

## The Clef Truants

# "Don't Want U No More"

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### Intro Rap

I paid for her cab, and Doner Kebab  
Winked at another bird to get her mad  
'Cos she thinks she's the best, the best I've ever had  
Demanding my jacket, she's scantily clad  
"Babes I'm freezing, I think I'm getting a cold, I'm  
sneezing"  
Gave her a tissue,  
"Babes, its season, I brought my jacket for the very  
same reason"

### Verse 1

You always wanna make it seem like I'm this real bad  
guy  
But tell me baby who's the one that's spreading all the  
lies  
You only know to criticise you never sympathise  
I need somebody who can make a difference in my life

### Chorus

See I don't want you no more, don't come to my door  
Be begging for more, like some groupie yo  
Who needs desperate dough, and won't let me go  
Cos I and I know, she's digging for gold  
Don't want you no more, don't come to my door  
Be begging for more, like some groupie yo  
Who needs desperate dough, and won't let me go  
Cos I and I know, she's digging for gold

Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh),  
Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh),  
Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh),  
Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh),  
Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh),

### Verse 2

When we first started dating she was special in my life  
She always knew just what to say when things weren't  
going right

I always loved those Friday nights when we would play those games

But now it seems like money, is her one and only aim

Chorus

See I don't want you no more, don't come to my door

Be begging for more, like some groupie yo

Who needs desperate dough, and won't let me go

Cos I and I know, she's digging for gold

Don't want you no more, don't come to my door

Be begging for more, like some groupie yo

Who needs desperate dough, and won't let me go

Cos I and I know, she's digging for gold

Rap

Abrupt change like metamorphosis

Remained courtly, courtliest of the heartiest

Changed gears in the fast lane

Mirrored T-Pain, sprung, sang for love in vain

The bane of my existence, held your glock to my love

We grew distant

This was meant to be far more than the praise of material things

Babylonian girls, ain't fit for kings

Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh),

Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh),

Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh),

Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh), Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh, (Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh),

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh,

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh,

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh,

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh,

Chorus

See I don't want you no more, don't come to my door

Be begging for more, like some groupie yo

Who needs desperate dough, and won't let me go

Cos I and I know, she's digging for gold

Don't want you no more, don't come to my door

Be begging for more, like some groupie yo

Who needs desperate dough, and won't let me go

Cos I and I know, she's digging for gold

Outro

See I don't want you no more, no more, no more,

You better walk out the door, walk out the door,  
Cos I can't take this no more, no more, no more,  
Our time has gone, must move on, we must move on,

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