So Fresh

Cyssero

I'm Fresh
[Intro:]Yeah, Webby
Ha
[Chorus x5:]I'm fresh, I'm fly
So damn high
[Over Chorus Spoken by Chris]You see I'm fresh but, um
Y'know I'm not like everybody else
Y'know, I don't got a flashy car, I don't got these big chains
But, um, I'm still fresh, y'know
[Verse 1:]I'm fresh, motherfucker, I just hopped up out the tub
Rollin' bud, spittin' on the mic until they pull the plug
All rug, 'cos to all of these kids I'm like a role model
I teach 'em how to twist a J and chug a whole bottle
I'm a monster, I hope I didn't startle ya
Tryna get my profits in the green like a gardener
Beamer, Benz or Bentley, Webby's only get an Ultima
Paint peeling off the hood, bumper hangin' off the front
Interior smelling like Bogeys and Blunt Dust
But my little dump truck'll ride 'til the sun's up
Ferrari's and Jag's, got all these gettin' chicks wet
But I'm having trouble just tryna pass the admission (Or emissions) test
Cigarettes and gas money and I'm over budget
Guess I gotta borrow a 20$ from mom, fuck it
Some people whip in Lamborghini's, going so swiftly
But my pedals on the floor and I'm barely pushin' 50
I'm fresh, ha-ha
[Chorus x5:]I'm fresh, I'm fly
So damn high
[Verse 2:]I'm that skinny white dude who spits every time he's standing out
Only rapper still living in his parent's house
I'm going in as soon as someone turns the beat on

Oh yeah, you're Pitbull's mean, well so's my Bijon
I got probation coming in a month now
Cop's yelling at me 'Webby please put the blunt down!'
Used to work as Leslie's Pool Supplies to bring in dough
And I should probably start again, 'cos goddamn I'm broke
How many other dudes can come in a wreck this shit
And grew up in the burbs of Connecticut

I'ma beast and I'm always doing me
Brain-dead, pot-head with that A.D.D
So try to call me corny (stupid bitch) I still spit it true
And chances are I bang way more chicks than you (true)
I'm doin' shows so who's the idiot now
When I see your mom, little sister and your bitch in the crowd
I'm fresh
[Chorus x5:]I'm fresh, I'm fly
So damn high
[Verse 3:]Optimus Rhyme, yeah I'm that dude
I got a lot of lyrics, and stupid tattoos
I went to private school, college shirts and doctors
Didn't make honors, sold weed up out my locker
They kicked me out of HOFSTRA, now all I got is rapping
Can drop a mean verse but can barely do subtraction
Stay true to myself when I'm rhyming and it's clear
The only thing fake about me is the diamond in my ear, I'm here
So dirty I leave your region in fear
It's Chris Webby, not that other seasonal beer
That was a joke, Sam Adams, relax
But I'm keystone nice, the ultimate 30 racks
It's a fact from the burbs never whipping out a gat brother
The only time I pull a hammer is when I'm playing Super Smash Brothers
My bank account's about as low as my gas tank
But I'm fresh, and I'm fly, if you don't believe me ask Banks
[Chorus x5:]I'm fresh, I'm fly
So damn high

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