

## Tony Yayo "We Don't Give A F\*\*\*"

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WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK FT. 50 CENT, LLOYD BANKS,  
OLIVIA

Olivia:

Oeh Oeh Oeh Oeh Oehhhhh  
Oeh Oeh Oeh Oeh Oehhhhh

We, We don't give a fuck about you  
Your homie on the block can get it too  
Ya'll little motherfuckers ain't gangster  
Save your crew  
Before I put a hit out on you  
Before I let my niggers come threw  
Ya'll little motherfuckers ain't gangster, gangster

50 Cent:

Yeah

I come trippin' through your hood in the day or the  
night, boy  
It's good that you ain't scared to die 'cause you might,  
boy  
Nigger cross the line and my wolves will jump on you  
The beef escalate, they'll be back to dump on you  
They follow orders. I tell 'em to let off that pump at you  
Before you snitch, yeah, see I know what you chumps  
will do  
Sunny day; hot fudge, vanilla, banana split  
Four niggers in the whip A.K. banana clip  
Wartime, frontline, nigger ride or running and hide  
Everything alive dies Why X why, why cry?  
Man up chump wilying is for the weak  
You can hold your own or get left for dead in the street

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Tony Yayo:

Yeah Yeah

In the hood when I pop up  
Minked up and wrapped up  
Niggers ice grill cause he's old G's is washed up  
I got a left like winky right  
My pinky bright, my bank carter ain't your life  
Niggers keen but they sweated it; cookies and cream  
Homie I got more blocks then Hakim the dream  
That ain't task force money, that's Go-Ho-Lee  
I got my reds sit in the ally with that fiend Denise  
Cruising streets, stuntin in that maybach 62  
Nigger run my dope 4 for 62, come on  
up ramp, my man, my plans to expand  
Try to trixing you hooks to catscans

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Lloyd Banks:

I got a few schizo's behind me  
I give no word to wet your whole block up  
Like the tsunami dry me  
If your mommy will be right in the lobby  
And they'll be feeding you jell-o  
Like you Bill Cosby  
Yeah everybody yelling yeah so the beef cooks  
And somebody gets hit in the melon  
Then they tell 'em don't go tumble ass you ain't Lloyd  
Niggers will put stabs in your boy like Brad Pitt in troy  
You'll be shaking like a cuddy with his last bit of boy  
And I'll be calm 'cause it's bulletproof glass in the toy  
Yeah I'm flashy as fuck a national buck  
Windows up blowing big cause the stash in the trunk

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Oeh

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