

# New Ting

Marc E. Bassy

I got a new ting, I love her like butane  
We get fire in a minute  
She just make me feel different, got me to change  
She tell me stories, yeah she do  
All the shit that her dad did  
If her mother fuckin' run up 'cause she lookin' like a come-up  
She a savage

Baby, don't be shy, you don't ever need a reason why  
If you give me that reaction, I'ma give you satisfaction  
Don't tell me no lies, I won't tell you no lies  
If you give me that reaction, I'ma make sure that you're satisfied

You're my new thing, you're my new thing  
I ain't thinking 'bout the past now  
You're my new thing, you're my bad girl  
'Bout to hit you with the pad down

I got a new boo, already been to Nobu  
She ain't impressed with the press  
Let me hit it in the back seat of my old school  
I'm slappin' old school, she like Bacardi  
We on the west side highway  
Racing down the sun in a 'Rarri

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'Bout to hit you with the pad down

Yeah, the liquor, smoke, and the grams of coke  
Never got me quite as high  
When I get you home, we got nothing on  
I'ma love you 'til we die

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