

No competition

Turntable Rocker

Ain't no other girl quite like my type
Hair did, highlights is a highlight, thighs right
No need for a side slide
I might, make her my wife
Though she rendezvous with the night life
Got her home what's the splurging for?
Don't compliment her cause she heard em all
Who am I to kick the same ol' plain game furthermore
Lames made it so play, they don't work no more
And that's
Difficult with the way he real
Dead the new generation with my 80s feel
Be the one that can make me chill
Prototype
I don't even think they make em in the way she built
We can bring the sun up in the new york sky
If I talk fly on the walkby
Leave at halftime
2 with these seats sittin courtside, itll be that
You might even bring chivalry back
Talk 2 em Watchin you
Watchin me
Next to you
On top of me I can see
There's no competition
Competition
Competition
Baby there's just ain't no competition Won't talk about them other broads they don't ever compare
You look mean but I never be scared
We can be surround by water with the wind in our hair
Though you dated ballplayers you ain't never been
(there is no competition)
Bet you ain't never pay general admission
I think she got the body of a hood stripper
Pay the check when it come, and a good tipper
Case you ain't never fuck with a good nigga
Bar in the living room full of good liquor
You been off with world, would figga
By a bunch of guys that just wanna good dick ya

Magnify ya life, make you look bigger
Just tell me if it's somethin that you could picture
If you ain't been anywhere that you wan' book trips to
That just mean that right dude ain't never stood with yaWe can put the top back
Have the seat drop back
Me touchin you there
You screamin 'stop that'
Watch that
I slow down
Than I speed up
You got em gettin
She don't need a surgeon in the world
She'll put a hurtin on the world
I'll make it my buisness
There's nothin more urgent in the world
Paper long so you never have a burden in this world
So while them other girls scream where the papes at?
I'm still trynna figure at where her waist at
Local to global, fuckin with a mogul
Finish prada, I ain't even gotta mold ya
She'll take the patron straight no chaser
I ain't gotta stalk her I ain't gotta go chase her
She the franchise far from a role player
Guess all I gotta do now is go face her

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>