

Project Pat "I Don't Need You"

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[Project pat] man, I'm tired of this shit
you need to get yo shit, and get
[La Chat] Fuck you, you get yo muthafuckin shit
I don't give a fuck who name on the light bill
yo muthafuckin ass up out of here
[La Chat] Nigga, dem yo stank ass, dirty ass draws on
the muthafuckin floor
get dem dirty ass draws, and clothes
[Project pat] ahh, you got me so mess up now,
[La Chat] Nigga, you already mess up
[Project pat]let me tell you something man, look all you
[La Chat] yo name on the rent, I don't give a fuck, THIS
MY SHIT, I RUN THIS
[Project pat] WHAT, all you doing is cooking that burnt
ass chicken,
eating popcorn, and drinking, and drinking all damn
day
[La Chat] nigga, It fed yo muthafuckin ass, you ain't
had no
problem when you was eating the shit, lickin' yo fingers
and shit
[Project pat] man, you got me mess up!
[La Chat] FUCK YOU!

[chorus] (Project Pat)
I don't need you anymore (that's right, that's right)
So, you can get yo little ass out the door (that's right,
that's right)
Don't every bite the dick that feeds you ho (that's right,
that's right)
Cause don't know ho, start no show (that's right, that's
right)

[La Chat]
I got you hot, I'm at the top of the charts, so muthafuck
ya
Nigga you can get the fuck on, cause I don't love ya
I don't want ya trick, fuck the hoes that you cheated wit
Now, we ain't together, you be claiming, you ain't gotta
a bitch
Nigga please, know that you thought, that I would leave
ya

Nigga please, know that you thought, a bitch need ya
Fuck you up, is for the good that I done left ya, man
La Chat got ya sick, cause I'm moving on to better
things

Gotta nigga break down fuck me all against the wall
Tell me that he love me, taking shopping sprees at the
mall

Clean my truck, keep yo son, boy, I'm out here living
large

When I'm on my tour, he be giving me his credit cards
When I hit the door, we be fuckin on the kitchen floor
He be eating my pussy, but of course you know you is
the pro

Fuckin up wit you, had me thinking dreams ain't true
Now, sittin' here thinking, why the fuck I every fuck wit
you

[chorus] (Project Pat)

I don't need you anymore (that's right, that's right)

So, you can get yo little ass out the door (that's right,
that's right)

Don't every bite the dick that feeds you ho (that's right,
that's right)

Cause don't know ho, start no show (that's right, that's
right)

[Project Pat]

I'm have to holla back at cha, flip you like a spatula
Turn you into a bachelorette and I'm a be a bachelor

I'm a la spectacular, living like a macula

No, fix hair, fresh clothes, you on crackula

Dollars we can stackula, you wanted to actula

Like you was the boss, and you suck me dry like

Dracula

You deserve a smackula, better yet a snapula

Right across yo lips, work your hips on the trackula

Fuck 'em til you sense-u-less, captin so ridiculous

Never hear, what you say, cause you speaking
gibberish

You the bitch, yapping squaw, for some dick, on the
stalk

You done got your walking papers, now its time for you
to walk

Step on off and be a mom, dem yo kids I got none

You at home feeding yo son, but I'm out having fun

Riding clean smelling good, dipping in ya
neighborhood

Saw you at the matabus, looking hard, wish ya could

[chorus] (Project Pat)

I don't need you anymore (that's right, that's right)

So, you can get yo little ass out the door (that's right,
that's right)
Don't every bite the dick that feeds you ho (that's right,
that's right)
Cause don't know ho, start no show (that's right, that's
right)

[Project Pat]

I'm a gorilla on a ho-a, so BITCH don't you start
The cap cock booty ho, and the every card
Go steal a credit card, so we can play some paper
You got a rumpshaker, now that's a moneymaker
I'm mean a dummy breaker, don't be no instigator
I'll beat the brakes on yo ass like the terminator
I used to fuck, freaky slut, in the bo, bo (booty)
I fired you, now you looking like some dodo
A rudy poo poo, that what ya really is
Ain't buying shit for dem rats, ho dem ain't my kids
You come a crying back-a, the key is what you lack- a
You drink some gasoline, I'm a bout to strike a match-a
I don't got nothing for-a, see you and I ignore ya
You used to be a vette (corvette), now you an old
Explorer
It ain't a thang you can do to get back in either
You won't even get the privilege to suck peter

[chorus] (Project Pat)

I don't need you anymore (that's right, that's right)
So, you can get yo little ass out the door (that's right,
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