

# 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  
Yeah I 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 no Maybach 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, Boss Fuckin 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 no I 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 a I 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)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>