

# No Competition

Bun B

Cause them boys keep challenging me  
So I'm gon make sure I can drop em (drop em)  
Load em up and cock em (cock em)  
Arms out the window and aim! (I will pull it back)  
Aim! (I will let it go)  
Aim! (I will lay it down)  
'Cause them boys keep challenging me  
(But there's no competition)  
So I'm gon make sure I can drop em (drop em)  
Load em up and cock em (cock em)  
Arms out the window and aim!  
Aim! Aim! Aim! Aim! Aim!  
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'Cause I am Mike Jordan, Mike Tyson, Mike Phelps  
Michelangelo with the flow bro and the mic helps  
Ha! The mic stealth, that's for the mic's health  
You'll take me out now that's the funniest shit, Mike Epps  
They say the street need a hit  
It ain't gon write itself  
So I'mma set this bitch on fire  
It ain't gon light itself  
And I'mma beat the beat up  
It ain't gon fight itself  
Fuckin let it write itself until it good night itself  
That's for the OG to do it  
Just equip me and do  
You know what we a do fool  
I will pull it back  
I will let it go  
I will lay it down

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'Cus I am Al Capone, John Gotti, Larry Hoover  
Tooky Williams, Mike and sexy on, bitch I will do ya  
Now when you talkin do a million people listen to ya?  
Or do they slip and keep it moving like they never knew ya  
You born a sucker, die a sucker, yea you get the picture  
When you go, you gon try to take some trill niggas wit ya  
Son of bitch yea, I say fuck you for a picture  
Come in to get yo head a bodybag  
This shoul da fit ya  
Nigga talkin down in your subliminal rap  
We're playin, you get slow dice  
Like slit through the craps  
Snap back to reality, there'll be another studio  
Casually, try to battle me  
I leave em rattled G

That's for the OG to do it  
Just between me and you  
You know what we a do, fool  
I will pull it back  
I will let it go  
I will lay it down

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Staircases and aces, razor blade cameras and scrapers  
Get through it big, I got the rhythm to bend cages  
Choppa mad, places in front  
We just stunt, you know my shakers  
All of them shoot just like the Lakers  
Paper fryers and Goliath, mission attired, he wired  
Kill that nigga with the quick fast and tie it  
Check that Houston goose and the cranberry will loosen niggas up  
Quinton thought he was straight just like moose and  
Stat and Pharell bustin them bow and arrows  
We touch so we lowin sparrow  
Chums is long and goofy like cousin Cowell  
Truth or fire, dope fiends get crucified  
Both teams is super loud  
Me and Buns, the underworld is ours nigga  
Pantries is filled with nothing but blow and scampy shrimps  
Try to stop me nigga, shoot through his eyes  
Blow tryin to cope, coppin the stove, he drove pop us

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