

# Brand New

## Lil' Wayne

Ridin' round tha city wit some brand new heat

Brand new car, brand new feet

Brand new seats, brand new smell

Put out tha roach light a brand new L

Fuck you bitch, I'm actin' brand new

Fuck you bitch, my shirt brand new

Fuck you bitch, my shoes brand new

Fuck you bitch, I'm actin' brand new

I'm cold like a midnight in Aspen

I am tha president and tha assassin

Cameras on big lights, action

Welcome to the show, I am tha main attraction

Money in tha mattress, money in tha attic

Money on my mind, money is my habit

Stay on tha grind until money's automatic

Bitch, I love money, I'm a fuckin' fanatic

Always strapped, gripped tight graspin'

Say what? Who me? Click clack, blast 'em

Chrome 24s, tires thin like napkins

Gotta ride big 'cause I am like a captain

You know I'm a boss, chillin', relaxin'

Probably in my office doin' my taxes

You little niggas so not in my bracket

And I don't even have time to practice

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(Brand new)

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(Brand new)

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(Brand new)

Fuck you bitch, I'm actin' brand new

(Brand new)

Ice, ridiculous price

Ya camera has never seen a picture this nice

I'm fishin' and tha bitches will bite

It's probably 'cause my game is Fixodent tight, right  
I'm fuckin' every bad bitch twice  
And if she doesn't wear panties then I fuck her on sight  
I'm nasty like spice, I know what she likes  
I could make a black women scream like she white  
I can make a white woman scream like Mike  
But before she start singin', she gotta check my mic  
Niggas just hatin' and I done lost sight  
It's like I don't see 'em, I only see tha light  
Talkin' that shit but you boys just hype  
I hope you bring ya gun to tha fight, aight  
Louis V tennis shoes, big brown stripe  
You think you fresh shit, nigga, I'm ripe  
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Fuck you bitch, I'm actin' brand new  
(Brand new)  
Fuck you bitch, my shirt brand new  
(Brand new)  
Fuck you bitch, my shoes brand new  
(Them too)  
Fuck you bitch, I'm actin' brand new  
(Okay)  
Brand new coupe, drive it crazy than a motha  
Sittin' low in tha seats wit tha burners sittin' under  
Got my tank top top down, it probably ain't summa  
But I ride like that 'cause I'm hotter then the others  
Damn, it's no keepin' up with tha brother man  
I could spell my name in burnt rubber  
I'm gone, leave me alone, all tha doggy's at supper  
You could wash my plate and put it back in tha cupboard  
Uh um, I'm so far ahead of them suckers  
I'ma hafta start rappin' in numbers  
I promise tha flows don't stop, they come rappin' like thunder  
I bet you hide under your covers  
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(Brand new)  
Fuck you bitch, my shirt brand new  
(Brand new)

Fuck you bitch my shoes brand new  
(Them too)  
Fuck you bitch, I'm actin' brand new  
(Yah)

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