

50 Cent

"Don't Wanna Talk About It"

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(Chorus)

I make millions quick ,and I don't
wanna talk about it
I shoot a nigga kid, and I don't
wamma talk about it
I fuck the baddest bitches, I don't
wanna talk about it
I'm still flippin chickens, I don't
wanna talk about it

(50)

Go head and ask me what i'm riddin in
so I can say the Enzo, my bitch roll down
the window so I can feel the wind blow
Gotta be big enough to fit all my kin folk
Bitches with me cruzin, Moulin Rougin'
They fuckin and they strippin nigga, I ain't
even trippin nigga
Me I handle business, God's my only witness
Watchin homicide sayin who the fuck did dis
Me I run the street mane, so I keep the heat mane
Your soul is what you reap, when you fuck with the
elite mane
I don't fuck around boy, you better ask around boy
I'll hit you with the pound, leave your ass on the
ground for, you poppin that bullshit like I don't
pull shit
Fully-Loaded clips and whips, get the grip, flip the
bricks
Nigga we hittin licks, stickin shit, gettin rich
That's why my name ring bells all round this bitch
Any hood you go through they know 50 Cent

(Chorus)

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