

Nothing Like Me

Uncle Murda

You ain't nothing, you ain't nothing like me nigga (Nothing)
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You ain't nothing, you ain't nothing like me nigga (Jahill Beats, holla at me)

Me and my niggas was used to not having much
Go and get used to that (So?)
Whoever tried to stop us from eating, I swear we shooting that
We don't eat, nobody eat, we making it high
Was beefing with dudes that was old enough to be our pops
We was young like Bobby Shmurda, and they was old age (Damn)
Had 'em saying, "These lil niggas ain't playing no games"
Okay, let's cross that line, I'm with it
Smack your nigga lil sister, go tell your brother I did it (Haha)
Been in a hundred shootouts, homie I made it
First time I shoot a nigga, felt like I graduated
Crew was so proud of me, all night we celebrated
I was at high school, that's when Craig Mack was overrated (Haha)
Couldn't finish school, too much beef, never graduated (So?)
Shooting out my window at niggas, grandma was aggravated (Sorry)
Anything I spit real, ain't nothing fabricated (Facts)
Spitting in the Feds' face, know I'm being investigated (Woah)

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Yeah, Machine bitch, I keep the TEC close
Drop more steroids, they waiting on their next dose (Ha)
Twenty chains on, feel like my neck broke
Hate rappers, real street niggas who I respect most (Salute)
Shorty got the .40 in his Moncler (Uh-huh)
Sixteen whipping deuces while his mom's there (We wild)
Newspaper on the windows, ain't no blinds there
Smoke a blunt of the sour to get my mind clear (Wooh)
Can't name one nigga that I fear (Yeah)
I got hit, it ain't one nigga that I spared (Hahaha)
It's my year, one of the illest niggas heard in nine years (Uh-huh)
Christopher Wallace mixed with Nassir (Bump to it)
Yeah, I'm top tier, shit is not fair
Out on Melrose, this Lamborghini that I steer (Vroom)
My niggas move the ye' for the low
We whacking everything, I told Murda just say it's a go (Brrrr)
Machine bitch

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