

Like Me

Joey Bada\$\$

One time
What's the word
What's the word
What's the word
Yo yo yo yo yo, yo yo
Turn me up on the headphones

If looks could kill I let the swank drill like a deadly weapon
I drop bombs on an enemy at any second
Look at me wrong I turn you to tomb stones
Lock you in the crosses, and you gone, then I throw my deuce up
Sip sangrita's with your señorita, like me gusta
See with that early morning cockadoo up to your rooster
I bet my cockiness will boost her confidence
Then you gon' wonder where your highness went

I bet she get low for a nigga like me
She get low for a nigga like me
I bet she get low for a nigga like me
Low for a nigga like me

So we burn the mary jane til' the third degree
Some niggas bitin' flows yo, that's burglary
Same niggas actin' like they never heard of me
A fuck nigga could get clocked, yo that's word to me

He get blown for a nigga like
Get his head explode for a nigga like me
Put him on the floor for a nigga like me

My mind boggles when time toggles
In the ocean of stars it's hard to find goggles, we twist it up
So we put it in the air
Don't let the j's start unravelling
We gettin' blown like a javelin
She throw it back like she time travelin'
Rocked the boat so well, she jumped out and started paddling
I'm screaming "land ho!" 'bout to hit for sure
I motorboat it slow then I ripped the flow
I'm pretty sure, like nice beat, this that
Even at my weakest I still leave her speechless
How you like those peaches?
Find me rotting the apple
'Bout to bump so plump, 'bout to lock in the grapple
Feeling like the highest man about to tackle
Facts like the chat under the cap of the Snapple
Cats get decapitated for actin' a fool
Blacks get their ass sprayed just for makin' a move

We get high and say "fuck the police"
That's why we get high and say "fuck the police"
That's why we get high and say "fuck the police"

Cause every time I make a move they be sweatin' me
They want another black man in penitentiary
It's even hard for that man standing next to me
Cause he could catch a bullet that was really meant for me

It's like every step bring me close to destiny
And every breath I get closer to the death of me
I'm just tryna carry out my own legacy
But the place I call home ain't lettin' me

You can't get by if you don't respect an OG
You can't get by if you don't respect an OG
You can't get by if you don't respect an OG

Cause every corner I turn a nigga testing me
And every morning I mourn just for the loss of me
Sometimes I ask the Lord why he be blessing me
And not my brothers whose souls now rest in peace

I pray there's hope for a nigga like me
Hope for a nigga like me
Just pray there's hope for a nigga like me

I'm something like the chairman of the board, ranted
I feel, invincible, like McMahon
One of the last original emcees that's left standing on the planet
Strike like a meteor, do remedial damage, damnit
Cats can't stand it, get they ass handed and branded
By the lyrical New York City bandit
True warrior like Rembrandt
Yo some cats claim they fly but really been landed
I really can't stand it
Let me take a seat, this a Rosa Parks 'ol bum, now
Make some room for me
PE in your beeper, hun you can read it and weep
My old hoes call me now, leave a message after the beep
I don't wanna speak no I don't wanna speak
I don't wanna speak no I don't wanna speak
I just wanna be good, I just wanna be
I just wanna be free

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Hope for a nigga like me
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