

## It's The New

Royce da 5'9"

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"  
"Best rapper alive" [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?

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

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!

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?