

## **Bun B Feat. Mannie Fresh "I'm Fresh (Featuring Mannie Fresh)"**

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I say gentlemen, ladies, bad ass, out of control babies  
It's the return of the bad ass perm pimp ya heard  
Ya boy Fr-Fr-Fresh, Fr-Fr-Fresh  
Fr-Fr-Fresh, ay

Bitch it's the king of the trill, I'm top of the line  
My paint is on drip, my rims is on shine  
My butter seats reclined, cherry oak is grip  
With C to blow, and purple rain to sip

Now straight up off the rip, I'm letting boys know  
I've never been a bitch, don't plan to be a hoe  
So if you got some plex, you better keep it low  
I bring it to your chest, soon as you hit the do'

You know me as a pro, respect me as a vet  
I put it down befo', you ain't seen nothing yet  
My candy still glossy, my 4's still flossy  
My rocks real icey, I'm looking kinda bossy

And feeling real saucy, it's time to get it crunk  
Now watch me pop it fly, just like I'm popping trunk  
The leader of the pack, the star of the show  
When Bun is in the building, you already know

I'm Fresh, brand new  
Every time, that I come through  
Hoe look at my wrist, my neck  
I just bust me a fat ass check, hoe

I'm the man, he's a wimp  
If you wanna get ahead, get a pimp  
Dope boy shoes, big rings  
And only bad bitches say my name, hoe

Bitch you wanna roll with a pimp, then have it on your  
mind  
It's all about this bread, so you gon' have to grind  
I gotta stay on shine, so you know what that means  
You gotta hit that track, and bring me back that green

'Cause daddy need his ice, and daddy need his chain

We gotta keep it G, so rec' him as the game  
A hoe need a pimp, a pimp need a hoe  
And tricks need us both, so let's go get that do'

In case you didn't know, I haven't been told  
But pussy on the corner, and it's as good as sold  
It's tricks on the prowl, so stay out on that stroll  
'Cause I'ma sell your cot, and you gon' sell your soul

My pimping way too cold, but it's gon' keep me warm  
With minks up on my back, and rocks up in my charm  
So bitch ring the alarm, and tell 'em I've arrived  
The greatest ever born, that's dead or alive

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Bitch you know that Rap-A-Lot's the click, and UGK's the  
fam  
It's middle fingers up, 'cause we don't give a damn  
Them Caddy do's slam, that top gon' drop  
Them 4's gon' tip, them blades gon' chop

Them deuces get chunked, them screens gon' fall  
It's Southside holding, so we gon' ball  
And slabs gon' crawl, them 3's gon' swang  
That woman gon' shine, that trunk gon' bang

And underground king, from P.A.T  
I miss my dog, so free Pimp C  
And I'ma hold it down, and rep for my team  
To keep us on the map, so he can get that green

I work the triple beam, electronic scale  
Even a baby bottle, whatever get that mail  
So Mannie please tell 'em, the motherfucking real  
Why Bun coulda be, so motherfucking trill

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