Mr. Fresh

Cory Gunz

1,2 buckle my shoe, unlaced ears, lil mama what it do (what u mean?)
What it do to fit you on those jeans,
On your thighs so tight its like your hips can?t breathe
Im in the spot with my wrist on freeze
N a couple of thugs with a grip on squeeze
Pair of champs on, I get my limp on
like I get my pimp on play you just bench warm
Summertime my louis flips on
Before I make u wana get ur tip on
U said lil ron'names his own
He keeps it fly, I don?t knw wat ur mans on
See I less see once we get our benz on
U step on my nikes ices with ur chin zone
Im in this game just tryin to get my friends on
And all you blockers get defended
Now yall you tell me..
Is the fitted low? YES
Money low? NO
Ice Bright? BRIGHT
Kicks tight? 4 SHO
Game tight? 4 SHO
Haters see me? YES
Never none less lil homie just call me Mr. Fresh
Just call me MR. FRESH (4x)
They like why u gotta be so fly?
Homie I got it from the street no lie
Between me n u shorty I see bare sheets
It must be in opposite the dead sleep
See me pull up in the red jeep
See me hop out with the red sneaks
See me pull up in the blue coup
Rims match the kicks blue boots
See me pull up in some green clean
Prob rockin a pair of mean greens
But you dont know I get green seems
The US prob in the same dream
Heavy glin I make my limousines lean
Aint no 1 ons we known to intervien

But I swear if I looked u in the face

Itll b like I took a picture in ur face
Or rather like Tyson hit u in the face
U waitin to take my shit now this a taste
Now yall you tell me..
Is the fitted low? YES
Money low? NO
Ice Bright? BRIGHT
Kicks tight? 4 SHO
Game tight? 4 SHO
Haters see me? YES
Never none less lil homie just call me Mr. Fresh
Just call me MR. FRESH (4x)
You wanna know what im about? paper
The way u put your money let ya mouth make-up
I make ya lil mama shell break-up
Im just a lil fresh spouse taker
ya sleepin on me homie better wake up
ya girl just spotted me comin outta jacob
her thoughts are probably that i got my cake up
my wieghts up i aint gotta play tough
pimpin thats just how im livin'
chill in spots u wich u could live in
sippin' spinnin' women linen
we grindin' shinin' gripin' winnin'
names exchanged digits are givin'
slackin my mack nim slippin' my pimin'
gonna splurge like this shit is tradition
motha herbs got the chips
Now yall you tell me..
Is the fitted low? YES
Money low? NO
Ice Bright? BRIGHT
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Haters see me? YES
Never none less lil homie just call me Mr. Fresh
Just call me MR. FRESH (4x)

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