

Like Me

Tyga

Uh yea bitch I'm ballin, bitch I'm balling
Betchu nigga, he ain't balling (like me)
Yea, bitches choosing and they calling
Cause I'm balling said they wanna fuck a nigga (like me)
And my niggas paid, they ain't never gotta pay (like me)
Yea bitch I'm ballin, bitch I'm balling
Betchu nigga, he ain't balling (like me)

Uh, tyga strike, rally paint
I'm the shit, bitch let it stink (let it stink)
Rinse your eyes with my holy water, I ain't gone take her
I know that's his only daughter, nigga whatchu thinkin?
This that big bang rapper ballin, huh
I don't even drink, but she alcoholic
Baby sip it til it's gone (yea I know it)
Uh, cash like coke, bitches gotta blow it.
So put your number on this paper, I promise I'll call
No, I can't called bitch I'm lying, I don't use my phone, shit
Shit is on silence all day long
I don't need no interruption when I'm makin you moan
Early morn, wake up, then you yawn
Breakfast in bed, waffles and a little head, Roscoe's
Chickens and waffles instead, and right back to this balling shit
Cause I'm ballin, bitch

Uh, hotel suite, presidential
Fuck you bitchin whatchu been thru
I got two doors homie, one side for my clothes
Another side for my big shoes
Now that's ballin, don't think that's ballin?
Motherfucker how would you know it, if you've never done it
I turned my engine on loud, wake the neighbor, honey
Life like chocolate when you getting money
Rain, rain dollar bills in my dreams
Bitches fighting for me like it's Jerry Spring'
But is the summer, winter, they fallin for me
Colder than a coca cola polar, 7 degrees
You know you watch t.v, seperate your mind, please
If you're the bomb bitch, why you tryna tick with me
Remove your top, time to pop
She said she like it rough, so I beat it up, pussy punch

King Lazareth, living on that lavish shit
Lose your mind, lose your sense
Pay attention, yea you feeling me
Fill my cup high as trees, relax feel the breeze
All jokes aside, got a mistress on the side
If you ridin for me then you gone ride or die
Ruff Ryder Volume 2 my love
If you wanna party, got a party bus
Capacity us, full moon, brandy glass
So loosen your Gucci baby, lemme spank that ass
Taste so good, blue berry rasp
Berry berry cherry, whip cream on that twat
You can applaud that, terminator, I'll be right back
Say my name, Tyga man, screaming so loud, like I know you can

Sound so good; make ya wanna slap your mama
Young money, Tyga Tyga, nigga