

# New Money

## Bang Em Smurf

[Intro: sample of Beastie Boys' "The New Style"] And on the cool check-in  
Center stage on the mic  
And we're puttin it on wax  
It's the new style!

[Royce Da 5'9"] New money, quite powerful mic module  
Green ducats, black models, white bottles  
Packed house, you lookin at the wrong nigga  
Long digits, we can bet the farm who farm bigger  
Once I go in my zone, I could leave my jewelry at home  
I glow on my own, you can go in my phone  
You gon' see some numbers of bitches that's so into me  
A couple you might've fucked before, mentally  
I don't snitch, furthermore I tour {?}  
It's death before dishonor before misery  
Let us know it - we don't make it rain no more  
We pull out them dollars and let her throw it  
We gettin new money, let us blow it

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9" (Iyana Dean)] {"New! New!"}

[Royce] I'm soundin like new money to me, {"New"} money to me  
[Royce] {"New"} money to me, {"New"} money to me  
[Iyana] You shinin like new money to me, {"New"} money to me  
[Iyana] {"New"} money to me, {"New"} money to me  
[Royce] Whoa!

[Royce Da 5'9"] No iller, flow realer, go-rilla  
I'm no killa, dope dealer, I'm so Dilla

[Interlude: Iyana Dean] United we stand, divided we fall, let's pray  
Any, legend, you know, we gon' miss you  
Missing your life, turn up the lights  
Lighters hiiiiiiiiigh!

[Royce - during Interlude] Lighters, cell phones, whatever you got  
Put it up in the sky for the legendary J Dilla y'all  
Lights high!

[Royce Da 5'9"] Uhh, you hoes can bring it, old school chosen English

Frozen bling and throw-in singles  
Y'all niggaz, pray that your babies come out havin good hair  
I pray mines have all they toes and fingers  
We are different, point blank, distant  
It's just meant you rappin 'bout what I just spent

As far as hip-hop's concerned you all the same  
A bunch of mohawks, skinny jeans and wallet chains  
A bunch of dancin beefin street blogger lames  
So don't get mad at the king if I should call your name  
The new cartel - the doc pop the tag off my ass  
when I was born, my momma pussy had the new car smell  
[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"]With no booth, the flow through, I'm so truth  
I'm sittin in pudding right now, I'm so +Proof+  
[Interlude][Royce - during Interlude]One more time, hands in the AIR!  
For the legendary, Proof!  
Detroit baby, lights high!  
[Royce Da 5'9"]Uhh, Lord willin, 2Pac with more feelin  
Your boy's a giant, I step the floor ceilin's  
More drinkin, more spillin, poor thinkin  
You keep it one hundred, I keep it more Franklins  
I keep it one thousand  
I keep, buyin and buyin, while you lookin around until you done browsin  
Ha, I put my money where my mouth is (yes!)  
Gentlemen's bet, no gentleman 'bout this  
Non-regional dialect and outfit  
I'm on my West, Midwest, East, South shit  
I'm all about chips, with my swallow mouth bitch  
Signin out, P.S. (Slaughterhouse) BITCH!!  
[Chorus]{ "New! New! New!" }  
[Interlude][Iyana] Icewood

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>