

Ice-T f/ Kryst

"New Life"

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* Styled after AZ the Visualizer from the album *Pieces Of A Man* [Intro: Ice-T talking] Yeah, Iceberg, 2006
Been out the game for a minute You know, just
checking it out To tell you the truth; most of you niggaz
sound real soft, real happy Everyday niggaz ask me for
that gangster shit [Kryst] It's a new life for real [Ice-T]
Confessions of the ghetto nigga, cursed at birth I
brought the guns to the Rap game, bitches and work
Hit your body with the pump shotie, watch you jerk L.A.
Westside, nigga, now in New York The berg; nothing
gave out the words I say I'm a grown man, ain't got no
fucking time to play Step on the game once, I recruite
and parlay Slide out it for a minute, step right back in it
Why not?.. y'all niggaz don't rap that good The truth is..
y'all niggaz ain't all that hood You act like gangsters
but ain't got the heart to be one I act so I know the
fucking actor when I see one Too much security, too
much crew Too much hype, nigga, not enough you Me!,
they call me double O.G. [Chorus: Kryst] It's a new life
for real Birds flying high, you know how I feel? Sun in
the sky, you know how I feel? Reeds drifting on by, you
know how I feel? It's a new dawn, it's a new day It's a
new life for real [Ice-T] See me in the streets or bowling
up in the club Me and Lil' Ice roll like lawn wolf and cub
Don't worry about the clips, nigga, watch my fist Watch
my bitch, watch my new compact disc Your album is
carbage; filled with love songs for pussies and whores
I keep it gully, nigga, every one knows It's all the game,
til you see the flame filled the pound and Security is on
their toes every club that I'm in Cause they know I don't
give a Goddamn Never bust techs cause them fucking
shits jam Respect! but I don't respect that much I like
Mobb Deep and Nore' -- some mothers like Shyne
Game from the Westcoast, them niggaz can rhyme
Keep it hardcore, keep the shit gully in the street And
don't let soft R&B niggaz make your beats [Chorus:
Kryst] [Ice-T] Who's the fucking greatest MC and who
cares? Who can fucking shit on my name and who
dares? I straight reinvented this whole fucking game of
rapping I'm may not be a General, I'm damn sure a
Captain Pull your pants up, nigga, lean back You're

strapped, but ain't got the heart to squeeze that That
rap game is in the E, all laying on its fucking back
[Chorus: Kryst X2] [Ice-T] Confessions of the ghetto
nigga, cursed at birth I brought the guns to the Rap
game, bitches and work Hit your body with the pump
shotie, watch you jerk L.A. Westside, nigga, now in New
York The berg; nothing gave out the words I say I'm a
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