

Arbelo Rosana

"Don't Talk About It"

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First Verse (Threat + Insane):

(Threat)

For my doggs, Southside, Westside I ride,
Eastside, Northside, the Menace back Worldwide,
With plans of takin' over, soldiers be deep in the street,
Slangin' heat, nothin' sweet, playin' games for keeps,
Many thugs out in the blood, six deep in the mud,
Worldwide, I'm ready to ride and show my niggas
some love,
I'm still in it to win it, every single second in a minute,
Black Menace to the finish, heart dark like windows
tinted,
Finished Menace Entertainment, steppin' I represent it,
Government it for life, so let, that be the sentence,
Strap provin' relentless in battle with camoflauge,
Still at large, takin' charge, dogg I'm holdin' bars

(Insane)

Down with my rounds, Lil' Insane breakin' bitches off,
Still that same nigga that bought the liquor to set the
party off,
Got some weed, smoke it nigga, don't get busted with
that shit,
If you smoke it hard and claim you loaded boy you
need to quit,
Make it happen Captain I ain't come here for no
conversation,
Came to get some pussy, smoke some weed and do
some paper chasin',
Weather bakin', if you hate me, oh fa sho I'm whoopin'
ass,
Chase you out the parkin' lot and have you mashin' on
the gas,
Kinda fast, gotta get the fuck from round these real
niggas,
You the type of cat that pull your gat and never kill
niggas,
Foreal nigga, saw you once before with all that fake
hatin',
Beatin' on your girl cuz she was on my dick, booty-

shakin',
Talkin' all that shit, cuz you knew the fuckin' club was
crowded,
Got you outside, looked in your eyes and knew you
wasn't bout it,
So uh...

Chorus (All):

Don't talk about it, if you bout it, be bout it,
Don't talk about it, if you bout it, be bout it,
Don't talk about it, if you bout it, be bout it,
Don't talk about it, if you bout it, be bout it,
Don't talk about it, if you bout it, be bout it,
Don't talk about it, if you bout it, be bout it,
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Second Verse (Tim Smooth + Geronimoe):

(Tim Smooth)

Never, ever, ever, ever,
I never leave my gun on the seat,
Bitch I come with my heat,
I'm a wild muthafucka, just one nigga deep,
Fuck a crew, nobody loves Tim, times is hard,
You get, one true friend, minus God,
And then they wind up tall runnin' off at the trap,
Act a ass, guardin' the cross and that's a wrap,
Matter of fact, when niggas can't tap your hat,
We react by shankin' everybody at'cha shack,
>From Algiers on back, to the heights of the Terror-
Town,
Movin' your lips and you gettin' flipped every round,
Pound for pound was back in the days,
Not actin' your age, cuz back in the days,
You afraid, ain't no nigga gone murder Tim,
He got noise I'm servin' him,
He got boys I'm servin' them,
Swervin' in with my grip, and intent to hit,
Any nigga disrespect and they feel this shit

(Geronimoe)

Now niggas with the slick beefin' be the reason,
Bitch niggas wind up with they shit leakin' from bitch
speakin',
My niggas gat totin', smokin' niggas on contact,
Fuckin' with me, you fuckin' with niggas bout combat,
I'm that, that nigga cock it or pop it,

I spark it the dark, and bitch I walk it like I talk it,
Dawg it's that muthafucka fa sho, nigga its me,
Geronimoe, Pigeon-Town, baby Seventeenth,
Where these gangsta, gangsta niggas, doin' they
thang,
Hoes shank them, sank a nigga, now let 'em hang,
Seventeenth hoes about theirs,
Look Uptown and Downtown, get out that nigga get out
the way,
Man these G-Hounds from G-town,
Come through, better be down,
Then you see now how we clown,
This U.P.T. Bound,
Them G-rounds make a sweet sound,
Fuck around up in P-Town,
I creep round where you be found,
Bitch come back, look at me now,
Nigga what?

Chorus (.5x)

Third Verse (J-Dawg):

Now from the East bank to the other side of the water,
Look at the side of the club and see the other side of
your daughter,
Like when this beat come on, she came on the floor
and get buck,
Like the verse on the truck, watch her back that ass up,
I can't pass up, the opportunity to get with it,
Then I'ma watch her while she pop it, like she want me
to hit it,
So now I'm dancin' with her, askin' her to jet when I
leave,
Crankin' up a session in the corner, blessin' the weed,
I'm all in, ain't got to spend, cuz the Hen on the house,
Do me a favor Baby, dump your boyfriend and we out,
Don't talk about it, be about it, now is you rollin' or
what?
And tell that nigga to get the fuck on cuz he holdin' us
up,
Now open the side door, jump in the ride, holdin' the
weed,
She don't smoke, but she like Georgia so I'm blowin'
her jeep,
You on next, you know what come next, removin' our
clothes,
Her eyes red, from the smoke, I done blew through her
nose,
Struck up a pose, with her leg cocked, foot on the dash,
I got a hand full of red cock, foot on the gas,

Now while I'm drivin' catch my zipper girl and handle yo
biz,
Don't talk about it, if you bout it, be about it, ya dig?
Now what?

Chorus

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