

Royce Da 5'9 "It's the New"

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Team invasion

[Verse 1:]

This ain't 'Ye it's more like Aids
This ain't James it's more like a trade
And you more like Wade
And I ain't playin'
I'm more like Cuban
Not the cigar, Mark, introduce him

"It's the new" - [Beastie Boys]

"Best rapper alive" - [Jay-Z x4]

Naw

This ain't Wayne
It's more like Pain
And I ain't talkin' bout with T dash in front
I'm more like needin' rehab for months
Hock and spew lyrics on Dr. Drew's spirit
Until he has the mumps
Drunk
That's if I can put it in one word
My niggas that ain't with all the drinkin', they want herb
So even though the car plush
The ashtray full of dark butts
Like we rollin' up lookin' for Yung Berg
Top off
Bitch in the front
Domin' me up
Till my rocks off
Either that or she gonna get lock jaw
Stop naw
If she come up for air
I cut her off like Jesse Jackson with a hand on Barack's
balls
Awe
Nigga it's me
Jumper movie in the flesh straight from It-aly
Five series, six series Benz's
Fuck them little C's
I'm on some ole Maino shit
Throw everything at you but the kitchen sink till I plug

you
It's goin' down
I'm on some ole Draino shit
I'm the Rich Po, not so
The flow spells gospel
Book you for a show and turn your hotel to
hostel/hostile
(It's an invasion)
This ain't Luda, it's more like shoota
Better yet, (Shot Ya)
Pac or Big Poppa?

[Chorus:]
"It's the new"
"Best rapper alive" [x4]

[Verse 2:]
This ain't Jay
It's more like sprayed
The kind that confuse kindness with polite play
My bitch got two midgets in the bra
And a nose like a vacuum
She chillin' the Snow White way
Fuck Forbes
Fuck Money till they put some black heads them
motherfuckers
Like they come from pores
Hip hop is alive
My nigga come for yours
I got the hood open, attached to jumper cords
Alone in the mirror
Rub a dub dub
I ain't the game
Even though I don't belong in this era
I'm tryin' to take shit past Nas, Jay, Shady & Dre shit
Shout out to the Doc
I'm tryin' to find patience/patients
Lookin' like I'm pacin'
Like hello, say hello to me
I elbowed my way into niggas conversations
I don't write rhymes
I commit death threats
This my new name if you ain't guessed yet!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
Yeah, this ain't Fif
It's more like a gift
A bottle of Cris
On side of a sip or a quality lick

I'm the shit
You try to be sick
I be ridin' with silenced machine guns
While you be tryin' to be Tip
I'm still hood
I move minus the bus pass
Out with the poverty in with the new deluxe pad
This black nina
Told me I'm a black leader
That's why I be preachin' like David Banner
Minus the mustache
But I ain't runnin' from nothin'
As long as rappers is runnin'
They receive death from a sentence like capitol
punishment
The flows is mean
I make a nigga lean
Like putting the word "meth"
Up in between the words "pro" and "azine"
Your bitch sprung right after my dick go fish
I leave her numb like a tongue after a coke kiss
I'm focused
I spit madness
You niggas is borin'
You at a level orange with your bitch-ass-ness
Plots is thickenin'
And I care about rappers
Bout as much as I care to see Terrance and Rocski
bickerin'
Watch is sickenin'
Glocks is specifically hot
I'm trippin'
Is you with me or not?

[Chorus]

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