? I get the Buddha heads bugging  
Shit, I should be four mil' and better for that shit I'm  
unplugging  
Doc rocked every corridor in Florida  
Watch the formula pour sucker absorb it up  
And while you foaming up from the two in your Nautica  
I orchestrate the orchestra to orchestra  
Never trust no bitch, map your click  
She ain't with it, call Tyrone to pack her shit  
Funk doc, Goldeneye, Double o Agent  
I be in court more than them dollar cap Haitians  
Lick a shot, blaow think the doc is goin' pop?

Eat a cock, blaow ready for real hip hop  
To rock the block blaow, all chicks I turn 'em out  
Send their boyfriends back home, taking the garbage  
out  
Ha ha, yo, I'm a sewer rat the tracks  
With gnats bigger than Will Smith gat in Men in Black  
And if it's Friday, you better double your lap  
I hit you on the floor saying my neck and my back  
Yo, let's settle it out of court for ten dollars smoke  
Two fifty in jawbreakers, dollar in envelopes  
Yo, how tight are you? Tighter than a Federal jail  
How high? You better check double XL

Yo, niggaz say you ain't shit  
I don't care  
Yo bitches say you broke as fuck  
I don't care  
Nigga say he better than you  
I don't care  
I'm knockin' somebody right the fuck out  
(I, I don't care)  
Yo yo, he got a lot of fucking ice

I don't care  
Yo, he got a Benz and a range  
I don't care  
He get forty spins a day  
I don't care

I'm knockin' somebody right the fuck out  
(I, I don't care)  
I don't care  
I'm knockin' somebody right the fuck out  
(I, I don't care)  
I don't care  
I'm knockin' somebody right the fuck out  
(I, I don't care)  
Yo, this time  
Yeah

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