

# Get on This

## Ugly Duckling

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well, my name is Andy C and I can guarantee  
That if you wanna be down, then down is where I'll be  
I'm on Fresh Mode, I rock Fresh Mode  
I rap Fresh Mode, I'm on Fresh Mode And I'm Dizzy Dustin, bustin', that's my trade  
And all you sucka alligators gotta get soufled  
I'm on Fresh Mode, I'm on Fresh Mode  
I'm on Fresh Mode, I'm on Fresh Mode Hey, let me plummet from the summit to the scene as bactine  
To clean away the rotten bacon fakin' sizzling  
I wanna make your feelings cool, let's get you a towel  
With a style, I keep it fresh like a produce aisle  
What's up to the guys with especially you ladies  
If it's jiggling baby, then go ahead maybe Rock to the rhythm, to the roll, to the rap  
People stand in line when my rhymes are on tap  
They color me fresh with the flesh crayon  
And if it doesn't stay on, I got a can of spray on  
So you can see how top choice we get Yo, man I come fresher than a moist toilette  
Now some of these players play mister big salami  
But truth be told, they're fold like origami  
And cease to make moves, 'cause they get stuck in the tarpit When they try to spill shame  
On my stain resistant carpet  
In combat, I'm a diving wombat  
When I'm locked in, I'm a rugrat, well get on that I adjust my bird sight to terminate a termite  
And torpedo a mosquito, 'cause I hate a bug bite  
I put the dark vibes in the archives to stay  
Why? I'm done feeling drowsy and lousy today  
And if you feel the same way  
Come check us at a spot with no dress code  
We're on Fresh Mode We're on Fresh Mode  
We're on Fresh Mode  
We're on Fresh Mode  
We're on Fresh Mode This fresh breath mint gets dropped like a hint  
I see them but they can't see me like limo tint

I'm lint under a black light, I stand out  
While you rap to Flashlight and fan out  
Put an embargo on the cargo  
Your shipping days are through You better call [unverified]  
(Who are you?)  
I'm Andycat  
(I didn't know that) We went through stacks and stacks of old wax  
To bring it back  
Now I don't smoke Buddha, can't stand Cess  
But I'll eat a couple Ruffles, 'cause they're guaranteed fresh  
I'm like Indiana Jones dodging skulls and bones Not to mention fancy cars and cellular phones  
I see the circus on the surface, it's the pipe no doubt  
All these leaks from the spout, 'cause the freaks to come out  
The buzz around town says you gotta You gotta  
If it's anything less than fresh don't say nada  
Ugly Duckling in your ear  
With Young Einstein on the fader  
Cutting like a cheese grater Now we gotta be Sonny Bono's ex and share a song  
That hits heads like hair care, so pull up a chair  
Others want the cash prize and may commercialize  
They're sly like a fry guy stealing my fries But it's about nothing but love  
When we rockin' your pound  
Not Depeche Mode  
We're on Fresh Mode Now where's Young Einstein  
(The man with the beats to cause a disaster)  
He's on Mode, he's on Mode  
(Fresh, Fresh)  
He's on Mode, he's  
(Fresh, so Fresh) And this is Ugly Duckling, groove galore  
We rock from the clouds to the ocean floor  
We're on Fresh Mode, we're on Fresh Mode  
We're on Fresh Mode, we're Fresh

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