

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