

# Eminem, We Don't Give A Fuck

Olivia:

Oeh Oeh Oeh Oeh Oehhhhh  
Oeh Oeh Oeh Oeh Oehhhhh

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

50 Cent:

Yeah

I come creepin' 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 high  
Everything alive dies Why X why, why cry?  
Man up chump where we in is for the week  
You can hold your own or get left for dead in the street

Olivia:

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

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 Wright  
My pinky bright, my bank card'll end your life  
Niggers keen but they sweeted it; cookies and cream  
Homie I got more blocks than Hakim the dream  
That ain't task force money, that's Gun police  
I got my ratchet in the alley with that fiend Denise  
Cruising streets, stuntin in that maybach 62  
Nigger run my dope 4 for 62, come on  
A gram, my man, my plans to expand  
Try to trixing you hooks to catscans

Olivia:

We, We don't give a f\*\*k about you  
Your homie on the block can get it too  
Ya'll little motherf\*\*kas ain't gangster  
Save your crew

Before I put a hit out on you  
Before I let my niggers come threw  
Ya'll little motherf\*\*kas ain't gangster, gangster

Lloyd Banks:

I got a crew o' schizo's behind me  
I give em the word to wet your whole block up  
Like the tsunami try me  
Hey 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 tongue-lashing wit Lloyd  
Niggers'll 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 f\*\*k, mashin' with buck  
Windows up blowing big cause the stash in the trunk

Olivia:

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

Oeh