

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
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(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 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, oh I'm makin millions quick and I don't wan' talk
about it
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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 hoe Louis 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 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 I'm makin millions quick and I don't wan'
talk about it
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Songwriters

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