

No Comparison

A Boogie wit da Hoodie

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
I think them niggas is scared of us
They flexing but only for cameras
I embarrass 'em
If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you
I think them niggas is scared of us
Flexing but only for cameras
Nothing these niggas could do to us
Who the fuck can they compare to us?
Nothing these niggas could say to us
I let 'em stare if they stare at us
Look at my chain, I embarrass 'em
Fuck it, it ain't no comparison
These niggas ain't catching up to us
I swear these niggas need stamina
I broke her heart in a paragraph, turned to a thottie to care it up
Now that bitch feel so embarrassing
Diamonds be dancing, I blur it up
Your shit is fake, you can't swear to it
I know you fronting, you panicking, I get dressed up like a mannequin
Put on a fit and embarrass 'em, it's so embarrassing
I put this beat on my body list
Metro a beast, yeah he bodied it, they tried to give me a stylist
I told 'em I'm good, yo you wylin'
I got sick of wearing Versace, I want red bottoms
Don't let me get in a fight with 'em
One of them spikes and I might hit him
I'm from the jungle, say that you fuck with gorillas
I know that you niggas be lying
I gotta stay humble, that's why I fuck with the realest
I swear I put that on the Bible
You stuck in your feelings, say I'm fucking on your bitch
And you should've never ever wifed her
That's word to my mother, if a nigga take my bitch, fuck it
I'ma find another lover, we flex on each other
Cuban dripping on my wrist, I could put whatever on the other
That's word to my mother
I think them niggas is scared of us
Flexing but only for cameras
Nothing these niggas could do to us
Who the fuck can they compare to us

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Look at my chain I embarrass 'em
Fuck it, it ain't no comparison You gotta be kidding me
Most of my shit come from Italy, W up, make 'em sick of me
Ice on my pinky too glittery
Pass on a show, it ain't shit to me
I keep a blicky, just in case a nigga with me ain't with me
And I see a enemy, everything litty
Plus my fingers kinda sticky from rolling up that icky icky
Them cookies be hitting
Beam came with the strap, ladder hanging off of that
Yeah I get too attatched
I ain't fucking with the Act', I be tripping off of that
I'ma keep it a stack
Mike Amiri's on me stretch
But I'm holding all this bread, I'ma keep me a bag
They was saying I was next
Ever since I hit the booth and I jumped on a track
I think them niggas is scared of us
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Nothing these niggas could do to us
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Nothing these niggas could say to us
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I let 'em stare if they stare at us
Look at my chain I embarrass 'em
Fuck it, it ain't no comparison Ain't no comparison
Fuck it, it ain't no comparison
Look at my chain, it's embarrassing
I'm flexing on 'em, embarrassing
Flexing on 'em, so embarrassing
Look at my chain, it's embarrassing If Young Metro don't trust, you I'm gon' shoot you

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

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