

I Ain't New Ta This

Ice-T

Come on
Come on

Do this, ugh, come on, come on
Time to get wreck and kick the so on and so on
The I-c-e-T
O.G. M.C.
L.A.P.D.
H-a-t-e-
s (Ho!)
Watch the mic blow
I flip scripts, and the Dump drops the Ammo
Time to get wreck with the new style
It's '93 and MC's are gettin buck wild
But I - ain't a - nigga
That's gonna get left with a big zero as a figure
I'm gonna end up with a big sum
Cause if you don't like one jam, I always got another one
Different, specifically I don't copy
Tear up the track if the flow sounds sloppy
I don't play one game
I bust about a dozen cuts on my lp's, none the same

I ain't new to this
I ain't new to this
Never been
New to this
Nigga
New to this
I ain't new to this
Fool
New to this
Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist

Boom bam, I drop fat slang
When I used to hustle, used to be down with the crack game
When I was young, I used to roll with a street gang
If you wanna squabble, muthafucka, it ain't no thang
I ain't new to this, I ain't new to this
Blow your dome, I hit quick as a pugilist
Ugh, ah, what's up? Now your eyes swoll'
Thought I went soft, cause my records went gold
(Sucker) Buster, you'se a - muthafuckin punk fool
Caught you in your eye while you reached for your tool
Now it's mine, and you're blind
Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop goes the nine
Yeah. what you're dissin bout, friend?
Sayin I went out, but you ain't never been in
I got r-e-s-p-e-c-t in the industry
That's somethin that you'll never see

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(They can get a smack for that) --> Flavor Flav
(Yeah-yeah)

On and on to the funk track
Back glass shakin like shit, that's where the trunk's at
That's cause my shit's - made for
Niggas that are hardcore
Brothers is quick to hook a left to your right jaw
Girls, come on, girls, come on, girls, come on
Get your clothes off and the fun on
Girls, come on, girls, come on, girls, come on
Get your clothes off and the fun on
It's time to check cash
Jump in my 4, hit the switch and lay the ass
While the Klan try to kill me
But I wrote 'riot' on my muthafuckin will, gee
So when I'm gone, it's on
Caps goin off on the streets like popcorn
Talkin bout Simon till the early morn'
Word is bond
But now I just cool
Bumpin my Gang Starr tape by my pool
I ain't new to this

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Check, check, I got problems with the press
Caught the punk in traffic, stabbed the sucker in his neck
(Ugh) Punk reporter tried to diss me
(Ugh) Now the muthafucka's history
(Ha) I got to make a break hardcore fat tape
Word, I don't fantasize, I don't exaggerate
Just kick correct with the 1-2 mic check
Still quick to swing, take a sucker to the deck
I'm not the nigga you should step to like a sucker
Walk up talkin shit, you best to be a good ducker
Your posse best to run from my gun
Keep my nine off safety, and E holds the other one
(Yeah, sucker)

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Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist

(They can get a smack for that)

And you don't stop

Fuck, fuck around and get your punk ass dropped

Yeah

Ice-T

'93 for the underground

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