

Nobody

DJ Quik

[Hook - DJ Quik impersonating Suga Free:]

I don't need nobody, I don't want nobody
I don't care about nobody, they don't care about me
I don't need nobody, I don't want nobody
I don't care about nobody, I just care about me

[Suga Free:]

Ay pimpin, this for that trick mayne
Yeah, the one that laughed at me when I told 'em God was sendin' me a boat,
but then he cried when DJ Quik came
A day in the life of a playa name Free
When John Mayer told the world he didn't CARE for me
But look at Obama in the office for the get back, mayne
I believe in takin', go to school and GET that game
Dark brown Cognac to the head
You can't tell me shit, nigga Michael Jackson dead
I'm holding back my tears when I'm listenin' to "Off the Wall"
That medicine didn't kill 'em - y'all did cause y'all talked about him like
a dog
No, I ain't pickin' up no girl for no security, Jack
Didn't Paris Hilton finally get her jewelry back?
And Tiger Woods needs some back-up
Boy, don't you ever apologize to no prostitute, now hit the green and tee TH
AT up
But let a mack get 'er;
'Member that sex scene on "Baby Boy"? I woulda fucked them hoes just like Ja
ck
Now I'm a kiss the ground like a 747 stack
Cause success is the greatest revenge, but it's gon' back
(It's gon' handle what's right, it's so certificate
Then you better believe in me)
Yeah, so rack 'em up
Yeah, Suga Free the P, man
Pomona style, man have them niggas crackin' up
So don't rush me
I don't drink alcohol, but when I do drink I prefer Dos Equis

[Hook x2 - DJ Quik impersonating Suga Free:]

I don't need nobody, I don't want nobody
I don't care about nobody, I just care about me

[DJ Quik:]

Now my life, is backstage, wristbands, flashlights
Then, do the same thing we did last night - Jam
I'm retro Nickelodeon, I'm still All That
I even rock the mane just like Mike Jack
Addicted to the night life just like crack
But in the black Mercedes with the ladies in the back
I like to make you brick, it's what makes me tick
The way the team decided by just one kick
Now do the grand slam, damn
Take you back so far, I got you flyin' Pan Am
I get the club packed tight like canned ham
Sealin' all your artists, now pass your exam
Or get down or gon' get it knit up
I got a Quincy Jones in my bones, genes split-up
DJ Quiksta in the center like a pent-up

And I don't break down - I been up

[Hook x4 - DJ Quik impersonating Suga Free:]

I don't need nobody

I don't want nobody

I don't care about nobody, that don't care about me