

# Pitbull, We Don't Care Bout Ya

(feat. Cubo)

Yeah Yeah  
Que Vuelta?  
Di le nota (Di le nota)  
You know who it is  
For all these bustas and haters

(Chorus)  
We don't care about yo clique  
We don't care about yo crew  
We don't care about yo bitch  
We don't care what you do  
We don't care about your car  
We don't care about your chips  
We don't care about shit  
accept getting rich

(Verse 1) (Pitbull)  
Now that Little Jon has opened the door  
It's over dawg  
This that new south  
That's it, it's over ya'll  
No more warning ya'll  
We tired of getting over looked  
You want beef? then I hope you like it over-cooked  
Oh and for that bread  
It's whatever man  
I'm fully prepared to pump lead  
At any nigga that wanna bump heads  
So bring it  
But when them things go Rr-rr-rr-ringing  
Someones gonna get hit  
And that's a fact, not an opinion  
I'm buiding my connects  
And that there is dangerous  
Didn't your mother teach you  
Not to talk to strangers?  
Then why are you in my ear talking all the shit  
Just 'cause I'm cuban doesn't mean I flip bricks  
So stop asking me the price on them thangs down here  
'Cause that one of them thangs that get chu killed 'round here  
I don't care who you are, who you might be  
But I'd rather die, then let an undercover bite me

(Chorus)

(Verse 2) (Cubo)  
I'm in this bitch now  
Ya'll niggaz better get ready  
I'm ready for whatever ya'll want  
Boy, but it ain't nothing pretty  
Ya'll wanna start shit  
Tell me what ya'll wanna do  
Me, Pit, DB, we don't care about ?  
I don't care about slanging them thangs  
Back 'em spraying them thangs  
If you get ? just homie don't mention my name  
BLAKAH, that's exactly what I'm spitting meng  
Homie, don't make me have to blow 'em chopper meng  
'Cause I can spit it spit it  
However you want it want it  
My peoples is with it with it  
We about that money money

And I do anything that I have to do to get that money meng  
Miami, Money is a major issue meng  
They, They don't understand

What we about to do  
We about to shit on this game  
We about to shit on your crew  
Pitbull don't care about ya  
Cubo don't care about ya  
DB don't care about ya  
We, We don't care about ya

(Chorus)

(Verse 3) (Pitbull)  
This game is scandalous  
The more money you make  
The more your ? hold off in an ambulance  
AOWoo!  
That's why I say to myself in the cut  
Man I can't be seen  
Ears open, mouth shut  
Just watching thangs  
And if it pops off  
I pop up, both popping than  
Guns, I was taught proper  
To cop and aim  
Run, when you hear that Blakah meng  
P-rr-rr-rat  
That's the sound of the chopper meng  
Just let me know exactly what it is you trying to do  
'Cause we can both dance with the devil, dawg  
It's all on you  
Like basketball, if you shoot you better follow threw  
In a casket dawg, who the fucks gon follow you?

(Chorus)

Yeah, once again my freind  
Imma be the first latin rapper from the South  
Shut shit the fuck down  
And I got Lil Jon to bounced to that  
The King of the South  
And Uncle Luke will tell you the same shit  
So get ready niggaz  
Pitbull, DB, Lil Jon  
Ya'll ain't ready for this shit  
HAHA, Suckas