

Teedra Moses

"I Don't Want Her"

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Oh, here she comes again, Ms. Nasty
Walking like the princess of the ball
Avoiding all the jealous girls
She thinks that all the boys
Are waiting on her beck and call

Why in the world has she singled me out
As the object of her dirty lust
What can I say to make sure there's no doubt
That she fills me with utter disgust
Please tell me 'cause

I don't want her telephone number
I don't want to give her a call
Forget about the flowers
And the chocolate covered candy
'Cause I don't even want her at all

Come here and put your arms around me
If only so she'll see me holding you
I've tried a hundred million ways
Of giving her the hint
But she still hasn't gotten a clue

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