

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