

# I Don't Want To Talk About It

## G-Unit

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  
(Wooh)Im makin 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 itI 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  
(These niggaz police)

Nah, I don't wanna talk about itGo '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 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 this?"

Me I run the street, mayne, so I keep the heat, mayneWhat you sow is 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 shitFully 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  
(And I don't wanna talk about it, oh)I'm makin' 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 itI 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  
(Yeah, it's the kid, nigga, yeah)

Nah, I don't wanna talk about itAiyyo, 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, Oh a preacherYou 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 StorchI'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'sMore 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, ohIm makin millions quick and I don't wan' talk  
about it  
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Nah, I don't wanna talk about itI 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  
(Nah, uh)B A, N K, S 5, 5 0  
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 hoeLouis V offended me, your bitch 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 carI 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 shitI 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 snitchIm makin millions quick and I don't wan'  
talk about it  
Nah, I don't wanna talk about it  
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Nah, I don't wanna talk about it

#### Songwriters

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