

Chris Wolff**"Ain't U Freshco?"**

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[VERSE 1: Freshco]

Yo, this is the jam with the diddiddy-dope beat
That's so deep, slow beat, rap on the low key
It's rather mellow with a slow mo' tempo
So dope I had no choice but to snatch the pencil
And, create a systematic, automatically
Rhythmic rhyme in case you suckers wanna battle me
But I'm your majesty, the capital F-r-e
s-h-c-o, Freshco, the best, so
Don't even attempt to step to the
High exalted ruler, the schooler tootin like a tuba
Player conveyor, the slayer, displayer manoeuvres
Cause Miz made the beat like none can make it
smoother
I'm schoolin ya, chewin your crew, and your man
And the fans wanna see me in the magazines or on TV
But after a while I gotta chill from the press, though
Cause everywhere I go I hear: "Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black) ---PMD

"Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black)

"Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black)

"Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black)

(I ain't the one) --Big Daddy Kane

Go Freshco

Go

Go

Go Freshco

Go

Go

Go Freshco

Go

Go

Go Freshco

Go

Go

Go Freshco

[VERSE 2: Freshco]

Nah black, I ain't the one, I sport shades
But it's like they got the super x-ray vision
People start to whisper, they get hip to the
Smooth individual who rules and rips the
Middicrophone with crazy hype poems
I'm the guy in the back with the hat
Denyin that I rhyme
Hands in the pocket, the jewels are tucked in
The shirt; ain't nothin much to say, but somethin
Tells me I'm about to get approached or play closed
I pull down my hat and try to dip, but nope
I get stopped, I've been clocked, I gotta figure out
A way to slip through the
Crowd because I knew the
Disguise wouldn't last forever, although I cleverly
Hid my facial identity, they're still ahead of me
They gather next to me and sweat me like sex, yo
And all I'm hearin is: "Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black)

"Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black)

"Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black)

"Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black)

(I ain't the one)

Go Freshco

Go

Go

Go Freshco

Go

Go

Go Freshco

Go

Go

Go Freshco

Go

Go

Go Freshco

[VERSE 3: Freshco]

No, but nice to meet you, my name is Shawn and I'm
gone
I gotta jet quick, word born
I check for the crew, then break out like the measles
They wonder why I'm rollin with a crew of cock-diesel
Ruffneck brothers with the cellular phone kits

Surroundin me tightly, then finally it hit
That I was on the low profile tip and so on
I'm smooth, so I flow on, you know I had to throw on
The hood from my jacket, damn I'm late, I'm in a jam
And man, I need a plan cause I refuse to play Running
Man
They come and stand with me, girls be tryin to kiss me
Suckers try to diss me and that gets me all pissy
It ain't all about bein souped up
But it's tough playin ball takin the train or the bus
People act like they never seen a rapper chillin
I sign some autographs but then they start illin
Askin me ridiculous things, hey yo, I don't know
People are startin to stare, hey yo, I'm audi, I gotta go
Maybe I'll take a flick cause it'll be cool if we met,
though
Friends to the end, and no more: "Ain't U Freshco?"

(Nah black)
"Ain't U Freshco?"
(Nah black)
"Ain't U Freshco?"
(Nah black)
"Ain't U Freshco?"
(Nah black)
(I ain't the one)

Go Freshco
Go
Go

[repeated]

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