

**R.L.****"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 Laters  
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..

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