

I Don't Fuck with You

G-Unit

Don't wanna talk to you
Don't know you
Don't know how you know my name
I got a reputation of police chasing
You a bitch; I let it bang
Nigga, you keep talkin'; I keep walkin'
Fuck around 'til the heat talkin'
Then it's your coffin

I don't fuck with you; you don't fuck with me (nah)
Nigga, talkin' just ain't my cup of tea (yeah)
Don't wanna shoot the shit; I'm a shoot a bitch
Don't wanna shoot the shit; I'm a shoot a bitch

I don't fuck with you, and you know it, show it
4-deep whips, stolen, rollin'
Fo'-five, I tote it, blow it
Leave your head split open, swollen
Now it's all in your noggin, poppin'
Deuce, deuce in my pocket, rockin'
Break it down, rock it, chop it, if the feds come knockin'
Drop it, Man they plottin' on my drug house
Man, I hope they don't run in before I run out
I'm runnin' out, I don't know who to trust now
No dap, hugs, or "what's ups" now
I don't fuck around with the fuck arounds
You see me, get the fuck from 'round me

I don't talk, texts
I don't off bets
I don't fuck with niggas ain't from the set
I'm from the projects
Surprised you ain't got robbed yet
I really don't do no conversatin', no call waitin'
I know ya'll hatin'; I'm cool with it
On probation with no patience
I hop out and act a fool with it
Fuck who did it
If you with it, then you get it
Two to your fitted
I don't fuck with none of ya'll anyway
Your funeral could be any day
Ever since I said send the Yay'
You fuck niggas been' in the way
I'm just doin' what 50 say
Puttin' a hundred rounds in the K
Buck

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My four-five, I grip it, grip it
Work chef, and I'll whip it, whip it
Four days, and I'll flip it, flip it
Front off a meal ticket, ticket

Hoes wanna come kick it, kick it
Heard a nigga will trick it, pick it
Up after we throw it, throw it
Big money, we blow it
That gangsta shit, we did it, get it
Still do; we ain't new to it
Boy, I ain't never gon' tell on me
You bitch nigga, bet you do
You talk a lot
Niggas around here don't say much
Niggas around here don't play much
Soon as shit pop, they blame us
Cause the money ain't never go'n' change us

A lot of gun talk in the streets
But real recognize real beef
And real soldiers get the mission accomplished
Never slippin', steady grippin', killin' for nonsense
Sideline hatin', backbitin' haters
Catch you in your car like them red-light cameras
Green light, what?
Green light, woo
My money cause a fuckin' Holocaust
I green-light you

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