## **Be Like Me (feat. Rick Ross)**

## **Gunplay**

I just stepped out the car, all they see is the gold All I'm sellin' is dope but they think it's my soul As I step on the corner, they wanna be like me Watch how I move, I got degrees on my feet Shoes on the whip, got the tints on the car Got the .40 on my hip, bad bitch, I'm not a star Chopper in the trunk, I got a chopper in the trunk Chopper in the trunk, I got a chopper in the trunk Once a nigga use it then you know you gotta throw it Snakes in the grass, motherfucker I'mma mow it Problems, I'ma don, put in all my effort Spend a couple dollars nigga, blocka-blocka Gunnin' for the throne, yeah boy, you want my crown Michael Buffet account, Pacquiao, you're going down Wanna see a dead body, see a dead body? Wanna see a dead body, see a dead body? I'll show it to ya nigga, wanna see a dead body? Teflon Don, Bon Jovi, John GottiStep on the block, they wanna be like me Look at his watch, he wanna be like me Step on the corner, they wanna be like me I fear no man, it's time to move this key I put my eye to the scope, never missin' a shot Shoot for the stars, I'mma rip up your top Step out the car, all they see is the gold All I'm sellin' is dope but they think it's my soul So who they wanna be like? Me, that's right, Gunplay A player that'll take it to the paint without a pump fake Comin' through the janky bitch shootin' me the fuck face I ain't sparin' bitches round this bitch, ain't nothin' safe You know what I'm bout, I'm bout that motherfuckin' action Lock a loose pit out the gate, broke the latches Got a \$1000 blunt, smoke it til there ain't no ashes Keep the choppers in my trunk and Bibles on my dashes Who wanna boot it for me? You don't wanna do that homie Cause I got a heater with the motherfuckin' cooler on it Leave a nigga icy in the middle of the summer Middle of that dice game, tryna roll his number You talking crazy but me and you know I take it down like I been here before I go OD like someone tripled the dose Screechin on me, loaded clip with some dopeStep on the block, they wanna be like me Look at his watch, he wanna be like me

Step on the corner, they wanna be like me
I fear no man, it's time to move this key
I put my eye to the scope, never missin' a shot
Shoot for the stars, I'mma rip up your top
Step out the car, all they see is the gold

All I'm sellin' is dope but they think it's my soulWhen I step out the 'Vert bitches jump out they

They know what money look like and what a real nigga worth Gettin' money everyday, not just 15th and the 1st

I whip out my dick, hoes quenchin' they thirst

I be tourin' with a warrant, spillin' Bel-Aire when I pour it

Hoes not allowed to speak english in my foreign

You don't get your issue when you fuckin' with the don

Logan and the loaded rifle that I'm holdin' long

They don't want this pressure, they don't want this pressure

Six pistols sittin' by my brick compressor

Dirty as my draws is (bum-bum-bum-bum)

Knockin' pictures off the walls bitch (hundred in the drum)

Niggas on that Flocka, shootin' grannies off of rockers

Knockin' meat up off of tacos like blocka-blocka

I be whippin' the rock, you be trippin' on thots

I jump up out the drop like coke out the potStep on the block, they wanna be like me

Look at his watch, he wanna be like me

Step on the corner, they wanna be like me

I fear no man, it's time to move this key

I put my eye to the scope, never missin' a shot

Shoot for the stars, I'mma rip up your top

Step out the car, all they see is the gold

All I'm sellin' is dope but they think it's my soulWanna see a dead body, see a dead body?

Wanna see a dead body, see a dead body?

I'll show it to ya nigga, wanna see a dead body?

Teflon Don, Bon Jovi, John GottiStep out the car, all they see is the gold

All I'm sellin' is dope but they think it's my soul

But they think it's my soul

But they think it's my soul

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

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