Nothing Like Me (feat. Gritz)

Twista

He don't do the things like I, do he?
He don't make you feel like I, do he? Do he?
He don't drive the car I drive, do he?
He ain't gettin' money like I, do he? Do he?Every minute I be in it
Every minute I be in it, I be killin' competition
Watch I wreck 'em from the start to the finish
I make 'em start to diminish
Embody anybody makin' a comment about me the way I don't like
Disgruntled motherfuckers and suckers, today we call 'em haters
I'm so major hoes on me and they wanna fight
They wanna bite cause I'm original like Bobby Digital
My style is critical and yours intermediate
I'm just a rappin' legacy, I got the recipe
for cookin' up and servin' and they likin' the ingredients
A mack and I'm a genius, a flow or horror
I could peep your aura and see what your inner feelings might be
Niggas talkin' shit cause they ain't used to being
in the same room with a legendary nigga like me
Some of 'em really wanna be me
And they want my car, hoe
And they flow like me
Niggas wanna take away my style, they can't get it how I get it
But they money never grow like me though
How I live it is exquisite and the picture is so vivid that the riches
and I don't mean monetary but within the body and the mental
Spectacular graphics in back of a plethora of energy
Vocally vibratin' rhythms through a instrumental
Spit and tellin' niggas you don't really want it
Bitches you don't really want it
Think I'm dissin' even when it's hypothetical and I ain't really on it
I'm known to body my opponents
Should I say opposition, in my position I'm expected to be venomous
I beat 'em down verbally the way I rap
like it was multiples of me, I fuck 'em up like it was ten of us
And this ain't even strenuous
TwistaHe don't do the things like I, do he?
He don't make you feel like I, do he? Do he?
He don't drive the car I drive, do he?
He ain't gettin' money like I, do he? (Ain't do it like me) Do he?

He don't do the things like I, do he?
He don't make you feel like I, do he? Do he?
Give a fuck 'bout how you feel nigga (feel nigga)
She gon' pop the thang for real nigga, niggaEvery second I be intimate
Every second I be intimate with the music
as I get into it and every rhythm in the instrument
Intelligently ignorant the way I spit it
Admit it, I'd be admitted into the hospital
if I didn't know how I spit'll be the conversation of lyricists
Congregation'll fit with this, I'll leave you volatile
If you got a style you probably got it from hearin' Twist
A certain section of my '97 patterns
My 2004 lyrics hard to copy
Cadences and mannerisms, I can tell it when I hear it
I could tell it when I hear it
And I'm never specific cause if I do a nigga gon' take it the wrong way
I'll fuck him up for whatever he gon' say
Dependin' on who he be I'm thuggin' like I'm PeeWee Longway
Blowin' after a long day
And I want my haze, kush
And my diesel too
How you ain't gon' have nothin' to roll up with me
if you gon' fuck with me if I be blowin' weed with you though?
Old fake-ass niggas, they be the reason I don't fuck with them
All over the dick when they see the Gucci
I just roll one up and say rest in piece to Doe B
Blowin' for when they free my lil' brother and free Lil Boosie
Twista

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