

# 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  
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  
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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.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>