

Bali f/ Ace Hood, Papa Duck**"I Don't Give a Fuck"**

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Intro: (Bali) Hey man it's your boy Bali Ay I'm feelin my motherfuckin self nigga Words can't break me nigga The hate don't make me nigga (I don't give a fuck) Yeah (I don't give a fuck) Hey Duck, hey Ace let's put it on they ass my nigga (Nigga I don't give a fuck) (Bitch I don't give a fuck) Betta recognize a real nigga when you see one Look at my clique four niggas you don't see none Had a job, fuck a job, nigga can't keep one Headed back to the streets where a nigga is from Pockets bulging, pistol totin, cocked and loaded But you won't notice, cuz I'm a low key nigga So I walk lightly, getting bucks so fuck any nigga who don't like me No trust for a bitch, yeah they so trifling I'm hardcore for dem hoes, yeah I'm so icy Bali Boy and Papa Duck, four pills to the mug Me and Ace getting cake think I give a mother fuck about Chorus: All that hate, and all that envy Don't make or break me Yeah it really don't offend me Them young niggas silent, Words can't bend me Fuck what ya heard these words for the enemy The enemy: (I don't give a fuck) bout none of y'all (I don't give a fuck) bout none of y'all (Nigga I don't give a fuck) bout none of y'all (Bitch I don't give a fuck) Papa Duck: (You a rude ass nigga) My nigga you blind I ain't with ya nigga not I You a real nigga, shit I don't see how You gon' make a nigga ban your ass You don't see all these Haitian flags? Hey Bali, slap that nigga in the mouth with that fire so his ass can stop hollerin From Belle Glade all the way up Fort Pierce Head first in the streets is how a nigga live Papa Duck on the block getting hunduns (who taught ya how to get money?) nigga Jon Jon Ay Bali they mad cuz we got funds, At least we know that it's comin from Chorus (with Ace Hood in background): All that hate, and all that envy Don't make or break me Yeah it really don't offend me Them young niggas silent, Words can't bend me (Bali I got ya homie) Fuck what ya heard these words for the enemy (Straight up nigga) The enemy: (I don't give a fuck) bout none of y'all (We don't give a fuck about these niggas out here homie) (I don't give a fuck) bout none of y'all (Too much money I can't see y'all niggas homie) (Nigga I don't give a fuck) bout

none of y'all (Bitch I don't give a fuck) Ace Hood: (I
don't give a fuck) Ace Hood Ay I don't give a fuck I
never gave a damn If money ain't involved I ain't tryin
to understand Understand hundred grand in my pants
I swag When I pull up in that jag, peanut butter soft rag
Tell them niggas I'm back With that duffle on the dash
and that pistol in the stash Make a nigga bite, down,
AK-47, rounds Make a nigga lay, down, tell that fool
what, now Yeah it's bout to go, down, Young gutta
motherfucker tell them others bout me When you see
me in the streets fake niggas don't speak Imma treat
ya like T.I.P. homie you don't know me Me and Bali
blowin green and we stuck to the cream so quit Chorus:
All that hate, and all that envy Don't make or break me
Yeah it really don't offend me Them young niggas
silent, Words can't bend me Fuck what ya heard these
words for the enemy The enemy: (I don't give a fuck)
bout none of y'all (I don't give a fuck) bout none of y'all
(Nigga I don't give a fuck) bout none of y'all (Bitch I
don't give a fuck)

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