

Nothing (feat. Eric Bellinger)

Mase

All my ladies in the club with their own money
Now grab your girls and tell 'em he ain't getting shit from me
Say oh, if you don't need a nigga for nothin'
Then say oh, if you don't need a nigga for nothin'I don't need a nigga for nothin'
If you don't need a nigga for nothin
If you don't need a nigga for nothin
Then say oh
If you don't need a nigga for nothin'She spin on the tip like she cursed the cock
She wasn't a freak, least at first she not
She got at thing for thigh highs and Birkin crocs
She pick up strands of long hair, she search the drop
She don't do burger spots, she like to splurge a lot
And if the twerkin' stop, it's cuz the merchant drop
And you don't ever catch my chick in a thirsty spot
Though she ain't king of diamonds that don't mean that she ain't worth a lot
He don't love it like I love it
He don't treat it like I treat it
He don't touch it like I touch it
He don't beat it like I beat it
He don't see it like I see it
Eat it like I eat it, leave it like I leave it
Cause really he don't need it like I need it
A chick that bad, she need her own bottle
She need her own space, she need her own ace
She need her own rave, she need her own place
She can't keep sharin' me, she need to own Ma\$e
'come on
It's unbelievable how your body is calling for me, yeah
It's calling for me, yeah
It's unbelievable how your body is calling for me, yeah
It's probably cause you got your own money, girl
I don't need a nigga for nothin'
If you don't need a nigga for nothin'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>