

Sarah Brightman F/ Chris Thompson**"1, 2, 3 Nooboody"**

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Nobody!

And a 1 and a 2 and a 3 nobody!

And a 1 and a 2 and a 3 nobody!

My nigga sip, my nigga e, my nigga b, nobody!

My nigga j, my nigga shay, my nigga p, nobody

Come and fuck wit nigga, come and fuck wit it
(nobody!)

Who gon fuck wit it nigga, who gon fuck wit it (nobody)

My nigga sip, my nigga e, my nigga b, nobody!

My nigga j, my nigga shay, my nigga p, nobody

Come and fuck wit nigga, come and fuck wit it
(nobody!)

Who gon fuck wit it nigga, who gon fuck wit it (nobody)

You won't find another artist, who can sound like me

J-mac, won't find another rappa who can shine like me

You won't find another kid, ahead of his time like me

Their ain't a hustla alive, who can grind like me

And ive bin, dyin' to meet someone who grime like me

Ain't possible, nobody! got a mind like me

Who can go over ya head, make ya rewind that beat

Play catch up, and don't catch up, to rhyme thats we

Wit no ice, no gold, I still shine when I speak

Smokin' till I'm jus, (whew) blowin' pinds of weed

In a old school hoop, screens behind the seat

Boogie, stunned marko, x and I cant find the sweat

I'm tired of niggaz eatin' for free, when I grind to eat

I got a lost bullet, who wanna play finders keeps

Bois gettin' cocky now, it's bout time to speak

Real niggaz show me love, and haters grind they teeth

You got plex, bitch throw me, shoot a nine at me

And I'm like a butcher, cause I handle all kinds of beef

People askin' mac, how he go about findin' me

Cause I already got three verses done, I had to find a
beat

Kissed my main chick, and had the girl cryin' for weeks

But ain't nuthin changed, you got nobody, start dryin'
ya cheeks

The game, has bin tookeen, look it how they lookin'

The way I drop this light weight, before they even fly
the hook in

gyeah, ay
I'm from the place where they box, and don't break no
fights
In nobody land, we get trained to break yo mics
Shake up dice, speak once don't say thangs twice
Give my niggaz love, new comers don't shake hands
light
Over dance them dumb niggaz, they gon pay us twice
Some cookin' in my kitchen, and we don't bake up rice
A born hustler, bin one ain't gave up right
I'm so fast I had to slow down, and wake up life
Haha, lemme slow it down, do a show and clown
While on the streets, theres rowin' sounds
See how fast it go around
Gyeah, where my nobody team
Paid in full, color changin' click, nah I mean
Uh huh, I'ma young fly cocky
Mutha fucka, and ain't nobody gon stop me
Girls love me, they say Yung Ro crazy
Plus she love the way I hop out, and say what's up baby
They say Yung Ro so coo, what a foo
He is, ro no mami I'm so meish
Ye, I'm me, Yung Ro, fuck wit it, nobody!

And a 1 and a 2 and a 3 nobody!
And a 1 and a 2 and a 3 nobody!
And a 1 and a 2 and a 3 nobody!
Ye, ye, nobody!

And a 1 and a 2 and a 3 nobody!
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