

Carol King

"I'm Different"

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Intro/Chorus: samples of Big Daddy Kane

"I'm different, so don't compare me to another" (3X)

"If they can't hang, word to the mother"

Verse One: Ed O.G.

I'm not like anyone else, so don't you think up or make suggestions

"He rap like so-and-so" aiyyo yo know that's out of the question

Plus it don't sound right, cause I don't sound like -- him??

Or try to G like, see like, or even be like them
or anyone else I'm goin for self you opened your mouth
and then I stuff you

You're like a floor; walked on, waxed, and then I buff you

Plus you think you're tough too?

Witcha garbage style, rubbish nothing but trash

You wanna try me? Come on I got some shit for that ass

I never be weak, doze off, fall asleep or get tired

Put wings on your head, so it's easier to fly it

Off you go, blaow, off the block

Get funky on you suckers like a gym sweat sock

cause I turn, to inflict, pick your hair up like a pick

Ed O.G., here is me, I make medicine sick

I'm never takin a loss, but beatin em down with force

Go when Dave writes the source, I got more holes than a golf course

Here's a lyrical lesson, so you losers you learn

Wack raps are like weak jim hats, you break and get burned

So I dare thee to compare me to a soft-hearted sucker

I'm different, so don't compare me to another

Chorus

Verse Two: Ed O.G.

Some of the people wanna be equal wishin that they

could be me
They never benign, got many who rhyme in the East so
don't attempt to be
thinkin that you could do that, boy if you only knew that
I can't hold back, stompin a sucker I enjoy that
My impact, on contact, will overlap, your wack rap
Cause def tracks, exact to react, and attack the wack
I won't slack, but smoke smack slap you sap
Straight your soft so I put you in stacks
and stomp a sucker dead in his tracks, takin apart you
righ to the max
Wake to the wonderful words, buggin you up and then
waxin
Never ever takin a half-step, you diss oh that's your last
step
You slept Joe, with strep throat, so now I'ma bust your
rep
Droppin this, strictly on the metropolis
No comp for this, so why do you persist in this
Go ahead and attempt to; you better be filing exempt
too --
-- cause you're a student, who's intruding
out of your district, oh well - another statistic
While I'm statin the swift style strictly, then switchin this
Swarm in a storm somehow, and leavin your shitlist
Smoke smack slap you sap, you are a sickness
Step and stand still boy, so I can stick this
sword of rap, straight up your spine sap
So you will be too scared, you swallow my style in your
stomach
Let me shoot my sperm, until she screams and
squirms, see
But don't sweat that I got a jim hat for safety
So I dare thee to compare me to a soft-hearted sucker
I'm different, so don't compare me to another

Chorus

Verse Three: Ed O.G.

Ed O.G.'s imposing threat, to be dreaded
To those I beheaded, the rest just sweated
But some of them are skeptical, so I step
with full packed force, and you know what, I wrecked
the hoe
So don't put yourself, in that predicament
Because I'm sick of it, and you'll go out quicker than
Bounty
The Quicker The Picker-Upper while I soak em
I might choke em, or even smoke em, NAH
But I'll max, and I'll just tax

and keep scopin by oneses, just like Jacks
See I compete with the weak I come across
I'm too elite to defeat, step off cause you're soft
When I elaborate, the ruler is smooth, I collaborate
in a state to straight that you hate
After this I'll be famous, but not the same as
those who proclaim this I'll leave them nameless
Thinkin you're hard with your backup, punk don't make
me crackup
By yourself you just choke up, and plus get smoked up
So I dare thee to compare me to a soft-hearted sucker
I'm different, so don't compare me to another

Chorus 5X

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