

Tokyo Jetz

"I Don't Like To Care"

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Watch-Watch-Watch the way I work it
No rehearsal still murk it
They looking for the best well there's no need for
further searching
Since I'm on top of the game
They wish I never came
But bitch I'm here to stay so get used to seeing my face
3-2-1 bitch I guess I'm going in
And it's no more warning shots no longer aiming at
your limbs
I'm just target to your kin
But where do I begin
Eenie meenie miney mo bitches say hello to your end

Wait-Wait I think it's time to take a breather
Cause I'm hotter than the sun bitches still trying to find
their heaters
Now they begging me for features (but I don't like to
share)
Yeah they begging me for sympathy (but I don't like to
care)
I don't like to care (2x)

I think that I would roam somewhere
Cause I let them fly with me when they belong down
there (down where)
Grown level bitches cross my heart and hope to fly I
swear I'm doper than some pigeons
Silly dumb bitches can I buy a vowel
Cause I-O-U a lesson you would think that your my child
Listen closely pay attention
Tokyo am I damn I meant that I am Tokyo I'm just that
fucking fly
(Ugh) Are you still watching
Cause I'm gone start charging
Y'all-Y'all quick to copy baby please don't paste it
And you so elementary with it baby don't trace it (face
it)
Your basic and I'm better I can fly in any weather no
umbrella
Tragic's what's gone happen on this beat and bitch I

been kinda comfy I ain't moving out my seat
So y'all Rosa Parks fucks better move it to the back
Fuck that I'm flying solo on this motherfucking jet
So two step and move out my direction
Cause everything's in pen no correcting, no more
resurrecting

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Wait should I get antother bitch a chance so you can be
my assistant better Mr. Bentley dance
See bitches starting to get the wrong idea
And honey y'all out of place your going out steer
Straight I queer god are y'all faggots
And bitch I been the shit so y'all flies and y'all maggots
tragic
Man down somebody call the doctor
And I'm going for the kill so yes you can call me Osama
Suicide bomber y'all gone remember this
9-11 shawty streching bitches off my hit list hit miss
Y'all aiming at the wrong target carpet
I been walking over y'all stomping marching
Show me a bitch who's better
Or flyer than some feathers
Or realer than some pleather no competition on
schedule
I'm getting kind of cocky
Oh well bitch come and stop me
Killing becrame a hobby
Wake up and smell my coffee
These other bitches lost me
I'm the boss so yes Rick Ross me
Touch down no Randy Mossing

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