

Ritchie Valens

"I Don't Give a Fuck"

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Chorus (Nature and Woman)

W: I don't give a fuck about your Girlfriends

N: I don't give a fuck about your Man boo

W: I don't give a fuck about your friends

N: and your friends ain't shit, and sometimes I can't understand you

N: I don't even know why you page me

W: I don't even know if I can trust you

N: Yo, is you jumpin' it off?

W: is you jumpin' it off?

N: If not then keepin' movin' bitch, fuck you

Verse 1:

I got a whole 'lotta problems that I gotta resolve
like 4 in the mornin' I get anonymous calls
they let it ring once, they let it ring twice
damm, it rang twelve times, chickens ain't right
cussin' like a sailor, fuckin' in trailers
photoshoots, niggas did it and told me the head was
much realer
shouldn't have did it boo, you shouldn't have did it boo
now you forgettin' exactly how many niggas you did it
too
cut you off, shit's critical, gimme my space
I admit, I was the one that made the silly mistakes
the Fifty state roamer
had to throw the fake on her
heavyweight, ringside seats in Nate's corner
wait for her, it might take days
but back home's where the fight takes place
punches and scratches
headlocks and hatchets
screamin' at the top of her lungs, this bitch is spazzin'
comin' at ya, whats up with that shit?

Chorus

Verse 2:

Hugs turn to kisses, kisses turn to intercourse
engagement, marriage, then divorce

devellish acts, sinnin' thoughts
secrets bein' spilled out, soon as it happens the
pigeons talk
I try to keep her close by, don't mind lettin' go
let her know who the fuck she wit'
like any Man unless he's whipped
a messy script leads to domestic disputes
all your friends gettin' caught in our beef 'cause they
thought it was
cute
dressin' in suits, I used to get you from work
checked your feelings, even flipped on you first
stripped down your purse
one night I found your phonebook
hidin' spots, look in all the places you thought I won't
look
never said shit, but dead shit immediate
ripped out the numbers that I needed to rip
heated quick, did what I had to do
sat her down, she flipped it around, looked in my eyes
and quickly
caught this attitude.

Chorus

Verse 3:

Some nights you might talk in your sleep, pig Latin
drunk, the next mornin' actin' like I didn't happen
should I cheat? give me reasonable doubt
is the next Man trickin' on you? huh? is he eatin' you
out?
you're poppin' up with mysterious gifts
when I ask you just laugh, brushin' off the seriousness
there's nothin' worse than a curious bitch
with some nosey friends
Six deep in a old BM
pushin' it to the limit
ripped up seats with cushion in it
change on the rug
she give brains to all the thugs
while she drives, somethin' called dangerous love
got a airbag on both sides, no lie
doin' shit the average hoes don't try
wanna know why I'll never leave you?
you're intelligent, young, and evil
the definition of a real bitch, some'll G you
come and see you like "Next!"
right after their ex.

Chorus 'till fade

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