So Fresh

Frank Ocean

Unusual suspect
But I know these niggas
Jim Johnson, Big D
Ey, dis Trina and Plies, Slip-N-Slide thang
I'm in here wit The Baddest Bitch
Ey, Trina, take care these hoes 'cause I got these niggas
My steering wheel wood and my wheel's chrome
Can't pay these niggas to leave me alone
I'm so fresh, I'm so fresh
I gotta pocket full of money and my teeth glitter
Sum 'bout bein' a trill ass nigga
I'm so fresh, I'm so fresh
Paint candy, racin' scribs
Crush dem bitches, off the rip
I don't think you really wanna mess with me
Test me and eventually
See me speedin', cops don't see 'em
Fuck 'em and feed 'em, wouldn't wanna be 'em
I ain't scared of ya'll, I ain't no regular broad, I ain't scared at all
Like bone crusher I'll crush your bones
When I come through strong with my big, big brone
Ride spinners like three six do
Let me do me, nigga, you do you
Suck this clit till my shit turn blue
Put a bitch to sleep, wake me up when you through
I'ma get dress, so fresh lookin' new
And it's back to the Chevy or the cab for you
Chuck and Deuce, switchin' lanes
Ridin' dat donk and sittin' on things
You ain't never met a bitch like me
And your bitch ain't never ride a dick like me
Check the paint, watch the feet
Inches twenty-six is deep
Candy drippin' on the street
Bitch I'm ridin' BIG
My steering wheel wood and my wheel's chrome
Can't pay these niggas to leave me alone
I'm so fresh, I'm so fresh
I gotta pocket full of money and my teeth glitter

Sum 'bout bein' a trill ass nigga
I'm so fresh, I'm so fresh
Ain't too many niggas like me, I'm from a rare breed
I walk it like I talk it, was raised by a G
You ain't suppose to like me dog 'cause I'm what you wanna be
From top to bottom being trill is something that's in me
It's a helluva feelin' to know that you hundred percent a real, nigga
I been out here gettin' money since I was a lil' nigga
I'm loved by these hoes, respected by these killers
It took years of thuggin' to get to this point, nigga
I don't know if you know how it feels to walk around with stacks
I been broke and came up and I ain't going back
'Cause money get you friends, choppers get you respect
Respect out here in these streets, I got a lot of that
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