

New Boyz f/ Tyga "Cricketz"

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{*crickets chirp 24 times to open*} [Intro] Hey... hey!
New Boyz [Verse One: Legacy] I remember when
Pharrell used to rock the tight jeans with ice creams
While riding his skateboard it was like sightseeing to
lames who was afraid to change If my middle finger
could speak then I'd say the same Nigga I must state
my name, call me Legacy bitch Mrs. Sweetheart, a/k/a
let me see tits Doin too much like a Marvel backflip
Jeans stay skinny like I starve my fabric Where the
haters at? Hello I found you No I don't give a F word
about you iTune me, leave us alone Why don't you do
you and go fuck a clone, get it? Aiy, another damn
thing You'll never see me care about another man's
jeans I don't even know, like all through the years Seem
like everywhere I go the only thing that I hear is
[Chorus] Ya-da-da-da New Boyz, ya-da-da-da tight
jeans {*2X*} "Oh my God, why they jeans so tight?"
"Oh my oh my oh my God why they jeans so tight?"
Like, yeah I rock skinnys Yeah I rock, yeah I, yeah I rock
skinnys (so what?) {*3X*} If you got something to say
then please step up {*4 cricket chirps*} Psh, they like
crickets to me [Verse Two: Ben J] Look, I'll scoot back
let me give y'all your shot Now get money, best believe
I'ma get mine I see haters and I'm looking at 'em like
please, let me breathe Why y'all niggaz hatin on my
skinny jeans? Fresh kicks like I copped a magician You
must be missin the simple fact I'ma get it And you ain't
with it, baggy clothin outfits You like this, brothers actin
stiff like cactus They comin off hard but they soft like
fabric They lyin, sayin they the best like Cali They chose
me, it's obvious I'm meant for the best Skinny jeans
sag low and I know y'all know the rest I'm Ben J fool,
why these dudes wanna trip? Even though I like to
flash, get it jerkin in my kicks I'ma just keep it straight
like no one else Bright colors is here, New Boyz is near,
ha! [Chorus] {*4 cricket chirps*} Ha! One verse
wouldn't hurt [Verse Three: Tyga] Ha! Get tighter, as
the ghost of Mike rises Tight jeans, naw nigga, I don't
get hyphy So you think you can dance in them fake
Nikee? Lock your old ass down, lil' Ron Isley I've been
icey since minute maid made Hi-C Telling me she

Pisces, don't do signs, do check signings Tyga tyrant,
I'm with the power, with the diamonds The fame will
blind ya and bitch yeah I'm fuckin blind See no evil,
below the zeroes More funds to free throw, house got
the strip pole Leave your jeans at the door girls with the
speedos I'm grown I don't do those, New Boyz with new
dough Other niggaz Brunos, homies with homos I'm
Young Money, Squad Up, GD capo I get them cheese,
extra cheese, no nachos/not-yours Tyga man tatted
like vatos (ya-da-da-da) [Chorus] {*4 cricket chirps*}
Heh, they like crickets to me

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