

# Petey Pablo, U Don't Want Dat

(feat. Lil Jon)

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!)

(Chorus)

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

(Bridge 1)

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

(Verse 1)

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

(Chorus)

(Bridge 2)

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

(Verse 2)

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

(Chorus)