

# 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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