

# 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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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

(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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New to this  
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Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist

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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I ain't new to this  
Never been  
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I ain't new to this  
Fool  
New to this

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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