

We Don't Care (It Ain't Safe)

Bob Vylan

It ain't safe on the block, we chasing yuppies off
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It ain't safe on the block (We got Skepta on this one, trust me
)

All your protesting and your Master's degree
 Didn't teach you not to flinch when you pass me in the street
 Didn't teach you you should ask before you try and touch my hair
 Didn't teach you we don't need you, we don't want you, we don't
 care for you
 Fake political, high-spirit individuals
 Upper-class Marx dressed as working-class liberals
 Which oppressed group can you save before your dinner's due?
 They don't need you, they don't want you, they're fucking sick
 of you

We don't care, go home
We don't care, go home

Joggers tucked in socks, baby hairs slicked down
Shopping at the retro spot 'cause old clothes are sick now
Gentrify communities, daddy paying uni fees
Grabbing lunch at [?] but still use a silver spoon to eat
Skeptical on the playlist, fetishize estate life
Runnin' round the city as though you were never raised right
How much MD can you bang before the daylight?
And beg mummy send some more money for the rave tonight

We don't care, go home
We don't care, go home

We don't care about your nine-month journey through South America
We don't fucking care about all the kids you helped in Senegal
We don't fucking care if you just got a new 35-millimetre camera
And used it to take a banging picture of D Double at Eski Dance
, no
We don't fucking care, go home

[illegible]

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