

## New Direction

Jaden Smith

(It's a monster  
It's a monster  
Money, money  
It's a monster)

Pack after pack after pack  
Tell paparazzi relax  
I never look for the trap  
You heard, we already know where it's at

Huh, I don't react, I'ma just look at the stacks  
Uh, uh-uh, why you gotta flex like that?  
Yeah, I only care about the racks  
Tryin' to finagle the tax  
Start a company and look at the facts  
I'm out the country, they know where I'm at  
They trying to come for me  
But know they can't fuck with me  
We love the way you kill the fashion  
I hope you know that was just a distraction, nigga

Pack after pack after pack  
Tell paparazzi relax  
I never look for the trap  
You heard, we already know where it's at, ok

Run for the pack  
Left with a package, runners are bringing it back, okay  
And all of these blogs, nigga, I give a fuck what they say  
I'm back in the place, girl yell at the DJ to back up the bass  
I'm on the way, room 49, '42 in the safe, yeah  
Nobody's safe, the packs are laced, say she wanna taste  
They smashed the guts in my face, but I can roll Backwood again  
But I'm coming back with the gang like ok  
Okay, okay,  
Ayy, I ain't really with the shit  
Big bag full of pink packs, got a Kit-Kat in the whip, yeah  
This that new drip, she like the whole clique  
She need that, she like, "I wish, oh, I wish"  
I'm in, so stylish  
I ain't gotta tell what I get  
Fuck the high, nigga, you a toilet  
Wait

Push packs through the border, move faster  
Secret space program  
Main bedroom in the house is called the master  
They'll never think they on the 'Gram with  
Think it's time to tell 'em who I am  
Just so they can fully understand  
They put a fire on my head  
Always pick truth, never dead  
Cups in the air  
We don't give a fuck send the add'

I don't understand  
Why you got a hundred fifty thousand in your hand

nigga wait  
Ya'll just building castles in the sand  
nigga wait  
Flexin' in that Falcon, fuck a Lam'  
Shit, why you always playin', huh?  
I drip a wrist, spin up in the ship  
Way too far with the images  
Niggas think I'm the new Wiz  
All these gold bricks I'm skippin' in  
They think I'm actin' different  
Just 'cause now I'm trying to flip dividends  
Gold throne that I'm sittin' in  
Rose gold, kiss venomous  
Big drip down in Africa  
This year, just how I did in Flint  
I tried to tell 'em Ma  
They wasn't listening  
I think it worked to my benefit  
Only seein' nothin' but the benefits  
I just pray to God that somebody get a grip  
They yellin' and tellin' me let 'em live  
I'm guessing the vision's ahead of 'em