New money

KLOOZ

[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 hiiiiiiiiiigh!
[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

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