

Marvo**"This Aint New To Me"**

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[Hook] x 2

Iâ'm bout that money, and hoes
This ain't new to me
That mean, that blow
This ain't new to me
Iâ'm bout ferrari and porsche
This ain't new to me
This ain't new to me
Nah, it ain't new to me

Let's talk about money, dough nigga
Bank rolls that don't fold nigga
You ain't cut from that cloth nigga
Why you tryina put on that robe nigga
Iâ'm in this bitch, that lemon scent
My tennis pitch let's go nigga
Talking bread, got loaf's nigga
Hunned rack when that lane change, go nigga

I make it look so easy cause I do it few slip
Money, hoes, cars, clothes
This ain't new to me
I put that workout on the block
Not to say that truthfully
For them LB's, don't need to hit my hitter
Less you want 2 or 3
Iâ'm bout that street life, bindess life
I hustler hard, believe more
When I get more, gotta give more
I got mine, better get yours
Ran through a mill I was 16, Iâ'm just stating the facts
Bout that paper homie, niggas hating on me
But let's not talk about that

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Ice on my wrist, doing double jets, turn it up
Shot a leer on my lick, gotta turn it up
Level on a level, I got bread on bread
I got bitches on bitches, and they foreign, fuck yeah
Turn up on these niggas cause these niggas very lame
They should feel shamed, need to get up bout the
game
When they snitching and they bitches wanna talk
Plenty bitches, while we steady in these bitches
And I'm fucking niggas misses
Fucking niggas mad but that ain't new to me
That ain't new to me
Poppin bottles in the vip, nah that ain't new to me
When they touch down, we run through em
That ain't new to me

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I'm a young who come from the comedies hoes
Bout to pimp game west side of the go
Now a nigga ballin like I'm 1, 2, 3
Yeah shit was balling like I was hidro
Rass I'm sweet sitting on new feet
Pull up on you niggas with the lamborghini doors
Head to the feet nigga I'm too g
Like the logo, on the top of my clothes
Smoking that pack, hit like bruce lee
Running out the heads on the top of my note
Nigga block yo, nigga hot so
If you tryina stand on top of my toe
Got 100 bands on top of my stove
Cooking for a cane, for your nostrils
Run me that cheese, no nacho
Pull up on the whip like where the top go
On the road won't about to stop for
On the late with a couple hot hoes
Got the party in my crib top floor
Damn these dames wanna see the god spouse
Got mean, got loud, got blow
What you think the shawties on the block for

Wanna talk and book a nigga for a show
You ain't talk about dough, you ain't talk about flow,
let's go!

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