

Not Like Us

Montana of 300

Sometimes, you gotta pop out and show niggas
Go get some bread—I ain't beefin' wit' no broke niggas
Ayy, and even if it ain't no ho in him
It ain't shit to put a hole in him
Put him in a freezer, sub-zero—I done froze niggas
Road, I had to put 'em in the dirt like a four-wheeler
Who wanna battle for that bread? I see no bidders
Every bar pause-worthy—I got no fillers
My lyrics make you think for yourself, and that's why you feel slow
Every line raw when I rap it—it's like I deal dope
Album number one in the country—nigga, I'm still gold
I did it independent, and pussies gon' need a dildo
Niggas still hatin'—that's probably why you still broke
Metal in my Timberland boots—nigga, I steel-toe
I'ma slide—better stop wit' all that slick talk
I'ma take yo' ass future when the stick talk (Stick talk)
Jumper cables—watch the clips spark
Blew him down; blood on him—tell him, "Crip walk"
I'm different, I'm rare—man, this shit isn't fair
.44s in my hand—call me Ric when it flare (Woo)
Been in tune wit' my bros—nigga, Boondocks
Put him on, gave him bows—nigga, Ong-Bak (Huh)
That's movin' loud—nigga, boombox
A buncha switches in this bitch like a fusebox
They wanna play, they gotta pay—nigga, jukebox (Uh)
Blew at his top like the soup's hot
Ayy, air him out him like the room's hot
Ayy, air him out like balloons popped (Uh)
Team photo—get ya crew shot
Lay him down—rest they soul like a shoebox
Bad bitch say she love the way I doo-wop
Screwdriver crazy—hammer in it like a toolbox
Two states, I'm a certified hustler
Big bread catch up wit' me like Mustard
He kiss his bitch when my homienem just fucked her
Ran a train on that bitch, no conductor
If her name ain't Mo-Ney, I don't trust her
Love my life—I can't lack while you lust her
I ain't 12—I asked Nina how I cuffed her
Always ridin' with that pipe like a muffler
Mighty duster—I slid since a youngster
With that stock, put him underground—bunker
Pop his top, drop the bag on him—dumpster
Turn yo' homie to a ghost on you busters
Devil is a lie—never go against Allah
You gon' get more than a sample if you niggas wanna try
I was really goin' in, kickin' doors like SWAT
Caught by 12 a couple times with the mop like Ja
Pullin' up the pants, I'm cookin' 'em like pops
Give it to him like he spoiled, leave a nigga out to rot
Bartender get him shot, lick a nigga—it ain't scotch
Twist his top like locs—he need help, not a spot
Marty McFly—he gon' need more than a doc
"Look up, Marlon! Say cheese!" We gon' send him up to pops
Tell his dear mama someone hit him up—Pac
Let 'em run they mouth 'til a nigga caught
Up in traffic, had to blast 'em on the phone like a ox

Smoke him like za-I'ma turn him into wop
Give a nigga dome shots-we gon' see him on Fox
And you know my niggas turnt like we seen a roadblock
Honeys drippin'-they be on me like a beehive
They been on a nigga heels where his feet lies
Tell my haters, "Have a ball"-let 'em meat-ride
MAC-10 in this bitch-where is T-Boz?
Niggas know they gettin' aired when the heat rise
He talkin' greasy-it ain't shit to get him deep-fried
When niggas loud, I'ma smoke him-better be quiet
Push my button, then it's on like a key fob
Then I'm slidin' on they ass like I'm Levi's
Bet they won't play that shit again-fuck a rewind

They not like me
They don't like me, because they not like me
Ayy, they not like me
They don't like me, because they not like me
I'm a god, I'm a god, I'm a rap god
I'm a god, I'm the God, I'm the rap god
Ayy, uh, uh-uh-huh
Ya favorite rapper couldn't fathom comin' that hard
They not like me
They don't like me, because they not like me, yeah
Ayy, they not like me
They don't like me, because they not like-

Rap God MG shit, man
You already know what the fuck it is, man
Top Flow album on the way
Gunz n Roses Pt. 2 on the way
Rap God album out now, bitch
Go get that
Blrat