

C-Murder

"Be Fresh"

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[Intro]

Come on, gotta stay sharp home

You know

That's dat dirty doe boy money boy, holla at ya boy

[Chorus]

Detroit: I just got paid today, so you know I am going out tonight

I got me a brand new fit with a fresh pair of G Nikes

Man I gotta be fresh, I am gonna be fresh man I gonna be fresh

Every body so fresh, man I gotta be fresh

Shorty said she worked hard today, so she had to come out tonight

She gotta on Juicy Courtier Jean and they fitting on her body so right

Shorty looking so fresh shorty looking so fresh

Everybody so fresh. I am feeling so fresh

[Verse One]

Check it shorty

Just left the block, but you know a block boy can't really stop (No Can't Stop)

All the money I got I am gonna put it on the side

But you no I am gonna shine

I am hit the mall with a big knot hopping a big drop top

Tall Big knots in the pockets like four socks pulling out more jock

More drops gotta watch for the ?

I am clean yeah you know me a veteran in the hood stand up old G

Low key oh (did I say low key) more keys in than boss in OC

More cheese in the weed in the indes

So I shop in Veliec overs seas

My wrist ain't froze they freeze

So cold they might bring Berry to her Knees

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

I see shorty see me, so I see if Shorty wanna be with
me (holla)
So I stepped to her after the party (Come On) pulling
her ain't really hard B
Just take it from me
Everything about me says cake from the streets
Think she flip what I make in week, probably Goon but
he fake in the street
Probably gotta man but i am jacking him (come on)
And if she ever planed I am act on them
If see floors I am gonna crack on them
To test her heart, to react on him
Can you dance ma what's your name
Can you give brains like your going insane (Yeah)
Can you keep a secret I am true to the game
It's just my like shorty straight out lame

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Yeah I got the Cardia watch, with the Cardia specs and
the Cardia shades
And other pair of G Knotts sold in the store plus every
pair of Ed Hardy that was made
Plus my Tru shoes, they made for them boyz that be
breaking the news
You can fake with your crews, but you make it chose
If your late or your snooze, I am gonna drap you in
blues
In my state I am fool
Black on Black Louis knapsack, fresh out the pack
You cant car jack (what)
We strapped in the Lac (what) we never give dap, to the
homees who rate
Invade my flat
Camers out back, security room with those hammers
on strap
Yes I am serious, I move like a cat
Plus everything match, because I am fresh like that
(yeah)

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Come on man, Doe boy
Ricky Ross
(fresh) Holla shorty
Tru Records That's how we doing it home, you heard
me
Stay clean stay sharp, I ain't never had a job
What's good with ya 2 Deep music man, we thuged out

to the bone
H tell'em man
Holla at ya boy, Tru Records man yeah

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