

Rapper Big Pooh f/ Roscoe Umali, Styliztic Jones

"Nobody Like Me"

Visit "[Nobody Like Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rapper Big Pooh] It's Rapper, I thought I told y'all man I thought I told y'all ain't nobody like me Y'all don't listen So I suggest you pay attention Get a little closer to the speaker Yep, that's what they saying when I step in the place Should've seen the blank look on their face I tell 'em pick up the pace Double time when you run my race Hip Hop buffet, come get you a taste Cement my place, let you get chased You Touch and Teasing tracks just like Case I swallow beats whole after I say grace Make rappers run back to the lord just like Ma\$e Inmates in a hole, number one on the pole I'm just heating up but I'm Chi-Town cold I'm California soul, god break the mould Told y'all in the beginning that I will not fold I will not move, never, however Bit of good news, me and 9th got together I suggest you pay attention to the future Dirty Pretty Things ain't my only maneuver no [Hook: Rapper Big Pooh] I told y'all dudes before That I'm the shit and I ain't never gon' stop (I ain't never gon' stop) I told y'all dudes before Now step aside as I rise to the top (as I rise to the top) I told y'all dudes before Can't nobody do it like me (nobody do it like me) I told y'all niggas before So put your hands where my eyes can see (where my eyes can see) [Roscoe Umali] From the moment of birth I've been combing the earth I realised that I'm a soldier that's alone in my search A wordsmith, I'm never at a shortage for words I burn spliffs but I've never had a shortage of herb You see, I'm from Southern Cali where the green is abundant And an ounce of the kush put me back three-hundred I came in the game, they ain't even seen me coming Till I started freestyling, I had the streets buzzing My first single was a certified street club hit I went from having three cousins to three-dozen And my groupie game stepped up, the broads keep coming Even mean mugging OGs in the streets love it They see something in me, a young Bonifacio Brush hit the canvas, I'm a young Picasso With the flow so dope, it can numb your nostrils Ohh yeah y'all, here come Roscoe, Umali! [Hook] [Styliztic Jones] Okay, yeah, I used to think it was a miracle for this to be hearable But listen to your stereo while you eating your cereal Bumping 'Pac hits

like they was old Negro spirituals People telling me
inevitably I'll be imperial But pivotal instances can only
make you critical When writing from my heart homies
saying that it's lyrical Hustle from my living room,
knowing that my liver doomed I ain't gon' be living
soon, take a trip to Liverpool This'll be an interview,
small chronic interlude Dip in the Pacific and I'm
floating like an inner tube Work into my dinner doo and
I'm a vegetarian Somebody test for spinach,
underneath the ground I bury 'em Homies falling off, I
guess I got to carry 'em Women fall in love but you
know I never marry 'em I'm music to the heart, Jimi
Hendrix color reefer And Jam Master Jay face is all on
my sneakers [Hook]

Visit [Rapper Big Pooh f/ Roscoe Umali, Styliztic Jones](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.