

G-Unit

"I Don't Wanna Talk About It"

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[50 Cent]

I don't wan' talk about it (50)
Man I don't wanna talk about it (nah)
Man I don't wan' talk about it (yeah)
And I don't wanna talk about it (wooo-oooh!)

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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

[50 Cent]

These niggaz police
Go 'head, ask me what I'm ridin in so I can say the Enzo
My bitch roll down the window so I could feel the wind
blow
Got big enough for me to fiddle on my kinfolk
Bitches with me cruisin, Moulin Rouge and
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 this?"
Me I run the street mayne, so I keep the heat mayne
Sews what you reap, when you fuck with the elite
mayne
I don't fuck around boy; you better ask around boy
I hit you with the pound, leave yo' ass on the ground
For, you poppin that bullshit, like I don't pull shit
Fully loaded clips and whips, get the grip, clip the
bricks
Nigga we hittin licks, stickin shit, gettin rich
That's why my name ring bells all around this bitch
Any hood you go through they know 50 Cent (wooo-
oooh!)
And I don't wanna talk about it (OHH!)

[Chorus]

[Tony Yayo]

Yeah, it's the kid nigga, yeah
Aiyyo, big money, my car got the big face (yeah!)
Forty-five, my belt got the big eights
Niggaz hate but I'm low seven star Caesar
For grimy niggaz tryin to line me like {?} preacher
You niggaz got the nerve, I'm at Johannesburg
With Mandela nephew blowin heavy herb
Then back to the projects, low from the task force
The dope spot's sellin more shit than Scott Storch
I'm tired of these pricks, lyin 'bout bricks
Got my can and my white, my tan like Mariah and Nick
Fly in the '60 U.F.O.
Unidentified flyin object on twenty-fo's
More money more hoes, more money more clothes
Smoke that AK-48, not bullshit 'dro (yeah)
I rock big arenas, not bullshit shows
And my pants three thousand, these ain't bullshit
clothes (OHH!)

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Nah, uhh
B-A, N-K, S-5, 5-oh
Or 6-8, M-G, tinted with my eyes low
Homie I'm a Tahoe, fully loaded nine blow
You see out on hydro, Luciano blind hoe
Loiue V offended me, {?} in my Bentley C
And weekends are the chills, I'ma fuck her 'til she
empty
Empty on you if you front, 'til your passenger is stuck
Give your ass a brand new scar, in need of a brand
new car
I ain't them I'm different baby, I talk, you listen baby
Listen and I'll show you, how money controls you
I'll put you in my old school, and let you pop the switch
Pocketful in every packet, that's why I'm poppin shit
I don't forgive I don't forget, what you said, where you
flip
When you get hit, I hope that's it, pop-pop, all on your
whip
I-I, be on that shit, I'm high, I'm on that piff
Bye-bye, you fuckin bitch, you ain't hot, you ain't rich
You a snitch!

[Chorus]

