

Scorcher

"We Ain't The Same"

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(Scorcher)

Eh!...Oi' Listen!....I'm back up in this bitch like I never left,
For as long as I'm spittin' they'll be second best,
I'm only goin' shot, they say I'm settin' trends,
They call it turnin' on my swag, I'm just gettin' dressed,
Skywalker everythin', fly' over everythin'
If you see me on the ground, try an' know am checkin' in,
I'm buyin' what I like, 'cah I get it in,
All these rappers copyin' my style now, S&M
(Uh)
But I'm cool as a fan, top chef swag, put it all in a pan
Linesman at best, you ain't ballin' wid man,
If I high five his rounds an applause when I rap,
I get an encore, when I'm on tour, gun fingers up like they want war,
(Huh)
I started out at the bottom, but now I'm top draw,
N***** talkin' 'bout "let's collaborate"..."what for?"

(Loick Essien's Chorus)

You N***** ain't fuckin' wit me, I'm hard as hell, Only it ain't hard to tell, my n***** are off the rails,
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)
Only we ain't the same, homie this ain't a game
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)

You N***** ain't fuckin' wit me, we hard as nails, try it an' you'll hurt yourself, my n***** are off the rails
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)
Only we ain't the same, homie this ain't a game
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)

I got a killer cool face, murders in the buildin'
Turnin' up my swag, hurtin' n***** feelings,
Used to want a grand, workin' on a million,
You can have her back, I just squirt her wit my children,
Money so long, I can't figure what to spend it on,
Louis V now, Mummy used to buy me beneton
You don't get it in, bruda how we gonna get along?

You ain't talkin' wizzy, why the fuck you on my
telephone!?
Can't tell me nuttin' I'm kanye, I'm braggers
Sittin' at the top, laughin' at suckers,
Money you'll whip but I wan' an R for ma' summer,
Shittin' on the game, wipe my arse with a one'er
I'm a stunner,
Makin' bottles pop, we ain't gotta shot,
My music minds good, but I want the lot,
I want that blow money, I want that show money,
They'll be a snow-ball in hell, when I got no money...

(Loick Essien's Chorus)

You N***** ain't fuckin' wit me, I'm hard as hell, Only it
ain't hard to tell, my N***** are off the rails,
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)
Only we ain't the same, homie this ain't a game
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)

You N***** ain't fuckin' wit me, we hard as nails, try it
an' you'll hurt yourself, my N***** are off the rails
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)
Only we ain't the same, homie this ain't a game,
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)

Changin' the weather, makin' it better
Makin' so much money, that I can't even count the
figures,

(Scorcher)
I got!

(Loick Essien)
So much money, so much money...

(Scorcher & Loick Essien)
Money! money!!

(Loick Essien)
Well how'd he do is make it rain!
Ye, Yeah, Yeah (Solo vocal)

(Scorcher)

Sky!...(Loick Essien vocal continues) Loick!

(Loick Essien)

Yeeeeaaaahhh!

(Scorcher)

Staples!

Oww!

(Loick Essien's Chorus)

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ain't hard to tell, my n***** are off the rails,
(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)
Only we ain't the same, homie this ain't a game
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(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)

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