

New Wave

Dae Dae

[Intro]

Boy they already know what it is when I talk this shit here
Dae Dae let's go and give it to 'em boy
Let's go'n get 'em out the way, it's a new wave nigga[Verse 1]
Neck piece too lit, this bitch too lit
AP two bricks, bad bitch too thick
Fashion, oohwee, backend, oohwee
Kardashian, two piece, MAC or that Uzi
Trappin' by pool creek, action when it's 'bout me
They say you not the man in the streets
I'm flashy, now you got with the key
I crashed it, now I'm in that new straight A Jeep
It's happenin', they finally freed my fuckin' brother D
Don't panic, man time to turn up on them beats
I'm dangerous, oh you actin' hard? nigga please
Gang with me, and we in the club one hundred deep nigga

[Chorus]

This bitch too lit, thug bitch, Ruth Chris
Dark bitch, dark shades, dark pay, okay
Red bitch, Charday, red bottoms, two K
Yachtmaster forty K, Atlanta new wave
This bitch too lit, thug bitch, Ruth Chris
Dark bitch, dark shades, dark pay, okay
Red bitch, Charday, red bottoms, two K
Yachtmaster forty K, Atlanta new wave[Verse 2]
Atlanta new wave, I got Bluray, woo
Still in the burbs, bitch I'm too paid
The Forgis make me swerve when I'm cruisin'
I know I make 'em nervous how I do this shit nigga
Pop the donk on Irving, leave the keys in the ignition
And I'm shooting like Curry nigga, try me I'ma swish it
My big chain nervous, I got racks and I got glizzy
In that blue excursion, I'm in traffic sitting on inches
I might go to Follies, go to Flame and throw a twenty
I might take her shopping buy her that but ain't no feeling
She still go to college but her daddy don't be tripping
And I'm with my partners, time to turn up with my niggas

[Chorus]

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Yachtmaster forty K, Atlanta new wave[Verse 3]

It's the new wave, I got blue rays
Might pull out the garage in the new Wraith
Fuck 'em if they hatin', bitch I'm too paid
I'm clutchin' 'cause they hatin' but it's cool, hate
My bitch too lit, your bitch my bitch
Big rim, big crib, four-fifth, right here
I won't let you try me ever ever again

This lil bitch want molly, she want percs and shit (molly percocets)

You know it ain't no problem, we gon' work the shit
Order up them bottles, Dae Dae got this bitch lit
And we want them hoes that bring all her friends

We got this bitch loaded, go'n and turn up, yeah[Chorus]

This bitch too lit, thug bitch, Ruth Chris
Dark bitch, dark shades, dark pay, okay
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