

## 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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