

Lil Wayne f/ Brisco

"New Cash Money"

Visit "[New Cash Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Brisco]

I'm from the cocaine era, packs in my stroller
Two beepers and a flip, startech Motorola
Bally silts? Kangol tilts
Stand straight when the boss talkin, hush yo lips
My affiliates contract hits
I let the street declare war when you want dat beef
Talk cheap, get money, I was taught to ride
Loyalty came first and we dont switch no sides
I'ma savage on the block, nickel rocks, and heroin
hopes
I walked the ghetto like them, but I was takin my notes
Certified goon, the locks on standby
I just need a couple real niggas I can stand by (C.M.B.)
A bad bitch wit hips
And two niggas on the interstate takin them trips
I'm into carrots like Bugs Bunny
Young Brisco, the New Cash Money

[Lil Wayne]

Haaa.. reportin live from the booth
I'm killin these bitches, Young Wayne Carruth
Untamed and loose, plus drank and juice
I was once a spark, into a flame it grew
I don't complain to you, don't complain to me
Everbody got beef and I just came to eat
I'm in the game for D, if you in my lane I beat
I been runnin this shit and I aint neva sprained my knee
And guess who came home, Roney the O.G.
He still on paper, nigga we neva free
And fo' my homie Streets I'ma twist one up
He can't even hit the kush he gotta piss in the cup
What is dis on my wrist, shit is sicker than uggh
Yo Brisco, there aint a sky bigger than us
What's good I'm in diamonds is you tippin or what
I took ya bitch and she aint comin back to work fo a
month
Weezy!

[Brisco]

I'm in the all red slide spur, sittin on Ashanti's

Wit a bad red bone dat look somethin like Ashanti

[Lil Wayne]

Ok, Light brown, sorta tan medina
Wit a, light brown thick thing like Trina
Um, you probably seen us
Rippin the streets up wit no top between us

[Brisco]

Your so genius
Dats my word you know I got you twin
You a real nigga dog, thanks for lettin me in

[Lil Wayne]

Yea, we in the game now and I'm bettin we win
And I'm the rapper landlord just collectin my rent

[Brisco]

I put the house on lil Bris, he gon' eat dis year
Stop fo' the real niggas who aint see dis year

[Lil Wayne]

Open ya eyes, open ya eyes, cash money has a new
face
And we go tie the shit up like a shoelace

[Brisco]

And dats me the young hood messiah
'07 I'ma set the fuckin hood on fire

Visit [Lil Wayne f/ Brisco](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.