

## **Boss Hogg Outlawz**

### **"I'm Fresh"**

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah, Young Black in the mo'fucking building nigga  
Boss Hogg Outlawz what it is, this one here for all my  
slab riders  
Pull your drop out, show these boys how we hold down  
South  
Know I'm saying H-Town what it do, swanging and  
swerving and shit ay

[Young Black]

I got the cockpit smoked out, 84's poked out  
Young Black leaning, with the Gucci shades loc'd out  
Drop top vogues, on European grill  
Swing right break em at the light, recline my fifth wheel  
It's falling like Alicia Keys, pick it up like pieces  
On old school Chevrolets, Impalas and Caprices  
I can't forget the Lacs, with the wood leather steering  
wheel  
Candy paint frame, dripping stains off Sedan Devilles  
I'm in my candy world, riding in my candy girl  
Holla at J-Woo, let him hit me with a candy pearl  
Tipping on them thangs, with the buckles on the trunk  
Pumping old school E.S.G., Ocean of Funk  
I'm swanging and banging, breaking off the  
intersection  
Crossing, showing the whole world how we flossing  
Yeah, ery'body claim they slab is the best  
Pull up beside me put your slab to the test, if nothing  
less

[Hook - 2x]

I'm fresh (so fresh), in my slab so clean  
Smell like a pound, of that mean joe green  
Gorillas in the trunk, beating out your ass  
Candy paint frame, swang down on glass

[Young Black]

Stay flyer, than a mo'fucker  
On that dro, I stay higher than a mo'fucker  
In my slab crooked, on cloud nine  
Till my frame touch down, on that I-4-5

Like a G I ride, one hand on my wood  
Top down getting brain, like a real nigga should  
As I flip through the hood, I let the boppers see my fo's  
twist  
Lift up the do's on them hoes, leave em so sick  
No shit, I'm cleaner than the White House  
Beat down your block like thunder, and cut your lights  
off  
I'm iced out, from my wrist to my mouth  
To show these boys how we hold down South, I'm tal'n  
bout  
From the grill to the ring, the the piece to the chain  
The crib to the car, the wheels to the paint  
Yeah, ery'body claim they slab is the best  
Pull up beside me put your slab to the test, if nothing  
less

[Hook - 2x]

[Young Black]

I do it, for the whole hood  
Cause coming down on that candy, be feeling so good  
I got my pistol, tucked up under my seat  
Cause real G's don't ride 3's, unless they holding the  
heat  
And Reggie rolling the sweet, we tipping swangs  
through the city  
Diamonds shining and tops reclining, candy paint  
looking pretty  
That's how we do in the South, I know you boys can't  
understand  
How I chop the block the bops come out the spot, and  
wave they hand  
I'm the man with the killer paint, the man with the killer  
flow  
The man with this killer jump, Cadillac on them 84's  
You mad but keep hating though, you making my shine  
brighter  
The homies still downloading, my shit off of Limewire  
With glass and them vogue tires, I'm coasting the  
Interstate  
Don't frown and just smiling, bout all this paper I'm  
finna make  
Yeah, ery'body claim they slab is the best  
Pull up beside me put your slab to the test, if nothing  
less

[Hook - 2x]

