

# Like Me

## DJ Bobby Black,Cyco

(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 choosin 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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