

The Cipse

"Hello New World"

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"Hello New World"

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Hello new world, here we come
On them twinkie trains, with the hood screaming,
"We're 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"

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, oh

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 it's me

Make 'em sick to their stomach how they s'posta be
Sippin' on a 50 foot yacht, nigga, motion free
Ocean in my backyard where it's s'posta be
Funny how my neighbors don't think it's 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

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This goes out to my Halites that hang out on them corners
Who rock Air Nike's, live a 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 'cha 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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Yo, what up? What up? This ya man Grinding, from
downtown Norfolk
Just want y'all to know it's 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
It's about time for us to get it together man

Everybody 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

Times a wastin', 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 'for times up, niggaz rush

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