Im Fresh

Bun B

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I say gentlemen, ladies, bad ass, out of control babies
It's the return of the bad ass perm pimp ya heard
Ya boy Fr-Fr-Fresh, Fr-Fr-Fresh
Fr-Fr-Fresh, ayBitch it's the king of the trill, I'm top of the line
My paint is on drip, my rims is on shine
My butter seats reclined, cherry oak is grip
With C to blow, and purple rain to sipNow straight up off the rip, I'm letting boys know
I've never been a bitch, don't plan to be a hoe
So if you got some plex, you better keep it low
I bring it to your chest, soon as you hit the do'You know me as a pro, respect me as a vet
I put it down befo', you ain't seen nothing yet
My candy still glossy, my 4's still flossy
My rocks real icey, I'm looking kinda bossyAnd feeling real saucy, it's time to get it crunk
Now watch me pop it fly, just like I'm popping trunk
The leader of the pack, the star of the show
When Bun is in the building, you already knowI'm Fresh, brand new
Every time, that I come through
Hoe look at my wrist, my neck
I just bust me a fat ass check, hoeI'm the man, he's a wimp
If you wanna get ahead, get a pimp
Dope boy shoes, big rings
And only bad bitches say my name, hoeBitch you wanna roll with a pimp, then have it on your mind
It's all about this bread, so you gon' have to grind
I gotta stay on shine, so you know what that means
You gotta hit that track, and bring me back that green'Cause daddy need his ice, and daddy need his chain
We gotta keep it G, so rec' him as the game
A hoe need a pimp, a pimp need a hoe
And tricks need us both, so let's go get that do'In case you didn't know, I haven't been told
But pussy on the corner, and it's as good as sold
It's tricks on the prowl, so stay out on that stroll
'Cause I'ma sell your cot, and you gon' sell your soulMy pimping way too cold, but it's gon' keep me warm
With minks up on my back, and rocks up in my charm

So bitch ring the alarm, and tell 'em I've arrived
The greatest ever born, that's dead or aliveI'm Fresh, brand new
Every time, that I come through
Hoe look at my wrist, my neck
I just bust me a fat ass check, hoeI'm the man, he's a wimp
If you wanna get ahead, get a pimp
Dope boy shoes, big rings
And only bad bitches say my name, hoeBitch you know that Rap-A-Lot's the click, and UGK's the fam
It's middle fingers up, 'cause we don't give a damn
Them Caddy do's slam, that top gon' drop
Them 4's gon' tip, them blades gon' chopThem deuces get chunked, them screens gon' fall
It's Southside holding, so we gon' ball
And slabs gon' crawl, them 3's gon' swang
That woman gon' shine, that trunk gon' bangAnd underground king, from P.A.T
I miss my dog, so free Pimp C
And I'ma hold it down, and rep for my team
To keep us on the map, so he can get that greenI work the triple beam, electronic scale
Even a baby bottle, whatever get that mail
So Mannie please tell 'em, the motherfucking real
Why Bun coulda be, so motherfucking trillI'm Fresh, brand new
Every time, that I come through
Hoe look at my wrist, my neck
I just bust me a fat ass check, hoeI'm the man, he's a wimp
If you wanna get ahead, get a pimp
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And only bad bitches say my name, hoe

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