

Ice-T**"I Ain't New To This"**

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Come on
Come on

[VERSE 1]
Flavor Flav
(Yeah-yeah)

[VERSE 3]
On and on to the funk track
Back glass shakin like shit, that's where the trunk's at
That's cause my shit's - made for
Niggas that are hardcore
Brothers is quick to hook a left to your right jaw
Girls, come on, girls, come on, girls, come on
Get your clothes off and the fun on
Girls, come on, girls, come on, girls, come on
Get your clothes off and the fun on
It's time to check cash
Jump in my 4, hit the switch and lay the ass
While the Klan try to kill me
But I wrote 'riot' on my muthafuckin will, gee
So when I'm gone, it's on
Caps goin off on the streets like popcorn
Talkin bout Simon till the early morn'
Word is bond
But now I just cool
Bumpin my Gang Starr tape by my pool
I ain't new to this

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 4]
Check, check, I got problems with the press
Caught the punk in traffic, stabbed the sucker in his
neck
(Ugh) Punk reporter tried to diss me
(Ugh) Now the muthafucka's history
(Ha) I got to make a break hardcore fat tape
Word, I don't fantasize, I don't exaggerate
Just kick correct with the 1-2 mic check
Still quick to swing, take a sucker to the deck

I'm not the nigga you should step to like a sucker
Walk up talkin shit, you best to be a good ducker
Your posse best to run from my gun
Keep my nine off safety, and E holds the other one
(Yeah, sucker)

[CHORUS]

(They can get a smack for that)

And you don't stop

Fuck, fuck around and get your punk ass dropped

Yeah

Ice-T
'93 for the underground
I ain't new ta this

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