

New Boyz

"The New Motto"

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Ben J:

I'm the new guy, Bill Harrison
Started this shit and no comparison
And this is my sound and we embarrassed them
Sounds so good I had to inherit them
We at the club and my song's on at the moment
If it's dealin' with weed and now we all condone it
Never roll by myself nigga roll 40
... ? Got this pussy poppin on me
I'm turnt, I'm turnt, I'm turnt
I feel like spendin' cash lil mama go to work
See I got a red eye
I'm smokin on a flapper
Got a leak in them hoes baby girl work the pipe
It's gettin later in the night
I rolled up like dice
Keep this goin go this ex ell don't need a price
And this girl got nice feet
Sho the homies want to meet cha
Oh the show girl well I wouldn't wanna beat her nowww
How ya feel? How ya feel? How ya feel?
2-O in every year least make a mill
When I get my shit pop
All my shit fadle. Mess with the little homie then all my
niggas fadin
Niggas scrappin on the pavement. Bustas get dealt
with
Riders not rollin I'm going out by myself shitttt
Hit a dude down tell that big nigga get it
Sorry for the misunderstanding I'm the real nigga
what's up?

Chorus:

Now she want a photo
Pullin on my clothes doe
Merges in my lane not the model nigga you know
Man we bout it everyday
Keep a cup in my possession
Boy I hit an?
Got another one for the session
Everyday, Everyday
Talkin bout it's a recession

But my money on point

Checkin me for the lessons

Legacy:

Likeee I do moves

A motherfuckin star

Treat her like a pail, better fuckin come hard hold up

I have a lot of sex, so I'm the fuckin man

You finger 3 models everytime you shake my fuckin hand

And boppin hoes them poppin off after shows

L.A. in this bitch and I ain't talkin bout the callll

Hit the airport with them hands in her bra got my eyes all low like

My hand writin small hold up

I be puffin on that dry dry lettuce with

Shit ain't fly my shit make Wesley Snipes like hetti

Gonna dye me you should lie and say that you foreignnnn

All this pussy in my house could you say that I hoardinnnn?

You had fun don't regret it at all

You ain't gotta start to get wet

Give head in the star

Right?

Do without bitches

Hard to imagine..."music"

Dem booty clappin

The niggas talk bout the hours that they smashin, but they flos like anal

They're raps a fuckin ass

This the last shit that we gonna show off tonight

So I guess in 2012 we gonna blow up twice

Haha

Chorus:

Now she want a photo

Pullin on my clothes doe

Merges in my lane not the model nigga you know

Man we bout it everyday

Keep a cup in my possession

Boy I hit an?

Got another one for the session

Everyday, Everyday

Talkin bout it's a recession

But my money on point

Checkin me for the lesson nigga

