

# No Competition

Tink

I know y'all I ain't think I was gone drop a tape  
And not put a fucking freestyle on that bitch

I know a couple of niggas  
They put a price on your head  
They can't locate your mama  
They kill the sister instead  
Leave you leaking like faucets  
Touch the line but don't cross it  
If a bitch work my nerves  
I'll beat her ass in that office  
I'm that bitch in your city  
Don't act like you ain't know  
I dropped a tape in the winter  
So fucking cold that it snow  
I mean I'm younger than most  
But I got plug with the vets  
And my loud be so strong  
Let me lift that weight of your chest  
Like you depressed  
Or half dressed  
Tell these hoes get it together  
Your boyfriend gave me brain  
And I must say he's mighty clever  
That GPA is A-Okay  
No perfume but he gone spray  
Tell your bitch to play your role  
'Cause I got clips just like Zae  
Just like me they want to be  
Got more shores than beside that sea  
Beside that sea I'm grade A  
Trucking bitches Chevrolet  
I do this shit for fun  
Thought you niggas knew  
They know my fucking name  
Tell me who are you?  
Pretty bitch I am one  
Competition I been done  
Y'all was kicking them baby flows  
I was in the lab standing on my toes  
Dropping bars like every week  
I need a mil like after Meek  
Spent a hundred grand on my bed sheets  
I ain't felt it once 'cause I'm never sleep  
All in all I'm energized  
Replacing hoes like school supplies  
Do this shit for my squad and 'nem  
And I won't stop like I ain't see the sign  
No time to be wasted  
Them choppas out they need braces  
I'm a big deal to you little hoes  
Like a loud blunt just face it  
Street saying I am the best  
All these hoes is on house arrest  
Y'all ain't moving  
Please don't confuse me  
My niggas bang with no drum kits

We turning head and I won't brag  
But niggas hating like fucking fags  
All rappers got to give it a break  
Y'all washed up and I done brought the rag  
Hating on me just make me proud  
Superstar in your fucking town  
Whole city putting fingers up  
Now the whole city can't turn me down  
Making noise and you got to listen  
Swear to God I'm with the gang missing  
Injured player  
I'm an engineer  
And these bitches broke they need fixing  
Need a deal  
You a damn liar  
Advertise me  
Who's flyer?  
Me nigga that's too easy  
Sporting J's like where's Stevie?  
My name is Tink and you can add the G  
I'm going in like I found the key  
I found my place and I'm in my zone  
You niggas scared like y'all home alone  
I ride alone and I ride for mine  
Make him do the  
Grab the 9  
Off safety you know it's real  
Strong safety who up in the field  
Niggas talk but ain't bout it  
Toss money like a fucking salad  
Balling out and I'm so official  
They can't block me  
Call private  
Call back and let money answer  
So sick mistake me for cancer  
Why they think should have been a dancer  
I am the shit so pass me a pamper  
Pamper me which is a couple stacks  
No opinion just stating facts  
I got the title ain't giving it back  
Y'all looking for the truth  
I'm where it's at