

AC f/ Yael Naim "New Soul Remix"

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[Intro: AC] Yo Phenom whattup, Glaze whattup? Yo these dudes is doin a lot of commercial tracks But they ain't doin tracks from commercials, haha [Chorus: Yael Naim] I'm a new soul, I came to this strange world Hoping I could learn a bit 'bout how to give and take I'm a new soul, I came to this strange world Hoping I could learn a bit 'bout how to give and take [AC over Chorus] C'mon... I'm fresh out the box AC, Foundation, Staten Yeah, uhh, yeah [AC] I know you been askin "Who's that?" I don't know this new cat Probably cause the dude's pockets thinner than the new Mac Wallet's skinny and it's too flat in fact I ain't goin back and forth like Joey Crack and that new pack Stab where you at, put these raps on the new trap I know this nigga DJ wanna scratch like a new tat Homey see Sadaam is gone, so where my troops at? Dudes is my dom (su sa?) they tryin to move wax I make it bubble like hot soda, it's not over Smoker, cop pulled me over, said I had glaucoma I'm here you want me to leave like October Well that shit's questionable like Barack's culture Got some new soles, yeah I mean some kicks Apl got the anthem, my collection's thick Hand on the green like Twister, I don't spits a trick I just hit, I'm "2 Legit 2 Quit" How I collect haters, me and my boys trade 'em I made 'em, they sayin exactly what I'm sayin verbatim They gassed, I deflate 'em, I keep Crickets on each arm Our minds don't compare, you retard, I'm Geek Squad [Chorus] [AC over Chorus] So smart, I'm so witty, yeah I told you I'm fresh out the box Yeah, hit 'em with the flow [AC] I'm in, dat Mercedes, I pass the haze and I'm lackadaisy Puffin 'til the cancer come and get like I'm Patrick Swayze The way she snack on baby's foamin from the mouth It's like she catchin rabies, {?} she go out homey and that's your lady? (Damn!) These rappers need they battery changed And these stuck up bitches have to be tamed Mad at the game, talkin 'bout I damaged her name Her ass is so flat, she could be in Danity Kane That ain't a princess cut, that's a rhinestone I treat it like a yellow cabfare, you get bucked on the ride home Touched like the iPhone, I'm much on my grind homes You stuck in your

time zone, I'm puttin the nine hole Hustlin is so played
out, I can't stomach it You rappers beat it to death, I
had to start vomitin Abused it in quotes, and used it in
jokes You almost made it cool to be broke, I can't fuck
with it I had enough of it, now they walkin like they hard
Sayin they post up these chumps - must be talkin 'bout
they blog I discard these rich snobs and Prince Charm
they bitch hard and pitch songs 'til the new hit's gone
[Chorus] - repeat to fade [AC over Chorus] Yeah Come
at these dudes, puttin the eviction notice out For that
inner office emblem Actually actually they pullin 'em
right off They left from the label, tellin 'em they
DROPPED And you replaced with, first letter, third letter
AC Steven Tapia, whattup C'mon, yeah yeah yeah

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