

# Nobody

## DJ Quik

I don't need nobody, I don't want nobody  
I don't care about nobody, that 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  
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 only shed 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 THAT up  
But let a mack get 'er;  
'member that sex scene on "Baby Boy"? I woulda fucked them hoes just like Jack  
Now I'mma 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, Suga Free the P, man  
Pomona style, man have them niggas crackin' up  
I don't drink alcohol, but when I do drink I prefer Dos Equis  
I don't need nobody, I don't want nobody  
I don't care about nobody, I just care about me  
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 Jermaine 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  
I don't care about nobody, that don't care about me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>