

Something New (feat. Hell Rell)

Cam'ron

Look ma!
I don't care who you with,
I ain't here to shoot the shit,
When you see me, you gon' see an exclusive whip,
A coupe or six,
That's neither here or there
But we can be here or there, you feel me?
I'm killa, so that means you dealing with skrilla,
You ever felt chinchilla, huh?Killa!
Ayo she even on the internet (computer),
Or watching lifetime (t.v)
But she never met me in her life time (never)
Wore a size 5 (five), roll with five-nine (9)
I keep 9-9, nine for the pipeline!And they call me ruger rell, how you doing baby? (what's good?)
I like how you haul with the bricks, I can move 'em baby
Yeah, Mr. Campbell, I'm kind of souped ma
I ain't into talking, it's you getting in the coupe maYeah, plus her eyes hot (hot), get in my drop (drop)
She said why, shit I'm like why not?
Where you wanna go, the waffle house, ihop?
Now sit ya head in my lap, meet cyclops!Or we can do Mr. Kay's on the weekdays,
Steakhouse weekends, feeling using sheep skins (word)
And I'm all grown up with a peach benz
I'm tryna fuck I ain't really wanna be friends[Chorus]
Uh, she fly (she fly)
She cute (she cute)
She ride (in what?)
In coupes (oh)
She shoot, she nice, she rude
But she still want something newDipset, remember summer crazy? (loco)
But you been mad since brenda had a baby ('91)
I'm just a offspring...members of the 80's
Give surrender to his lady, get offended if she play me (whoa!)
I know...a lot of men are phony
You just looking for that homey that can be ya tenderoni
That one and only, that stop from being lonely
That chachi to ya joni, that rock ya little ponyHell rell and a model sitting in a gt, k-I-s-s-I-n-g
First come love, nah it ain't love
I'm a gangsta, make her hold my guns to my drugs
Yeah, I know she feeling a gangsta but

It's hard for her to be with a gangsta
There's some certain things that she gotta do to keep me happy
Fry some good chicken, when I hit it call me daddy, c'mon!
Weeks ave mama, I get cash mama
Those some sexy thighs, I like that ass mama
Something like a g cause I bust my mag
Mama you don't love me you just love my swag[Chorus]And I'm lactose intolerant, pack toast no tolerance
Black mac in backpack, blackjack and hollasense!
Any turbulence (turbulence), we'll go to providence
I keep the murder tints, on the impalaminge
Any murder prints? (sh), no acknowledgment
I go to work sir (sir), she in college miss
If I like her I'm cuffing her,
The wife of a hustler, be nice to ya customers
When she bite it I muzzle her,
Tight when I cuddle her, that's right when I puzzle her
Yeah I'm right for the jugular,
I ain't tryna juggle ya, diamonds when I smother herYeah, and you know all my guns got a muffler
Just wanna see the slut in her, I don't want a hug from her (nope)
This the life and I'm living it up
And if you wanna be with a g, then get in my truck[Chorus]

Songwriters

Penn, Dan / Oldham, Spooner / Giles, Cam'RonPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>