

T-Pain "Therapy"

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Ah, take a sip of this eh, let's go
I want you to feel this beat, baby
I'm not tired, let's go, feel it

Listen, what's up
This ain't the way I wanted it to end
But I got to go, gotta get missin'
You ain't gotta kick me out
I'll get out my own house
But you still need to get your shit together, girl

What do I do? What do I say?
Gotta get us back to the way
That we used to be back in the day
Who do I call to talk to?
Shawty, you ain't gotta be scared of me
All we need is therapy

Like one, two, three, four
Get the hell up out my door
Five, six, seven, eight
I don't need your sex, I'll masturbate
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve
You can go to hell all I care, yeah

Can't do it, shawty, can't deal with you, babe
Can't handle the pressure of you, yeah yeah
Can't do it, shawty, can't deal with you, babe
Can't handle the pressure of you, yeah yeah

Listen, what's up
I know you ain't used to us bein' friends
But I got to go, no more kissin'
You ain't gotta go away
But I know I cannot stay
'Cause you still gotta get your shit together, girl

What do I do? What do I say?
Gotta get us back to the way
We used to be back in the day
Who do I call to talk to?
Shawty, you ain't gotta be scared of me

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Ooh ooh
Ooh, you too much pressure doll
You gonna raise my cholesterol
I gotta lower the phone decibels
Just to talk, just a thought

I'ma get a girl with a ass just as soft
You swear man dolls like reservoir
And I was Mr Pink
Remember those nights on the kitchen sink?

I was chokin' you in a good way, good way
Now we in the streets and I'm chokin' you in a hood way
When the cops come what I could say
You know how all that gossip is

Next mornin' Basta Perez
Any girl I take out, media take her
I need a break now
Before I break now
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah

Show me your Janet Jackson's if you nasty
You said you want to cut my nuts off like Jesse Jackson,
classy
Ooh, why she say that? Ouch
Bitch, give me back my couch
And that same couch cashed in
Now listen to T-Pain ass sing

Oh, like
One, two, three, four
You can get the hell up out my door
Five, six, seven, eight
I don't need your sex, I'll masturbate
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve
You can go to hell all I care, yeah

I can't do it, shawty, can't deal with you, babe
Can't handle the pressure of you, yeah yeah
Can't do it, shawty, can't deal with you, babe
Can't handle the pressure of you

Now get outta my face, bitch

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