

Hurricane Chris "New Fashion"

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I'm 18 in a S550 platinum on 22 inches
Dem haters say they gon' back me tell dem haters
come get wit me
I'm finna run da game, these other rappers lame
Only thing they rappin' about is dey watches and they
chain

I'ma beast wit it that's why I'm finna run da south
I been listenin' to these niggas run dey mouth but that's
'bout it though
I'm cut throat to the meat show
And eyes folds lame niggas like a peep show

Fake on me and watch how quick i hit yo block and get
respect
And I'm 51 50 so fake on me I break yo neck
And whoever got a problem wit somethin' da boy say
Found out where dem boys stay I hop out in broad day

Oh, yeah, you got a vest then i'm goin' for the face
You heard about Louisiana boy that's where I stay
You gotta be ready to go to war like everyday
And if you ain't don't come outside nigga that's just
how we play

Take a trip to my side that ain't cool that ain't straight
So, you come through stuntin' and get somethin' put in
your face
Man, these rapper niggas fool, let me eat these niggas
plate
Man, these rapper niggas fool, let me eat these niggas
plate, like dat

I guess that's the new fashion
All of these rap niggas actin' like
It's me and I'ma make 'em quit rappin'
I'm from Louisiana I ain't with that slick packin', yeah

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Somebody tell me why most of these niggas actin' like
hoes
And the hoes in the game be realer than most niggas
How many faces you got I mean ma nigga come on
You be a different person every time the TV come on

Nigga it ain't real if you ask me they be fakin'
Come cross me with that talk and I'll send you on a
vacation
My niggas from Louisiana 'ey loss everything
So, they stay ready to cock choppers back and let 'em
go bang

Blocka blocka big bang spittin' out dat big old thang
Artillery by the pound shit that will blow up a train
Better stay in yo lane pop dat trunk and get that thang
Put a beam on 'em and tell 'em make dem Nikes do
dey thang

Why is the world infested wit bodies rookies and
pussys
Grown ass man but dey act like dey got nookies
Dey grown ass man but dey act like dey got nookies
Niggas grown as man but dey act like dey got nookies

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So, what's hot out in the streets, you got a problem wit
a nigga
But you handle all your problems over beats, nigga
you's a beat punk
You get yo ass straight stole, quick fast
Play wit us and you gon' sleep for months
Nigga you gon' sleep for months

Creepin' in this rear view mirror and raise dem heaters
up
Raise dat desert eagle up
Wanna know the truth a lot of these niggas childish
Hoppin' on dem tracks and really think dey wildin'

I rep that L O U I S I A N A da state

Where dey holla ay bay bay and keep a clip off in
[Incomprehensible]
And these rappers, they actin' like faggots
I feel like Ice Cube man these niggas need a daddy

Pokin' out dey chest and always actin' like dey bad
While I'm snappin' like a pit ready to get off in dey ass
51, 50 we ten toes deep like that
You know me I keep dem lame ass niggas on blast

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