

# I Don't Give A Fuck

Krayzie Bone

[R x2]

You been talkin', now we caught you  
Bitch now its on  
Thug line nor I don't give a fuck (I don't give a fuck)  
About you jumpin' up, actin' like you Krayzie  
'Cause you Hollywood niggas can't fade this

Turn off that muthafuckin' radio  
And put in a CD or a tape  
And let them thug niggas show  
We comin' to invade your space  
In your face like "Ho hey!"  
The original, criminal, blowing up on these niggas  
Give them something to listen to  
Is Right back up in the house  
Mastermind of rap or crime  
Another clack of a nine  
Damage your spine (spine)  
Mash us and blast at your mind  
Niggas really think i'm carin'  
What they sayin' like they scarin' me  
But all they talk is noise  
I'm not a toy, so boy don't play with me  
Thug Line, Thug Line  
And yeah thats my clique (thats it)  
And if niggas wanna trip  
Then we can do this shit  
I'm not no muthafucking ho-nigga  
I came but i can go  
So nigga come on  
And let me know what you down to die for  
Stay strapped these days cause i don't know who to trust  
So I just point my gun everywhere when I bust  
Fuck these niggas  
I'm in your city, your TV and your radio  
So don't act like i'm hiding  
Nigga, y'all are just some scary-hoes

[R x2]

Why niggas be actin' like they know me?  
Then talkin' my shit  
All on my dick  
Now nigga you know what we call them (A bitch, bitch)  
I'm running from nobody and nothing  
Motherfuck them if they coming  
We'll be waiting with the pumps  
And bucking slugs into they stomach  
A hundred mini-missles won't miss you  
I can bet you we hit you  
Split 'em, get rid of 'em  
10 of them, at the same time killin' em  
Keep my presence to a minimum  
But I'm in your vision  
Every time you see the thug line  
I'm on the front line  
I love mine

I'm tellin' you now  
We on a mission with no mercy  
Wanna know how bad we wan't it?  
Just say we thirsty for it  
And any nigga trying to get up in my way  
Might i say, them bitches beggin' for a beatin'  
So we left 'em bleedin'  
Competition (competition), to me is an enemy  
So think before you come try to get in it with me  
So you can frown all you want to  
Get loud all you want to  
But now we see you  
What you gon' do?

[R x2]

Now if y'all really trying to get in some action  
You heard my song  
Come nigga, get at me  
And bring your family  
'Cause we really need to practise  
"Walk it, don't talk it", I say this time after time  
Have the same nerve and courage when we see you outside,  
Online, all right  
Lets get this party started, spark it  
Thug style, showin' em love  
But we stay heartless regardless  
Hit 'em with bomb shit  
Better ring the alarm  
Its the thuggish ruggish niggas  
Bustin' the guage with one arm  
Like Vietnam, the enemies expendable, so fuck 'em  
First time we warn 'em  
Second time we storm 'em  
Nigga, you don't get no three shots  
We not playin', and I know they understand  
They tried to test the man  
But the man was really a man  
So its the plan  
Stay heated heavy and ready to die  
If not then eat a magnum full of hollow point shots  
I'm just tryin' to make my profit,  
Get up out of this shit  
But until then I gotta cock my shit (I cock my shit)

[R x2]