

**Clipse f/ Pharrell Williams****"Hello New World"**

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[Chorus - Pharrell Williams]

Hello new world, here we come  
On them Twinkie tres, with the hood screaming  
"We on our way!"  
Can't forget where I come from  
So I extend my hand to my man screaming  
"I'm on my way!"  
Yes I rap, but best believe  
Them things still get wrapped by Papi screaming  
"It's on its way!"  
I can't wait for the next nigga  
From my hood to say "Lookout World  
I'm on my way!"

[Verse 1 - Pusha T]

I listen to the beat, and the rhyme is wrote  
See, I was 16, eyes full of hope  
Bagging up grams at the higher dough  
The news called it crack, I called it Diet Coke (Ohhh!)  
At the same time, hiding from mama, dodging the  
drama  
Fuckin plenty bitches while ducking the baby mama  
I found poetry, excuse me, +Floetry+  
"Say yes!" niggaz hear the "Eghck!" and they know its  
me  
Make 'â, ðœem sick to their stomach how they s'posta  
be  
Sippin on a 50 foot yacht, nigga, motion free  
Ocean in my backyard where its s'posta be  
Funny how my neighbors don't think its where I'm  
s'posta be  
They think I'm cuter in jail  
But the only time I'm boxed in is when the roofs on the  
SL  
And that even come off, so that would mean I'm  
visiting  
New world, I hope y'all listening, envisioning!

[Chorus - Pharrell Williams/(Malice)]

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"I'm on my way!"  
Yes I rap, but best believe  
Them things still get wrapped by Papi screaming  
(Yeah!)  
"It's on its way!"  
I can't wait for the next nigga  
From my hood to say (From my hood to say) "Lookout  
World  
I'm on my way!"

[Verse 2 - Malice]

This goes out to my Hyalites that hang out on them  
corners  
Who rock Air Nike's, hustlers' way of life  
In white T's, constantly, ducking from Ds  
Pumpin that D arm, readily, waiting to squeeze  
Who stay cookin, stay lookin, over they shoulders  
Holdin them boulders, tryin to avoid central booking  
I ain't coming at 'â, ðœcha quote, unquote "Famous  
Rapper"  
Who turn positive, try to tell ya how to live  
But this information I must pass to the homies  
If hustling is a must be Sosa, not Tony  
We can all shine; I want your wrist lit like mine  
Neck and ears, I want it lit like mine  
Foreign cars, stick shift, 6 gears like mine  
Anything that keep mama from crying, visiting  
You from behind that glass, while you away,  
sentencing  
But the judge is saying "Life" like it ain't someone's life

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[Man talking]

Yo, what up? What up? This ya man Grinding, from  
downtown Norfolk.

Just want y'all to know its about time For us to come up  
and make a change man.  
They keep tryin to keep us down, but that ain't the way  
to be man.  
Its about time for us to get it together man.  
Ery'body else get they shit together  
Why the niggaz can't get they shit together, and get  
they money together?  
Hustlers come together with hustlers  
Know what I'm sayin? This ain't just for the playas in  
VA...  
This for playas all over the world!  
This Grinding!

[Verse 3 - Pusha T]

Times-a-wasting, niggaz doin so much hatin  
Free ya heart, and show ya greatness  
I, like you, had to come from up under the basement  
Just like you, had Satan tryin my patience  
Still you look at me through jealous eyes  
I wish to see all my niggaz rise up!  
Get that money, put them 9s up  
Piggy-back out the ghetto 'â, -Ëœfor times up!  
Niggaz rush!

[Chorus - Pharrell Williams]

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