

Ms. Dynamite

"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 sc

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