

# Comrade Conrad

## Bill Evans

Give it to me, yo yo give it to me  
Yo, give it to me.. give it to me  
Bitch give it to me.. give it to me  
Nigga give me that cash, bitch give it to me  
Bitch give it to me, or I'll smack the shit out you  
Give it to me.. yo yo yo yo yo!  
Give it to me..

Yo, yo yo yo, yo, yo check it Yo I'm too old for these young whippersnappers out here

I'm a legend, you should be poppin corks to my beer  
When I appear, full gear, down from the rear  
Sliced so quick, you thought Doc -- whispered in your ear  
Yeah, there's too many MC's, but not enough MC's  
are raw like that liquid that you pour on mint leaves  
Look around the premises, spot blemishes  
Call me Doc O-Dog, more Menace than Dennis  
It's him in this, the raunchy shit I prefer  
So every word be hard to turn when you stir  
My grill, my balls, my jaws, stretch twelve floors  
Vacate your college dorm halls  
I can stand still and ricochet off the walls  
The gun sparks yourself cause your pee ate the stall  
Who Shot J.R.? I did, right in the melon  
So I could own a ranch and start fuckin Sue Ellen!  
I do murders that's hard to solve through forensic  
Any clash of hash able to burn I bent it  
You push a 6 while I push a rented Tempest  
Rockin, hoe hoppin, bumpin Lil' Kim shit!  
Aiyyo, niggaz poppin shit Red - "I Don't Kare"  
Bitches say you don't got money - "I Don't Kare"  
Yo niggaz say he nicer than you - "I Don't Kare"

"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" (Milk - "I don't care!") He got a big icy chain - "I Don't Kare"

He got a Benz and a Range - "I Don't Kare"  
His records get mad airplay - "I Don't Kare"

"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" (Milk - "I don't care!") Yo yo, fuck all you radio that wanna play clean singles

I cleaned mine for years and still ain't hit a million (WHY??!?)

I get the buddha heads buggin, shit  
I should be four mil' and better for that shit I'm Unpluggin  
Doc rocked every corridor in Florida  
Watch the formula pour sucka absorb it up  
And while you foamin up from the two in your Nautica

I orchestrate the orchestra to Arkestra  
Never trust no bitch, map your click  
She ain't with it, Call Tyrone to pack her shit  
Funk Doc, Goldeneye, Double-Oh agent  
I be in court more than them dollar cap Haitians  
Lick a shot, BLAOW, think the Doc is goin pop?  
Eat a cock, BLAOW, ready for real hip-hop to  
rock you block, BLAOW, all chicks I turn em out  
Send they boyfriends back home, takin the garbage out  
Ha ha, yo, I'ma sewer rat the tracks  
With gats bigger than Will Smith gat in Men in Black  
And if it's Friday, you better double your lap  
I hit you on the floor sayin, "My neck and my back!"  
Yo, let's settle it out of court for ten dollars smoke  
Two-fifty in Jawbreakers, dollar in envelopes  
Yo, how tight are you? -- Tighter than a Federal jail  
How High? -- You better check XXL!  
Yo niggaz say you ain't shit - "I Don't Kare"  
Yo bitches say you broke as fuck - "I Don't Kare"  
Niggaz say he better than you - "I Don't Kare"  
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" (Milk - "I don't care!") Yo yo, he got a lot of  
fuckin ice - "I Don't Kare"  
Yo, he got a Benz and a Range - "I Don't Kare"  
He get forty spins a day! - "I Don't Kare"  
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" (Milk - "I don't care!") "I Don't Kare"  
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" (Milk - "I don't care!")  
"I Don't Kare"  
"I'm Knockin Somebody Right the Fuck Out" (Milk - "I don't care!")

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