

# Cricketz

## New Boyz

[Verse 1] I remember when Pharrell use to rock in tight jeans with Ice Creams  
Or ridin' a skateboard it was like sight seeing, to lames  
Who was afraid of change  
If my middle finger could speak then I say the same man  
I stay my name....call me legacy bitch  
Mrs. Sweetheart AKA let me see tits doing too much like a marvel back flip  
Jeans stay skinny like I starve my fabric  
Where da haters at? hellur I found you  
No I don't give a F word about you  
I do me leave us alone  
Why don't you do you and go hump a clone  
Get it?  
Aye, another damn thing  
You'll never see me care about another man's jeans  
I don't even know, like all through the year seem  
Like everywhere I go the only thing that I hear is  
[Chorus](Da da da da) New Boyz  
(da da da da) tight jeans  
(Da da da da) New Boyz  
(da da da da) tight jeans  
Oh my God, why they jeans so tight!?  
Oh my, oh my, oh my God, why they jeans so tight!?  
Yea I rock skinnies  
Yea I rock, yea I, yea I rock skinnies (So what?)  
Yea I rock, yea I, yea I rock skinnies (So what?)  
Yea I rock, yea I, yea I rock skinnies  
(If you got something to say then please step up)  
(they like crickets to me)  
[Verse 2] Look, I scoot back let me give y'all your shot  
Y'all get money best believe I'ma get mine  
I see hater and I'm looking at them  
'Like please let me breathe'  
Why y'all niggas hatin' on my skinny jeans?  
Fresh kicks like a kindful magician  
He must be missing the simple fact that I'ma get it  
You ain't with it

Nike clothing outfits you like this  
Brothers actin' stiff like cactus

They comin' up hard  
But they soft like fabric  
They liein' sayin' they the best like Khaled  
They chose me, it's obvious I meant for the best  
Skinny jeans sag low and I know y'all know the rest  
I'm Ben J bro' why these dudes wanna trip?  
Even though I like to flash  
Get it? jerkin' in my kicks  
I'ma just keep it straight like no one else  
Bright colors is here New Boyz, is near, ha!  
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Tyga]Hah!  
One verse wouldn't hurt  
Get tighter as the ghost of Mike, rises  
Tight jeans,  
Na nigga I don't get hyphy  
So you think you can dance in them fake Nikes?  
Lock ya old ass down low lil Ron Isley  
I been icy since Minute Maid made Hi-C  
Tellin' me she Pisces don't do signs  
Do check signin's Tyga Towmry  
I'm wit' the power with the diamonds the fame will blind ya  
And bitch I'm fuckin' blind see no evil  
Below the zeros more funs ta free throw  
House got the strip pole  
Leave ya jeans at the door  
Girls with the Speedos I'm grown I don't do those  
New Boyz wit' new dough  
Other niggas Brunos, homies with homos  
I'm Young Money squad up GD Copo  
I get dem cheese after cheese no nachos  
Tyga man tatted like Vatos da da da  
[Chorus](They like cricketz to me)

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