Like Me

The Shoreline

(Hook)
Uh yea b-tch I'm ballin, bi-ch I'm balling
Betchu n-gga, he ain't balling (like me)
Yea, b-tches choosing and they calling
Cause I'm balling said they wanna f-ck a n-gga (like me)
And my n-ggas paid, they aint never gotta pay (like me)
Yea b-tch I'm ballin, b-tch I'm balling
Betchu n-gga, he ain't balling (like me)
Uh, tyga strike, rally paint
I'm the sh-t, b-tch let it stink (let it stink)
rinse your eyes with my holy water, I ain't gone take her
I know that's his only daughter, n-gga whatchu thinkin?
This that big bang rapper ballin, huh
I don't even drink, but she alcoholic
Baby sip it til it's gone (yea I know it)
Uh, cash like coke, b-tches gotta blow it.
So put your number on this paper, I promise I'll call
No, I can't called b-tch I'm lying, I don't use my phone, sh-t
Sh-t is on silence all day long
I don't need no interruption when I'm makin you moan
Early morn, wake up, then you yawn
Breakfast in bed, waffles in the little head, Roscoe's
Chickens and waffles instead, and right back to this balling sh-t
Cause I'm ballin, b-tch
(hook)
Uh, hotel suite, presidential
F-ck you bitchin whatchu been thru
I got two doors homie, one side for my clothes

Another side for my big shoes
Now that's ballin, don't think that's ballin?
Mothaf-cker how would you know it, if you've never done it
I turned my engine on loud, wake the neighbor, honey
Life like chocolate when you getting money
Rain, rain dollar bills in my dreams
b-tches fighting for me like it's Jerry Spring'
But is the summer, winter, they fallin for me
Colder than a coca cola polo, 7 degrees
You know you watch t.v , seperate your mind, please

If you're the bomb b-tch, why you tryna tick with me
Remove your top, time to pop
She said she like it rough, so I beat it up, p-ssy punch
(Hook)
King lazareth, living on that lavish sh-t(?)
Lose your mind, lose your sense
Pay attention, yea you feeling me
Fill my cup high as trees, relax feel the breeze
All jokes aside, got a mistress on the side
If you ridin for me then you gone ride or die
Ruff Ryder Volume 2 my love
If you wanna party, got a party bus
Capacity us, full moon, brandy glass
So loosen your Gucci baby, lemme spank that ass
Taste so good, blue berry (?)
Berry berry cherry, whip cream on the side
You can applaud that, terminator, I'll be right back
Say my name, Tyga man, screaming so loud, like I know you can
(hook)

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