# It's Like That

## Tegma & Duca

Yeah, un huh, watch this y'all, uhh
Watch this y'all, un huh jigga
Watch this y'all, un huh, uhh
Roc-a-fella ya'll, uhhhh, come on yea
It's kid Capri and Jay-z, it's kid Capri and Jay-z
'Cause I'm like that yo! 'cause I'm like that yo
As a young and dumb man, gun in the waist
Sold crack to those who couldn't take the pain
And had to numb it with baste
Couldn't drink the henny straight
I needed somethin' to chase
I needed something to chase
Nowadays I throw shots back, leavin' nothin' to waste
Life is like a treadmill, niggas runnin' in place
Gettin' nowhere fast, a whole year done past
I vowed to never stop winin', 'til the earth stop spinnin'
Rock hot Lenin, cop hot cars and hot women
If it's not him then you got it confused, y'all not remembering
My motto is simply I will not lose, abide by the block rules
I buy my glock used, with bodies on it, let me know anybody want it?
I'm raised, ill rational way misunderstood
If you ain't live like I live then run with the hood
I done what I could to come up with this paper 'til this day still
Run with the hood, guess it's part of my nature, if hell awaits ya?
Nigga I'm coming with the razors, still flashin' ya shit
Try to pass me in a six, tight classy on the wrist
Every bit of 30 karats, this is not a game
This isn't why I came, make these words find a spot on your brain
And burn, then I recycle my life
I shall return
How tight is your flow?
'Cause I'm like that yo
How right is your dough?
'Cause I'm like that yo
How white is your blow?
'Cause I'm like that yo
Only writers you know
'Cause I'm like that
How tight is your flow?

'Cause I'm like that yo
How right is your dough?
'Cause I'm like that yo
How white is your blow?
'Cause I'm like that yo
Only writers you know
Watch this yo
I'm a hop, skip, a jump from rippin' the pump
Spittin' a couple of curse words and hittin' you chump
Shit, I get digits in lumps
I'm a motherfucking problem is this what you want
Overachiever, I love chicks that puff chiva
And reefer paper, I hate the one's that blow up ya beeper

'Cause I go in ya deeper, I only bone divas
Impregnate the world when I come through your speakers
Fuck hot my records got the fever
Niggas kick dirt, get ya whole block swiped up
I creep up when the beef heats up, caught him with his feet up
And shoes off, 'bout to snooze off
Hatin' 'cause you can't turn the booze off
You dudes is too soft when I fuck with you all
I might bark your ex and spit at the locks
But other than that I ain't even fucking with cats
Just me tied B.I. thug it like that, me, dame and biggs
What's fuckin' with that?
Y'all can never diss jigga, get nothing for that
Other then a couple slugs in ya back
Rappers y'all runnin' around like I won't gun ya down
Last nigga that fronted, two spun him around
Lord, except this offer here's somethin' for your crown
I admit no malice, I just met his challenge, in one
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'Cause I'm like that yo
How right is your dough?
Just I'm like that yo
How white is your blow?
'Cause I'm like that yo
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How right is your dough?
How white is your blow?
Only writers you know
Girls and guns
All I want
Stock exchange
Rocks and thangs
Girls and guns
All I want
Stock exchange
Rocks and thangs

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