

## 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 it's 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 don't 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

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Money low? NO  
Ice Bright? BRIGHT  
Kicks tight? 4 SHO  
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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 that's 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

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