

# Hello New World

Clipse

Hello new world, here we come  
On them twinkie trains, with the hood screaming, "We're on our way"  
Can't forget where I come from  
So I extend my hand to my man screaming, "I'm on my way"

Yes, I rap, but best believe  
Them things still get wrapped by Papi screaming, "It's on its way"  
I can't wait for the next nigga  
From my hood to say, "Lookout world I'm on my way"

I listen to the beat and the rhyme is wrote  
See, I was 16, eyes full of hope  
Bagging up grams at the higher dough  
The news called it crack, I called it Diet Coke, oh

At the same time, hiding from mama, dodging the drama  
Fuckin' plenty bitches while ducking the baby mama  
I found poetry, excuse me, floetry  
"Say yes? niggaz hear the, "Eghck" and they know it's me

Make 'em sick to their stomach how they s'posta be  
Sippin' on a 50 foot yacht, nigga, motion free  
Ocean in my backyard where it's s'posta be  
Funny how my neighbors don't think it's where I'm s'posta be

They think I'm cuter in jail  
But the only time I'm boxed in is when the roofs on the SL  
And that even come off, so that would mean I'm visiting  
New world, I hope y'all listening, envisioning

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This goes out to my Halites that hang out on them corners  
Who rock Air Nike's, live a hustlers way of life  
In white T's, constantly, ducking from Ds  
Pumpin' that D arm, readily, waiting to squeeze

Who stay cookin', stay lookin', over they shoulders  
Holdin' them boulders, tryin' to avoid central booking  
I ain't coming at 'cha quote, unquote famous rapper  
Who turn positive, try to tell ya how to live

But this information I must pass to the homies  
If hustling is a must be Sosa, not Tony  
We can all shine, I want your wrist lit like mine  
Neck and ears, I want it lit like mine

Foreign cars, stick shift, 6 gears like mine  
Anything that keep mama from crying, visiting

You from behind that glass, while you away, sentencing  
But the judge is saying "Life" like it ain't someone's life

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Yo, what up? What up? This ya man Grinding, from downtown Norfolk  
Just want y'all to know it's about time  
For us to come up and make a change man  
They keep tryin' to keep us down, but that ain't the way to be man  
It's about time for us to get it together man

Everybody else get they shit together  
Why the niggaz can't get they shit together and get they money together?  
Hustlers come together with hustlers  
Know what I'm sayin'? This ain't just for the playas in VA  
This for playas all over the world, this grinding

Times a wastin', niggaz doin' so much hatin'  
Free ya heart and show ya greatness  
I like you, had to come from up under the basement  
Just like you, had Satan tryin' my patience

Still you look at me through jealous eyes  
I wish to see all my niggaz rise up  
Get that money, put them 9s up  
Piggy back out the ghetto 'for times up, niggaz rush

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