

No Fux Given

Pac Div

I roll up in Benz tinted homie
I'm not the killer but killers with me
Came in this bitch with hundreds on me
Just wanna know who gon' spend it with me

No these fools didn't come in here smellin' like a million bucks
No these fools didn't try to hotbox out a nigga truck
Pull up to the Jazzfest wearing camouflage like a lieutenant
Renovate a nigga driveway trunk feeling like it got a nuke in it
Spit the butt-naked truth wit' it
Met her ass she was too wit' it
She was fucking wit' a lame ass nigga
He ain't know what to do wit' it
Now I gotta let the crew hit it
Tour bus living, no fucks given
Backwood splittin', bad bitch hittin'
Popeyes chicken nigga

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Rather be in my bitch than my hairline
Ain't nothing get another in my spare time
Either ride hard wit' us you a spare tire
Got a few go getters on standby
Only few real niggas that I stand by
Met a real cool pimpin' out in Van Nuys
Three piece surf side bitches with fries
Other niggas told you lies I'ma get mine
Ayy, don't know pro bo shit potpourri
Better be in the bag if it's groceries
She gon' scrape it off the floor now she on it G
She gon' talk so much shit she gon' go to sleep
I mean 25 niggas through the door with us
25 lighters full of smoke with us
Pickin' up show money So I'm cold on these hoes I been so committed

Gorilla Glue kush, lit the whole bush
Shout to my supplier, now I'm really high
Just caught a Uber and I don't know why
I live up the street, just whipped up a beat
This shit just too easy I kick up the feet
Feel like my money gon' pick up this week
Give me just one bet I'm gon' flip it to three
I know you watching me bitch I can see

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[x4]