

Troy Spratt**"I Don't Want You No More"**

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[Silkk The Shocker]

Look, for real, you need to stop calling me with that
bullshit.

Somebody tryin to make money, make it happen.
When you get your shit together you can hollar at me.
Look.

Now I don't know why you keep playing all these
childish games
You older then me so why the fuck you keep playing
Not the chick I thought I'd see, thought you would be
I know that's you cause your number keeps showing up
on my caller I.D.
I can't even go on the road without you all on my
shoulder
Talkin bout giving an autograph to a chick you like,
Why you talkin to them hoes
Like all that extra buggin
If you trippin you can leave
Cause you know that I don't need all that extra luggage
Just leave, pack your shit up, aww fuck all that extra
hugging
I can, because that's why I got all these extra cousins
I'm a thug and I stay thugging
I hold grudges, that's why I never ever talk to my ex in
public
Now we supposed to be just friends, now you getting
all possessive
All aggressive, I'm like chick, just pause for a second
See that's why I was kinda scared to hit the skin
Cause I'll be mad as fuck, I come back, you left and hit
the Benz
You say you got pictures of this chick who I was walking
with
Talking with, now you on some old stalking shit
Now first place I don't want you, I talk to you to get
close to your friends
You know what, I gotta short temper, you just getting
close to the end
Now what

Chorus

He don't want you no more
Cause I never let you do the things that you think that
you'll do
He'll be out the door
Cause he see's that your the kind of girl that shows up
to no good

[C-Murder]

Man, this girl crazy.
What, what.

Now when I first met ya I told ya that I had a girl
But you overlooked that, all you seen was diamonds
and pearls
You wanted a nigga in the spotlight with money and
shit
So you can run and tell your girls you my honey and
shit
Looking for the finer things but I'm just sexing you up
You keep on calling, huh, but I keep hanging you up
Your girl told my nigga that we getting engaged
I felt played, I didn't know that you was sick in the head
To fall in love with a thug and now you hating my boo
You should have listened to your friends and don't fuck
with TRU
And I was just a little horny and you looked so good
With your pretty face and ass made me wish I could
Fuck you and your girl if yall down with that
I told you that I was a dogg and you was cool with that
So dry your eyes, I'm out the door and quit sweating
my show
I told ya, like a man, I don't want you no more

Chorus

[Mr. Serv-On]

Say boo, it ain't like you was with me when I was
serving fiends
So I don't owe you shit, right now turn in your jersey,
you ain't on my team
So what, got tired of scratching on my S
It wasn't like that when you was at my hotel biting on
my chest
When I met you you was still breathing for another
I let you wear my tank, excuse the first couple of calls
to my baby's mother
Now it's am I married or do I have a woman
You was never mines in the first place so why the hell
you fussing

I hear our names going big in the beauty salons and
nail shops
I told ya, keep it between us or we gotta never stop
But you couldn't keep your mouth closed
So guess what, take all your paper boo and make your
way to the door
See me, I ain't with that he see or she saw her with me
shit
So if you see me don't play me like no bitch
So when it come up to this and I'm goin do what I gotta
do
I'm a take it to mines so stay TRU, what you wanna do

Chorus till fade

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