

## **Busta Rhymes F/ Meka**

### **"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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