

Nothin' Like Me

Tyga

She don't think that I can change
So I switched from a Benz to a Range
First class to the jet (yeah!)
Got more money than her ex
Way more money than her ex
And he ain't nothing like me, girl
I done showed you shit you never seen, girl
But he ain't nothing like me, girl

He complain about your spending
I hand you the card, tell you spend it
Master P, no limit
I let you do you, girl
He don't put no gas in your car, nah
We hit the lot and buy cars, girl
He fuck you every blue moon
I hit it till the sun come up
That's why I fuck with you girl
You ain't looking for no come up
Your nigga ain't about his money
He got zeros, I got commas
He buying drinks, I'm buying bottles
We pulling up on Forgiato's
All of my niggas got money
That nigga can't pull out a hundred

I ain't gone start shit
And a nigga ain't worried 'bout the homies
Twerk that shit on me from the front to the back
I know you got a nigga, don't lie
Fuck your boyfriend, not tonight
I'ma make you mine, all night
Damn I'm on your ass can't hide it
Cause all my girls that sing this shit don't want a broke nigga (no)
All they wanna do smoke and drink
And they know what I'm thinking
She choosing (choosing) to fuck with a fly nigga
Your bitch about to change up
I'm the truth, you a lie, nigga

More money, most money
Marlon Wayans, tell them niggas ain't shit funny
Tight money, shit too private for your plane money
You coach money, I toast crimes loaf running
Rich nigga, Alpo, Rich Porter
I'm CEO, plus I fucked his granddaughter
I do shit you think about on the toilet
My cup over-running, flowing like Fiji water
And my new bitch sorta like an alcoholic
Bitch my new car, call that bitch "whatchamacallit"
T-Raw (yeah) got pussy calling
OHB L-K, only balling
I came with the tooth filler
In case a nigga wanna score a round with me, nigga
True shit, trill nigga

Put down my hard hat, drill bitches, fuck with me