

U Don't Want Dat

Petey Pablo

Let me tell y'all niggaz like this here right
It's 2003 my nigga
All that, all that yappin at the mouth shit my nigga
Um, niggaz ain't with that shit my nigga
We don't play that shit no more mane
Soon as a nigga start talkin that shit
Mane, you on the floor shawty
Yeah(Yeah) Yeah(Yeah) Yeah(YEAH!)

Watch a nigga get swole on (For talkin that shit)
Watch a bitch get rolled on (For talkin that shit)
Watch that nigga get laid out (For talkin that shit)
Watch them bitches get drug out (For talkin that shit)
You don't want none, nigga you don't want none
You don't want none, bitch you don't want none
You don't want none, nigga you don't want none
You don't want none, bitch you don't want none

You don't like me, I don't like you
You want to fight me, I want to fight you
Put yo hands up nigga, put yo hands up bitch
Put yo hands up hoe, put yo hands up trick
Fuck these rental cops, they don't run shit
Who run this shit, we run this bitch
Put yo hands up nigga, put yo hands up bitch
Put yo hands up hoe, put yo hands up trick
My back ain't dirty, my lip ain't swole
My head ain't busted, my nose ain't broke
Put yo hands up nigga, put yo hands up bitch
Put yo hands up you hoe, put yo hands up you trick

I'm from a small town called, whoop a nigga ass
And I mean we'll whoop a nigga ass
And I mean we'll beat a bitch to death
And I mean, carry him all the way there
Take a nigga down the dirt path to the junk yad
Where it's stankin at
Put his ass in a plastic bag, where there's a hole where you blast him at
And I'm talkin bout, tired up witha shoe string
And a fishing hook stuck in his thing
Layin on empty cans, recycled bags, and some pissy as gatorade
Swiss blade, what cut buddy gone enter the damn microwave
Better get you a sharpener baby, cause that thang gone only get me activated
You look hard, but you really soft
You tried to make me mad, but you just piss me off
I ain't scared of you nigga, I ain't scared of them hoes
And I definately ain't scared of tight T-shirt as nigga that thank he swole

I don't blame you, I blame yo mammy bitch
She should've fucked yo daddy, she should've sucked his dick
You's a punk boy, a fuck boy
That like it in the ass, with somethin real hard

So when he come motherfuckers you can stand him up
Ask one of these niggaz I was tearin him up
Have them sayin that country boy bad as fuck
Came in here with a heater and had to bust

Put him right back in before I put it on
I'm sayin this game ain't changed much
Still the same motherfucker used to sell the drugs
Still the same one, used to come to the club
See a nigga, leave a nigga in a bag of blood
In the car with his broad when the police come (Gone)
For they find what they lookin for
(Yeah boy) you don't hear me though
Cause ain't nothin that a nigga ain't cone before
And nothin that a nigga won't try again
But remeber what's up and I'm is the man
You gone crazy, feelin froggy then gone ahead and leap
but whe nyou jump over here, try to remeber what the fuck I said
cause I meant it