

Sarah Brightman

"Better Than Yours"

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(Hook)

My raps is better than yours
My plaques is better than yours
My tracks is better than yours
You can have one but I have to charge

We can start with the hits on my arm I already got the
bomb
Now all I need is my first LP to go gold
Then I will have the Kwam uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh
I'm Kon the Louis Vuitton Don
Bought my Mom a purse now she Louis Vuitton Mom
Still might throw on a little low arm they want me to stop
go on gon
They don't want me to shop and me spending that hard
Oh my God is that a black car
I turned around and replied why yes
But I prefer the term African American Express

(Hook)

La La La La La Off MTV
La La La La La When you gonna go out with Me

Brains Power and Muscle like Dame Puffy and Russell
Your boy back on his hustle don't know you don't
discuss you
Every rapper want to know when they can get to work
Every stylist want to know where they can get the shirts
Everybody ripping my style like the shit that hurts
But they don't give me my credit that's the shit that
hurts
There's something I might say There's something I
might play
A beat I might made might make they life change
And save they whole deal They wrist is on chill
They house is on hill You could be Lauren Hill
See y'all write songs to keep the lights on
I'ma go in Def Jam and turn the brights on
Man I'm just sayin
When I wanted to rap y'all thought I was just playin

