

# I Don't Fuck With You

G-Unit

[Intro: 50 Cent]

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

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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 (yeah)  
(yeah nigga)  
Don't wanna shoot the shit; I'm a shoot a bitch

[Verse 1: Kidd Kidd]

I don't fuck with you, and you know it, show it  
4-deep whip, 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 (fium!)  
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 here, get the fuck from 'round me

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

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 y'all 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

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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 (yeah)  
Don't wanna shoot the shit; I'm a shoot a bitch

[Verse 3: 50 Cent]

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  
Fuck 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

[Verse 4: Tony Yayo]

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

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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 (yeah)

Don't wanna shoot the shit; I'm a shoot a bitch

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 (yeah)

Don't wanna shoot the shit; I'm a shoot a bitch (yeah)

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