

Drake f/ Phonte, Von Pea**"New Shit"**

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* bonus song off of Comeback Season [Verse One]
[Drake] Check (Nottz, Nottz, Nottz) They ask me about
this rapper chick I might know I say I never hit it but we
sure to try it right though My verses smother beats and
they are in need of some lipo As for rappers, she is not
my type, she's like a typo Flow is universal, take a
blood test, I'm type-O Nottz do me a favor, turn the
volume up, it's quite low Alright so I might blow, my
chain emits a white glow See life is a scrimmage I am
runnin' the ice so What is about to unfold No tellin' like
a dice throw Meet a lot of chicks so your girl is
someone I might know It's only if she's nice though I
ain't about the wife though And let no, Uncle Ben's rice
throw That is just how my life go And move faster than
the leopard sprint Around the world Got a lot of spots
like leopard print I used to think you play too much But
I'd rather go deaf than lose touch Holla at me baby
[Chorus] Look Been a minute, I know my number outta
service Cause sometimes I don't really wanna be
reached Damn how things change in a year Tell me
how everything goin' And I know someone told me you
wanted to teach Let me give you my (new shit) Let me
give you my (new shit) (x6) Then call me anytime, I'll
bet you I'll be around [Verse Two] [Von Pea] It's been a
couple weeks Out travelin' and this broad I've seen a
couple freaks out battlin' for discharge It's odd I try to
tell her I ain't seen a flier one Denying some I have
desired some But that time is done And that's why I'm
good Give it to you straight out of the bottle No chaser,
I've embraced one, at least she was a model Shorty
jumped out of the closet even though I made literal Her
girl made it figurative, but baby that's what liquor do
Baby, that's the physical Maybe if we spend a few days
all alone on our throne I can get to you I know you
feelin' hittin' on the road isn't typical But I be in the
telly, on your Myspace clickin' through Your pictures
This broad, took a good game with her Fella couldn't
Roc, I wanted Dash to my Dame I'm sayin' I know I be
playin' too much But I'd rather go deaf than loose touch
Holla at me [Chorus] Look Been a minute, I know my
number outta service Cause sometimes I don't really

wanna be reached Damn how things change in a year
Tell me how everything goin' And I know someone told
me you wanted to teach Let me give you my (new shit)
Let me give you my (new shit) (x6) Then call me
anytime, I'll bet you I'll be around [Verse Three]
[Phonte] Round, round, round, round, round Ayo, the
same chick from "Don't you have a man?" "Well..." It all
blowed over like Manuel Noriega She said she wouldn't
marry the player But she's the Tamia to his Grant Hill
Man chill I thought you was my damn seal In distress,
rescue you from the landfill She said, "That ain't
enough protection I need +Affection+ like Lisa
Stansfield I guess I can't be mad at this thing that you
got I'll lace you up but I ain't tryin' to tie the knot So ah
From me you won't hear no more questions And please
understand that you got my blessings I hope that your
new love opens doors And is everything that you hopin'
for But you can't get my new shit, girl you spoken for
[Chorus] Look Been a minute, I know my number outta
service Cause sometimes I don't really wanna be
reached Damn how things change in a year Tell me
how everything goin' And I know someone told me you
wanted to teach Let me give you my (new shit) Let me
give you my (new shit) (x6) Then call me anytime, I'll
bet you I'll be around [Verse Four] [Drake] Since you
came into college, Hill is somethin you still TiVo Then
you switched the vibe and listened to Il Divo Or maybe
D.M.P., A Tribe Called Quest But when you call too much
then I call less You would always complain about my
small texts But what you call conversation, I call stress
And that put a barrier between both of our carriers And
I would be like "I ain't getting service in your area" You
be like "Nigga get your bars up" I just string you along
like I was tuning guitars up I know that I was wrong I
think that this is fate You took out those extensions and
lost you a little weight Your booty lookin bigger and I
think that shit is great A fresh start is in order, let me
take you on a date Take you on a date I used to think
you used to play too much But I'd rather go deaf than
lose touch Holla at me baby! (look) [Chorus] Look Been
a minute, I know my number outta service Cause
sometimes I don't really wanna be reached Damn how
things change in a year Tell me how everything goin'
And I know someone told me you wanted to teach Let
me give you my (new shit) Let me give you my (new
shit) (x6) Then call me anytime, I'll bet you I'll be
around

