

# Idgaf

A-Reece

(Ayy)

Wanna know how I feel (Ayy)

Wanna know how I feel, yeah

(Rillo)

(Ayy, yeah)

Wanna know how I feel

Take a look at my face

Do it look like I'm fazed?

Do it look like I give a, shh?

Had to get off my phone (Prr)

Gotta stay out the way

Lotta things I could say

Put 'em all in they place

Then again I just chill

Tryna get me enraged

I ain't got time to waste

Do it look like I give a, shh?

Do it look like I give a-?

Be quiet, I'm not your financial advisor

You couldn't pay me to give a fuck

I'm over prepared and underrated

So my preposition is: The jig is up

All of that rambling talk really driving me nuts

Man, I had to go gear up (Brother)

I got enough bullets for them niggas that's teaming up

No sweat, I got swag in abundance

Leg work on the beat, do lunges

Squad deep and I came with my henchmen

Landscape kinda different out here

Can't say nothin', gotta keep grounded

Spend money like it's a no brainer

Lifestyle really come from my conscience

Halfway and I still do buckets (Hah, flee)

I'll knock your lights out, I'm on George [?], brother

[?] sandwich, bon appétit

Fuck around then can't catch these knuckles

But I can't fight 'cause I got my swag on

Three star on my hip, gotta keep it buckled (Well)

The caterer at the belly at the beast

Look at that, I got a new discovery (Wow)

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Do it look like I give a-?

Yeah, bona  
I don't care what it look like (No)  
You don't know what it took like (No)  
I've been doin' this thing so long, lil' nigga  
I've been doin' this your whole life (Yeah)  
I saw things on my own eyes (Yeah)  
That would make you not wanna own knives  
Niggas don't fight they own size  
Sometimes y'all play both sides  
Niggas believe they own lies  
High standards from the low lives (Woah)  
Whack ass rapper with a cosign  
Whole time, niggas really dig my shit like a coal mine (Huh)  
You boys ain't really got style so you stole mine  
I know you guys wanna see me stop like a road sign  
I keep going, I'm unfazed (No)  
I'm just cruisin' in my lane (Yeah)  
Hearts so cold like the ice age  
Niggas throw dirt on my name  
They keep sayin' that I changed (Yeah)  
But I'm just tryna stay sane (Yeah)  
They keep cappin' and shift blame  
Poking the beast they cannot tame (Huh, woah)  
24/7 on they necks  
I can make it happen with a text  
I can probably help you clean your mess  
But hold on, wait a minute, no, no, I don't care (Damn)  
Gotta get off my phone  
Gotta tap in, get in my zone

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