

## So Fresh

Chris Webby

Webby hit them in the head with it, until they lose they lose their motor skills

Constantly confronting my lyricism and flowing ill  
Now they know the deal, crushing shit, clover field  
Rappers need to get their weight up cause they're looking Jonah Hill  
Compose the real, there ain't no slim fast here  
And Poland Spring is what I bring, cause I can spit that clear  
Shout to Jude and Lord Sear, all out to their speakers  
Making real rap music, they singing with Justin Bieber  
It's a shame, everyone on the radio sound the same  
One more person rhyming model with bottle I go insane  
All these bullshit club records with they autotune and dance moves  
Everybody selling now, but that's the shit I can't do  
What up P, Queens to CT  
Let me show 'em how we do it in the 203  
Shout to apathy any other real people doing it  
My chips are all in, move or lose it for the music, yeah  
Bowser's back chillin' where the sour's at  
Went against the odds and rose above and shit, I'm proud of that  
Kicking flows on my tekken shit  
Rapping superpower stronger than the X man, bitch, yeah (GANGSTA)  
Oh, you shook once you fall back  
Fight night, fall, get your jaw cracked  
We keep it infamous, and making punk rappers dig a ditch and bury their careers  
Cause these rap game, we're built for this!

Rapping out of control, these rappers is slow  
I got the permanent flow, I'm stuck in this zone  
I'm so fresh, so fresh, so fresh, so fresh  
I keep it so fresh, so fresh, so fresh, so fresh  
Rapping out of control, these rappers is slow  
I got the permanent flow, I'm stuck in this zone  
I'm so fresh, so fresh, so fresh, so fresh  
I keep you so fresh, so fresh, so fresh, so fresh

Rap God, my balls are that hard  
My blood is that frosty, cold is up north  
In the mountains and college doing sex on a bar  
Like two hoodies on, it's freezing, I'm charged  
My adrenaline pumping, and it's keeping me warm  
I got so many plans in my head, it's keeping me going  
Cause I know the other side of these barb wire fencing  
It's a whole world out there for me to just dig in  
And eat like a runaway slave  
These cotton picking bitches, trying to get me for my pay  
Listen, I am not the idiot nigga, I am not the ho  
I kill your perm though, and let the third go  
When a rapper try to stunt on me  
Yo, Webby, get 'em, School these youngins' who the fuck I be (I got you)  
You can't put pimp in a box  
You can pigeonhole me, I do what I want  
MC is with fat laces, sneaker king bitch, nice pair of Asics  
While you at home, plugged it to the Matrix  
Me and C-Web get bread in real life, take a pic  
Cause I stay PIF and they need to go shopping when they see my fresh  
It's like this nig, it's like that rat

None of ya'll better ever try to act like you that ill

When ya'll gonna learn  
Everybody ain't got it  
Please, check our résumés  
Webby, yeah my nigga  
Aye yo my nigga J-Cash told me  
Fuck a intro  
It's betta to tell um to fuck off at the end of the song  
So fuck off, nigga  
Bitch ass niggas  
Broke ass rappers  
Wanna-be celebrities  
But you'll never be nothin' like Chris Webby and Dom P  
Uhh, it's like that nigga