Ms. Jade, Really Don't Want My Love

(Intro - Ms Jade)
Now let me count it off, now let me count it off, now let me count it off
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(Verse 1 - Ms Jade)
You had me turned out, as a young buck in a caddy truck
Givin' me dough for air maxes and new traxes
It was cool when you let me breathe
After we finished layin' up, you won't let me leave
Damn I'ma adult now, mammi packed up the belts now
You all dumb high off the lie, playin' yourself now
Fuckin' up my groove, watch my every move
Try and get me caught up, makin' up lies that ain't true
I can't take this dumb shit, you startin' to irk me
Layin' all them rules down like you birth me
Shit you the worst B, all try lock me
Even got both my next door neighbours watchin' me
You gotta problem, somethin' that I can't solve wit ya
I'm at the point were we split I will not miss ya
I ain't your wife, damn sure ain't your child
Trees gettin' to ya head, cuz dumb chick ain't my style

(Chorus - Missy Elliott)
You really don't want my love
All you do is smoke up them trees
Then you wanna try to tell me what to do
Why you wanna put a little hold on me
You really don't want my love
All you do is smoke up them trees
Then you wanna try to tell me what to do
Why you wanna put a little hold on me

(Verse 2 - Ms Jade)
I don't know what's wrong wit you, is you me dude or a detective
Try to look at it from your perspective, but I can't
You wanna know where I'm goin', who I'm seein'
And who I'm meetin', what I'm eatin', what I'm doin'
Who I'm screwing, not you cuz I can't stand how you tryin' to run me
High all day, plus you don't really even love me
Cuz if you did you would let me live, the facts will pop up in your brain
That I ain't no kid, and that no man gon' tell me how to breathe
Right disease type, smoke cloudin' up your mind sight
Think it's time you try again and get your little dust off
Bust off, now it's time to take the fuckin' cuffs off
Go ahead, smoke laugh and joke wit ya homies
But do me a favour, when you sober don't call me
I'm finished wit ya, I hope and pray that you ain't bitter
Used to have the goods, nowadays you don't deliver

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Missy Elliot)
You think you got me on lock, cuz when my friends call I don't go
But this shit here's gotta stop, you be actin' like I'm on parole
Oh why you trippin', why you trippin', cuz I can't take this too long
Oh do you call this big pimpin', oh... this is what you call big pimpin'

(Chorus)

(Outro - Ms Jade/ Missy Elliott)
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