

# Don't Talk To Me

B.G.

Boy, I fell off like a bad bag of dope, Ya heard me  
Ain't nobody wanna holla  
I done shook back like a 4 and a half heart  
Now everybody wanna holla  
If you ain't keep it real, I don't wanna holla

Don't talk to me, Don't talk to me  
Don't talk to me, Now that I'm back on my feet  
Don't talk to me, Don't talk to me  
Don't talk to me, When you see me in the streets  
Don't talk to me, Don't talk to me  
Don't talk to me, Act like you don't know me  
Don't talk to me, Don't talk to me  
Don't talk to me, I don't wanna holla

You know how it is when you ballin, everybody wanna holla  
But the day you fall off, you lose most of your partners  
Niggas be acting funny, Hoes, they wanna duck ya  
Used to sweat you hard, now they ain't wanna fuck ya  
You screening all your calls, don't wanna answer the phone  
You ain't working with nothing, they wantcha to leave em alone  
You ain't working with nothing, they sayin they ain't home  
You sayin to yourself, Boy that hoe wrong  
I'ma get chu, Wait til I get my shit straight I'mma fix you  
I got a K beg for ya, I done bounced back, I'm here to clear my name up  
And while I'm doin that, I'm bout to fuck the game up  
A year ago, I was fucking my bangs up  
Now I'm on the grind just getting my change up  
The tables done turned, Now everybody wanna talk  
If you ain't keep it real, I don't wanna talk

When I was on my ass, Niggas was acting funny  
Niggas would shoot you and look what the dope done him  
Niggas done me bad, I couldn't get nothing  
Now they see me shining and holla "What Up Cousin?"  
Ain't nothing, better get the fuck on 'fore I sneak ya  
Only real niggas can holla at me for a feature  
Bitch niggas, I ain't fucking with y'all kind  
So don't attempt to holla and waste my time (Nope)  
I don't want cha number (Nope), I don't wanna be your friend (Nope)  
I don't want your tracks, I fuck with Medicine Men (Yep)  
I don't want no crap, Don't you grin in my face  
Cause I know its fake, Make me spit in your face  
I'm back now, Chopper City's on the move  
And I feel like Ludacris, Bitch you better move  
Get out the way, While I'm walking through  
If you ain't real, I dont wanna talk to you

Ooh they got these niggas  
Be getting busted with like five, ten bricks  
Go to the feds looking at life  
Be home in about 3 years  
You know something ain't right with that

Don't talk to me, Don't talk to me  
Don't talk to me, Ya done got an early release  
Don't talk to me, Don't talk to me

Don't talk to me, Lookin at life and done three  
Don't talk to me, Don't talk to me  
Don't talk to me, I know you work for the police  
Don't talk to me, Don't talk to me  
Don't talk to me, I don't wanna holla

Man I ain't lying, the game done got flakey  
You don't know who is who, the game done got shady  
Niggas play hard, get popped and start faking  
Get off the deal of rap, They hop up and take it  
Look up next week, Ya shops getting raided  
Scared to go to the pen, they know they can't make it  
Calling me collect, I'm hanging up in they face  
Trying to talk in codes, I know the carbon trace  
I ain't the one to play, I know you can't be trusted (No)  
Everybody know you got half the city busted (Yeah)  
Boy you down bad, you playing the game raw  
I thought you was a G, you ain't as real as I thought (Ooh)  
You went against the code, You disrespected game  
You lost your ghetto past going against the grain  
Boy that's sour, Geezy can't holla  
I hope it rain on you and you got shocked by that wire (Uh Huh)

[Chorus 2]