

## Same Old Brand New Style (I Can't Wait)

Nice & Smooth

Yeah yeah, that's right, it's us  
Yeah yeah, that's right, it's us  
Yeah, fly girls get up, and shake yo' butt  
Yeah, yeah  
Get up, get up, uhh, and shake yo' butt  
Hey, get up get up get up get up get up

Hey ladies, Nice & Smooth is in the house  
And you know they turn the party out  
Ladies, I can't wait

Hey yo same old brand new style  
From "Junkies," "Jewel of the Nile"  
Ah don't urk the nerves, make us reach in the files  
We got joints by the piles  
We got the same old brand new style  
It's the "Junkies," "Jewel of the Nile"  
Ah don't urk the nerves, make us reach in the files  
We got joints by the piles

Aiyyo Libby Libby Libby on the label label label  
Records in the crate behind the turntable  
Time for us to throw shit up on the table  
Hear me on the radio, see me on the cable  
Head banger booty banger, rap singer  
Don't got no time to be the gunslinger  
To negativity you give the middle finger  
Got the black Lear jet inside my hanger  
Smooth B, so sharp up like a singer  
Catch me at the body shop, Auric Goldfinger  
Check it out, check it out  
This is how we turn it out

Smooth B, at the top of the mountain and still climbin  
Never stop, for pressure makes diamonds  
Call me late at night, perfect timin  
Visionary, five years ahead when I'm rhymin  
Thoughts, deeper than those that sparked Plato  
Holdin me, is like tryin to hold a tornado  
Say word - word, you'll get mashed, like potato  
I'll beat you like Bruce, when he turned into Cato  
Who be the winner? The snake or the monkey  
Hard to tell but this beat, this shit is funky  
I smoke chunky, I'm no flunky  
My lyrical flow will knock needles out of junkies

The bass be kickin, the high-hat hissin  
The snare be smackin, dough keep stackin  
Bought a Lo-Jack in case of car jackin  
Check me out as I bring it from my 'phragm  
Peace to Funkmaster, peace to Crazy Sam  
Puff a whole Owl, never sniff a gram  
Style sticky like indo, tight like a clam  
Greg N-I-C-E, my name ring bells  
Make MC jail it ain't hard to tell

Threw a hundred dollar bill in the wishin well  
You owe me a Grammy like Patti LaBelle  
You owe me a Grammy like Patti LaBelle