

# Nothin' Like Me (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign)

## Chris Brown & Tyga

She don't think that I can change  
So I switched from a Benz to a Range  
First class to the jet (yeah!)  
Got more money than her ex  
Way more money than her ex  
And he ain't nothing like me, girl  
I done showed you shit you never seen, girl  
But he ain't nothing like me, girl He complain about your spending  
I hand you the card, tell you spend it  
Master P, no limit  
I let you do you, girl  
He don't put no gas in your car, nah  
We hit the lot and buy cars, girl  
He fuck you every blue moon  
I hit it till the sun come up  
That's why I fuck with you girl  
You ain't looking for no come up  
Your nigga ain't about his money  
He got zeros, I got commas  
He buying drinks, I'm buying bottles  
We pulling up on Forgiato's  
All of my niggas got money  
That nigga can't pull out a hundred She don't think that I can change  
So I switched from a Benz to a Range  
First class to the jet (yeah!)  
Got more money than her ex  
Way more money than her ex  
And he ain't nothing like me, girl I done showed you shit you never seen, girl  
But he ain't nothing like me, girl I ain't gone start shit  
And a nigga ain't worried 'bout the homies  
Twerk that shit on me from the front to the back  
I know you got a nigga, don't lie  
Fuck your boyfriend, not tonight  
I'ma make you mine, all night  
Damn I'm on your ass can't hide it  
Cause all my girls that sing this shit don't want a broke nigga (no)  
All they wanna do smoke and drink  
And they know what I'm thinking  
She choosing (choosing) to fuck with a fly nigga  
Your bitch about to change up  
I'm the truth, you a lie, nigga She don't think that I can change  
So I switched from a Benz to a Range

First class to the jet (yeah!)  
Got more money than her ex  
Way more money than her ex  
And he ain't nothing like me, girl  
I done showed you shit you never seen, girl  
But he ain't nothing like me, girl  
More money, most money  
Marlon Wayans, tell them niggas ain't shit funny  
Tight money, shit too private for your plane money  
You coach money, I toast crimes loaf running  
Rich nigga, Alpo, Rich Porter  
I'm CEO, plus I fucked his granddaughter  
I do shit you think about on the toilet  
My cup over-running, flowing like Fiji water  
And my new bitch sorta like an alcoholic  
Bitch my new car, call that bitch "whatchamacallit"  
T-Raw (yeah) got pussy calling  
OHB L-K, only balling  
I came with the tooth filler  
In case a nigga wanna score a round with me, nigga  
True shit, trill nigga  
Put down my hard hat, drill bitches, fuck with me  
She don't think that I can change  
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But he ain't nothing like me, girl

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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