

New Gang

Chris Brown

Oh you see the new gang comin', new gang comin'
Got that new gang comin' in
You see the new gang comin'
Bitch it's OHB, yeah we comin'
Propane got us all blunted
The cocaine got her nose runny
The strap got 100 rounds in it
If it ain't about money nigga, you ain't sayin' nothin'

Pull up to the club 'bout 100
It's a lotta Pirus and a couple bounty hunters
I'm whippin' in that Wraith with my gunners
105 west with some shooters right in front of us
Got that meth lab up and runnin'
Rest in peace to the big homie [?]
Rest in peace to young [?] lil homie
From Centerville to Fruit Town, we gettin' money

You don't bang bang, you ain't gang gang
You ain't never slang, choppin' 'caine
With a bad bitch from Spain
Talkin' slang off the Promethazine
OHB bitch, new whip
Stashed with rubber grips
Stackin' chips
Some of my homies Bloods and some bangin' Srips
22 rims with my brims and some lady friends
Stackin' ends, niggas in my way, that's one to the chin
Pockets on swole, I got a bunch of bands on me
All these model bitches, they can't keep they hands off me

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Pull up, pull up if you 'bout it nigga
Where I'm from, we body niggas
Kamakazis on Kawasakis
On 12 o'clock, you ain't ridin' with us
I got killers that do what I say when I need
Bullets spray fire out that lever
I got homies pullin' up in broad day
And set this bitch off like Keef
Smokin' Khalifa
And you was the one sayin' you was ready for war
Now you on the ship, you sound like a bitch
Can't fuck with your boy
This that new gang
All my niggas wear new chains
And I put my bitch in a Mulsanne
OHB in a black Lamb' like Bruce Wayne

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Pardon me but I don't usually talk a lot
If you ain't talkin' money, nigga what you talkin' 'bout?
The drop head take up multiple parkin' spots
Nowadays gotta keep most shooters in Harvey got
All about my presidents, hustle, never hesitant
Fuck who you invested in cause me, my niggas next to win
Money be my closest kin, I consider it my fam
Keep the drummer like a bam and bein' broke, I never can
Money's all I understand, I speak that shit fluently
Every way, you never there, we call that shit truancy
You speakin' that foolery, this money's nothin' new to me
Ain't worried 'bout who's hot, I was cool before it was cool to be
Fucking with a triant god, welcome to the tribe mob
Plus we out here ballin', bang it down like a LeBron lob
Championship rings for me and my fellow squad
Truth 100 like the numbers never lie, yeah

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