

Amil, No 1 Can Compare

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Remember when we met like a year ago?

When I was milkin' out trix like cereal

Fuck a Chon Don Nectar Imperial

Treat me right I'll show you wifey material

Never would of thought we'd get down like this

Said you never been this happy til you found this bitch

At the Ritz countin' stacks like pounds was flipped

In the morning go shoppin let me bounce the 6

Get a kiss on the lips when I'm around your clique

Get the feeling one day you'll be crownin this

You inspire me to lace all the nouns I spit

Compared to you them other cats don't amount to shit

Always kept it wet like Bangladesh

Turned me out like mesh when you spank the flesh

Got me rotten tricken 50% and bank the rest

Your name chipped out on my tennis anklet

Chorus:

You treat me right

You make me smile

I know you care

No one could compare

You show me love

You got my back

You always here

No one could compare

Ain't no nigga like the one I got my nigga

And that's from the heart my nigga

Cuz you brought me from the slums to the top my nigga

Show these bitches what you got done to my watch my nigga

Ain't a millionaire who could take your place

Got me screamin out your name when we shake and bake

Who dat on the other line nigga? make em wait

Everybody told me don't fuck wit you

But despite all the rumors I'm in love with you

Nothing's ever too little or too much for you

If you ever leave I wouldn't know what to do

Shit you for me open like the bank accounts

Started screenin calls, stopped hangin out

Everything about you got me blankin out

You keep satisfied plus franklyned out

Repeat chorus

You think you was the first to ever make me nut

Be callin you daddy like you raised me up

Maybe one day we'll have a lil baby us

Growin up listenin to jay-z and stuff

Cuz what we are- is a perfect combo

We done come too far- to let this go

It ain't gotta be a star- to be in my show

When my man needs me I run to it

When my man calls me I jump to it

Give up everything if it come to it

Got a ring on my left hand with lumps through it

You my best friend, confidon, other hand

Up in the bubble bath, makin each other laugh

I doubt,- if I could ever give anotha the ass

Ya'll mad- cuz this ain't what most lovers have

Repeat chorus