

Royce Da 5'9" f/ Iyana Dean

"New Money"

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[Intro: sample of Beastie Boys' "The New Style"] And on the cool check-in Center stage on the mic And we're puttin it on wax It's the new style! [Royce Da 5'9"] New money, quite powerful mic module Green ducats, black models, white bottles Packed house, you lookin at the wrong nigga Long digits, we can bet the farm who farm bigger Once I go in my zone, I could leave my jewelry at home I glow on my own, you can go in my phone You gon' see some numbers of bitches that's so into me A couple you might've fucked before, mentally I don't snitch, furthermore I tour {?} It's death before dishonor before misery Let us know it - we don't make it rain no more We pull out them dollars and let her throw it We gettin new money, let us blow it [Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"] + (Iyana Dean) {"New! New!"} [Royce] I'm soundin like new money to me, {"New"} money to me [Royce] {"New"} money to me, {"New"} money to me [Iyana] You shinin like new money to me, {"New"} money to me [Iyana] {"New"} money to me, {"New"} money to me [Royce] Whoa! [Royce Da 5'9"] No iller, flow realer, go-rilla I'm no killa, dope dealer, I'm so Dilla [Interlude: Iyana Dean] United we stand, divided we fall, let's pray Any, legend, you know, we gon' miss you Missing your life, turn up the lights Lighters hiiiiiiiiigh! [Royce - during Interlude] Lighters, cell phones, whatever you got Put it up in the sky for the legendary J Dilla y'all Lights high! [Royce Da 5'9"] Uhh, you hoes can bring it, old school chosen English Frozen bling and throw-in singles Y'all niggaz, pray that your babies come out havin good hair I pray mines have all they toes and fingers We are different, point blank, distant It's just meant you rappin 'bout what I just spent As far as hip-hop's concerned you all the same A bunch of mohawks, skinny jeans and wallet chains A bunch of dancin beefin street blogger lames So don't get mad at the king if I should call your name The new cartel - the doc pop the tag off my ass when I was born, my momma pussy had the new car smell [Chorus] [Royce Da 5'9"] With no booth, the flow through, I'm so truth I'm sittin in pudding right now, I'm so +Proof+ [Interlude] [Royce - during Interlude] One more time,

hands in the AIR! For the legendary, Proof! Detroit
baby, lights high! [Royce Da 5'9"] Uhh, Lord willin, 2Pac
with more feelin Your boy's a giant, I step the floor
ceilin's More drinkin, more spillin, poor thinkin You
keep it one hundred, I keep it more Franklins I keep it
one thousand I keep, buyin and buyin, while you lookin
around until you done browsin Ha, I put my money
where my mouth is (yes!) Gentlemen's bet, no
gentleman 'bout this Non-regional dialect and outfit I'm
on my West, Midwest, East, South shit I'm all about
chips, with my swallow mouth bitch Signin out, P.S.
(Slaughterhouse) BITCH!! [Chorus] {"New! New!
New!"} [Interlude] [Iyana] Icewood

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