Like Them (feat. Tory Lanez & Rick Ross)

Jeezy

Yeah
This is dedicated to them
Them solid bitches out there, you know
Dedicated to the real ones
Uh
Talk to em homie
YeahI could ride for you baby
Fuckin with a nigga like me
Know the limit is the sky for you baby
(you know what this shit is)
Come slide with me baby
(yeah yeah)
You nothing like them, no
(I need a bitch like you)
Like them, no
Nothing like them
(So I won't fuck with bitches like them)
Nothing like them
(So I won't fuck with bitches like them)
Oh no
Shorty's a rider
She know I'm a roller
Lend me ear baby
Just let me hold ya
I hustle, I got plenty ambition
What's not to love
I got her if she need anything
Yeah that's my thug
Cause she loyal, she all about loyalty
Rollie on that wrist, now she lookin like royalty
Yeah, we kick back sippin Avion in the glass
Plus she got em rolled up, smack that ass, hit the gas
As I exhale, she sittin behind me rubbin my back
Got me goin out like Pookie or somethin that pussy crack
Meanwhile I'm sittin back visualizin them stacks
Said, "my nigga just do what you do I got ya back"
I could ride for you baby
Fuckin with a nigga like me
Know the limit is the sky for you baby
Come slide with me baby
You nothing like them, no
(I need a bitch like you)

Like them, no
(So I won't fuck with bitches like them)
Nothing like them
Nothing like them
(It's that rich nigga shit)
Oh noMaybach Music
Fendi heels, my Atlanta bitch out in Windy Hill
She too real, left her in the room with like 20 mil
When she cared back in Miami when we did the deal
In the middle of war, fuck it imma let em live
Get this money 'fore they sentence me to a 100 years
Fuck her slow might tell her where some of the money hid
Fell in love, must be told her she the one I need
Only rule, you roll with me that mean you rollin' weed
Settle down, 20 thousand to go and get a gown
Wear the crown menage trois, its whatever now
Chanel shoes, Chanel bag, Chanel dress
Call her Chanel, she exhale only the best
(I could ride for you baby)
Im the biggest, BossFuckin with a nigga like me
Know the limit is the sky for you baby
(Maybach Music)
Come slide with me baby
(My nigga Young)
You nothing like them, no
(I need a bitch like you)
Like them, no
(So I won't fuck with bitches like them)
Nothing like them
Nothing like them
Oh noI feel them other broads be doin too much, let's keep it real
And I ain't tryin to hear all that, call Dr. Phil
Best believe that I ain't got no time for these lame hoes
You know how the game, in the club in her girl clothes
Tryin tell me baby that you can't afford your heels
Yet you tryin to push up on a nigga worth these mills
And she help with the stove, damn right she a chef
I ain't playin no games, when she out need a ref
When she in the bedroom, shit she get nasty and shit
When it's time to hit the streets, she get classy and shit
Sendin pictures to my phone, see I'm like what the hell
Love ain't always A1, swear to God it never fails
I need aI need a bitch like you
So I won't fuck with bitches like them
I could ride for you baby
Fuckin with a nigga like me
Know the limit is the sky for you baby
Come slide with me baby
You nothing like them, no

(I need a bitch like you)
Like them, no
(So I won't fuck with bitches like them)
Nothing like them
Nothing like them
Oh no
(Its that shit that you do)
(Yeah uh uh)
(That's why I don't fuck with bitches like them)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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