

## Ac Dc

### "U Ain't Fresh"

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(Verse 1 - DJ Quik)

I know you like to do ecstasy, and then forget where  
you are  
Be up in a room with a stripper, and your homie Lamar  
Now that's a nasty threesome, a straight mis-match  
Instead of bangin' on the broad, you'd rather open his  
hatch  
And start packin'... and get some dookie on your tip  
Don't look now, you got a loogie on your lip  
Next time video tape it, let us all see it  
This is Sir Herb, I'll put you on the web - you pervert  
The number 23 on the beats, 'bout to do ya  
Mister Blake A.K.A. DJ Quik talkin' to ya  
And I'll prove I'm proper and yo game is whack with 1  
line  
I'll never put my name on a track that wasn't mine  
This hip-hip shit, is getting stupid again  
These niggas gun-tottin', fightin', gettin' rutless again  
There's a message in the Big Book, didn't you read it?  
It say if niggas don't remember the past, they gonn'  
repeat it  
So I'm into ???ated  
That ground heart-stated  
And we all made it  
If you want a hit, nigga, call David  
The first name basis, depends on how the pay is  
50 under the table do it enough, don't need a label  
'Cause I rob from the rich and I... gives to the ?floor?  
The ground-level ground shovel diggin' up some more  
So let's stay focused 'cause the chip is the prize  
Now put your shit in first, nigga, and shift it to rise  
And like Frank Nitti, ?We 2-degree?  
And you haters trippin' cause I got the key to the city  
Not a sissy but the hoes keep callin' us pretty  
And you mad 'cause the bitch got me on her titty  
Mr. Troutman talk me talkbox, do why diddy!  
And I'll tell you to your ear, nigga, you sound shitty  
I'll take your hoe up to the room and show her no pity  
So call me DJ Meow Mix 'cause we gets kitty (meow)  
Scratchin' all the fleas off of these  
Stayin' high off of trees

Top villian, and enjoyin' the breeze  
And the time I'm spendin' in yo bitch, a supreme blast  
In the back of my S-500 playin' Dreamcast

(Chorus)

You Ain't Fresh (7x)  
You a busta, nigga!  
You Ain't Fresh (7x)  
You a busta, nigga!

(Verse 2 - Erick Sermon)

Yo, yo, I'm into somethin' new, hoppin' through  
Quicker than the Compton Crew, and Y too  
Yo, what you wanna do? You ain't fresh!  
No contest - we cook like Raekwon the Chef  
And write for the skills, get set for the kill  
And prep for the meals, after that we chill  
The E-R-I-C-K is my name, I spell  
Bring it back like '92, with clientele  
And keep shit right, and make sure the sound excite  
Nigga in affect, like flashlight  
Quik and I do it 'til death  
In the house 'yall, blackin' out like Red & Meth  
Thick-boned women, in jeans and linen  
Yeah (whew!), make a nigga wanna go fishin'  
And when I walk by, girls singin' a song  
Like E... is like a phemomenon  
Ugh, al around the world they be bumpin' to E  
Shuttin' it down, right in your company  
I blow through like a gust of wind, through doors  
Tearin' down the roof, rippin' the floors  
'Cause rap's no game, I pack heat, ain't afraid to pull it  
For what packs, I packs full of bullets  
Stop when I come through  
Big, Black, motherfucker fresh for '99  
You suckas!

(Chorus)

You Ain't Fresh (7x)  
You a busta, nigga  
You Ain't Fresh (7x)  
You a busta, nigga

(Verse 3 - Kam)

Kam got get-back  
So get up off my dick, rat  
Nigga, that shit whack  
You want a hit track?  
Where Quik at?  
Knick, knack, patty whack  
I only bone dimes

How you tight? You don't even write your own rhymes  
It's been a long time  
Since you last heard from me  
Like Bill ass Hillary, "what's up?"  
Still love me, pretty young thang?  
City I'm from bang  
What's up, nigga?  
Real G's don't wear titty and tongue rings  
You's a fruity-o, you make the most excuses  
And keep a studio full of ghost producers  
Young boss heard  
You was tryin' to floss, nerd  
Hollerin' "which side is the realest?"  
Who you steal that from? (Mausberg)  
The street slang thief is your chief employment  
You live a life full of grief after brief enjoyment  
Fake gang bangers, when you see us, tuck all rags  
Adios, buenos dias, fuck y'all fags!

(Chorus)  
You ain't fresh  
You ain't fresh...

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