

New Life

Ice-T

Yeah, Iceberg, 2006
Been out the game for a minute
You know, just checking it out
To tell you the truth; most of you niggaz sound real soft, real happy
Everyday niggaz ask me for that gangster shit

It's a new life for real

Confessions of the ghetto nigga, cursed at birth
I brought the guns to the Rap game, bitches and work
Hit your body with the pump shotie, watch you jerk
L.A. Westside, nigga, now in New York
The berg; nothing gave out the words I say
I'm a grown man, ain't got no fucking time to play
Step on the game once, I recruite and parlay
Slide out it for a minute, step right back in it
Why not?.. y'all niggaz don't rap that good
The truth is.. y'all niggaz ain't all that hood
You act like gangsters but ain't got the heart to be one
I act so I know the fucking actor when I see one
Too much security, too much crew
Too much hype, nigga, not enough you
Me!, they call me double O.G.

It's a new life for real
Birds flying high, you know how I feel?
Sun in the sky, you know how I feel?
Reeds drifting on by, you know how I feel?
It's a new dawn, it's a new day
It's a new life for real

See me in the streets or bowling up in the club
Me and Lil' Ice roll like lawn wolf and cub
Don't worry about the clips, nigga, watch my fist
Watch my bitch, watch my new compact disc
Your album is carbage; filled with love songs for pussies and whores
I keep it gully, nigga, every one knows
It's all the game, til you see the flame filled the pound and
Security is on their toes every club that I'm in
Cause they know I don't give a Goddamn
Never bust techs cause them fucking shits jam
Respect! but I don't respect that much
I like Mobb Deep and Nore' - some mothers like Shyne
Game from the Westcoast, them niggaz can rhyme
Keep it hardcore, keep the shit gully in the street
And don't let soft R&B niggaz make your beats

Who's the fucking greatest MC and who cares?
Who can fucking shit on my name and who dares?
I straight reinvented this whole fucking game of rapping
I'm may not be a General, I'm damn sure a Captain
Pull your pants up, nigga, lean back
You're strapped, but ain't got the heart to squeeze that
That rap game is in the E, all laying on its fucking back

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