

Newbie

Bryson Tiller

Yeah, yes sir
The new nigga, where the fuck did he come from?
I got all these niggas shocked, stun gun
And there will never be a nigga I run from
Pussy nigga speed dial 9-1-1
I walk around wit' my chin up
Fresh and cold, it's winter
Neck filled with more juice than a fucking bar mitzvah
That's what I deserve, I be ridin' round in that Hertz
'Cause a nigga tryin' to kill me
I will fuck around and whack him first, yeah
Then and there, she dissed me
But I just saw your girlfriend with
She know I ain't Pepsi but that bitch still tryna qench me
When I'm hungry, I eat this beat
'Cause that's just my killer instinct
Bars on bars on bars, I lock you niggas up, I got plenty
Niggas ain't see me early, ayy
Diss me, nigga I dare you 'cause
All these niggas is fake as that jewelry they be wearin', uh
Gut top the whip, now I'm ridin' in the caucus
Fresh hat above my head like I'm thankin' Arby's
I'm rollin' with some Barbie hoes, they love them whip, cardio
I drive these bitches crazy up until I Peter Parker, ho
She Spider-Man, saw me on the web, want me to fly her in
She told you that she only like girls, nigga try again
Exception for tonight though, she gon' pop it for the new dude
Kicks match my pull-over, I had to cop 'em, woop woop
Tell them hoes when the train on me, they legs gon' be, "Choo choo"
I'm crazy, coo coo, they like "Maybe," I'm like, "Coo, coo"
Heh, new rules, my game, never changes
My hoes be light skin, my phone book, yellow pages, hehe
That was crazy, she black and white, immigration
She goes to South America, she could rock as Venezuela
I'm new, I'm sick, my crib should be an incubator
My flow on incinerator, make yo' box incinerate ya
I'm in the buildin', renovator
I will not befriend a hater
Fuck the world, penetrate her
Life's a bitch, inseminate her
All you niggas jealous, they still runnin' on the track
But in person, you out of breath
Like you just did a hundred laps, nigga
I can do a hundred reps in one night
Bitch, I'm Mister Claus
Slidin' down your chimney, skip the tree and I'm gon' get you, bro
No, I wouldn't get involved 'cause I can be an asshole
If these wack niggas want beef, I got my last ho
Niggas need to ask, yo, and know so
Last young niggas make it rain over and over, snow globe
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho' up, least I kill these poachers
I don't give a damn, can't nobody fuck my flow up
Put yo' head in the briefcase, and mind yo' own business, shit
My mama told me tell you mind yo' goddamn motherfuckin' business, bitch
Young mama, what's in yo' drink? I think I'ma finish it
Tonight when we sexing, you gon' think that I invented it
Bitch, I'm making bangers for the industry

Tell somebody fuck with me
Tell somebody can't nobody fuck with me, I'm too cold

Yeah, haha, hehe, tell 'em that I do this man, this what I do man, this what I does! Hehe, nah, I ain't on no cocky shit though. But for real, I just want love, hehe. Everybody's fuckin' with me man. I'm dropping bangers