

Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Rappin' 4-Tay, Tha Locs

"Really Don't Want My Love"

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[Intro - Ms Jade]

Now let me count it off, now let me count it off, now let
me count it off

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[Verse 1 - Ms Jade]

You had me turned out, as a young buck in a caddy
truck

Givin' me dough for air maxes and new traxes

It was cool when you let me breathe

After we finished layin' up, you won't let me leave

Damn I'ma adult now, mammi packed up the belts now

You all dumb high off the lie, playin' yourself now

Fuckin' up my groove, watch my every move

Try and get me caught up, makin' up lies that ain't true

I can't take this dumb shit, you startin' to irk me

Layin' all them rules down like you birth me

Shit you the worst B, all try lock me

Even got both my next door neighbours watchin' me

You gotta problem, somethin' that I can't solve wit ya

I'm at the point were we split I will not miss ya

I ain't your wife, damn sure ain't your child

Trees gettin' to ya head, cuz dumb chick ain't my style

[Chorus - Missy Elliott]

You really don't want my love

All you do is smoke up them trees

Then you wanna try to tell me what to do

Why you wanna put a little hold on me

You really don't want my love

All you do is smoke up them trees

Then you wanna try to tell me what to do

Why you wanna put a little hold on me

[Verse 2 - Ms Jade]

I don't know what's wrong wit you, is you me dude or a
detective

Try to look at it from your perspective, but I can't

You wanna know where I'm goin', who I'm seein'
And who I'm meetin', what I'm eatin', what I'm doin'
Who I'm screwing, not you cuz I can't stand how you
tryin' to run me
High all day, plus you don't really even love me
Cuz if you did you would let me live, the facts will pop
up in your brain
That I ain't no kid, and that no man gon' tell me how to
breathe
Right disease type, smoke cloudin' up your mind sight
Think it's time you try again and get your little dust off
Bust off, now it's time to take the fuckin' cuffs off
Go ahead, smoke laugh and joke wit ya homies
But do me a favour, when you sober don't call me
I'm finished wit ya, I hope and pray that you ain't bitter
Used to have the goods, nowadays you don't deliver

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Missy Elliot]

You think you got me on lock, cuz when my friends call
I don't go
But this shit here's gotta stop, you be actin' like I'm on
parole
Oh why you trippin', why you trippin', cuz I can't take
this too long
Oh do you call this big pimpin', oh... this is what you call
big pimpin'

[Chorus]

[Outro - Ms Jade/ Missy Elliott]

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You really don't want my love
All you do is smoke up them trees
Then you wanna try to tell me what to do
Why you wanna put a little hold on me
You really don't want my love
All you do is smoke up them trees
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Why you wanna put a little hold on me

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