

# We Don't Care

Illy

Picture me lose a wink of sleep  
Over some forum user saying what they think of me  
Literally away at least twice a week playing  
The crowd noise counter every fucking word they're saying  
Long may it live, my long range is sick  
Kick in the door with a footlong spliff  
If it's true what they say, loose lips sink ships  
Fuckers, whole fleets must sleep with the fishes  
Talk too motherfucking much (just like bitches)  
Can't accept this ain't just about pictures  
Now I ain't got the time to give ya's  
So I'ma keep doing me, bring the old ways with ya  
I love fanning flames, fuck what the risk is  
They're trying to maintain, trying to think big  
I'm trying to do big, when my shit hits  
Have you only fast forwarding when the disc skips

For all the love, the hate comes with em  
One prop gained's still one less given  
Tired of the politics, tired of the dissing  
Bring it in, now that you're listening  
We don't care, get it right motherfucker  
We don't care, step to the side motherfucker  
We don't care, and you ain't keeping us up  
And all my people they ain't giving a fuck, so go on, we don't care

And its a crossed heart promise  
My flow will keep getting colder till there's shards of it  
If life's a bitch and all that, I'ma take my one chance to fuck the ass off  
her  
Never call her back, hit my casket proper  
Soon as I rock the stage, get your mind blown by it  
Soon as I'm off the stage, get your iPhone primed  
This my life, its how I've come so high  
Blow a goddamn blizzard up in hell before this son don't shine  
And fuck game, I'ma fucking owner of mine  
Ain't no better broads at your shows than at mine  
I still don't need this to get me over the line  
I fuck models man, they don't even know that I rhyme  
I cross borders, right now I'm like a couple horizons away  
With girls who know all the words, but don't get what they say  
And I could give a flying fuck about pay  
Life's a beach mate, couldn't even tell you the day

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I heard word about town that we out  
Like the house Aussie hiphop built couldn't stand a little drought  
Like somehow, the shit had changed round  
Couch critics call the shots now? Hold it, stop now

You're fucking kidding right? Y'all turn a blip into a crisis  
We good, all I needs a stage and a liquor licence  
I'm eating from a smaller pie, but it's bigger slices  
Big shoes to fill, one day I'ma fit the sizes  
I'ma 6 foot high motherfucker  
25 this summer, something like my prime  
Something like my stride with my rhymes  
Give a fuck what the next man talk about mine, get it right mate  
They ain't a challenge, they cannon fodder  
Take beats don't rattle your teeth, they knock enamel off em  
Rock my Obese 2 finger ring like a badge of honour  
Illy Al, burn city, what, we back up on it