

## Cru

# "Fresh, Wild And Bold"

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[Yogi]{Mighty Ha}  
Ayyo I'm fresh {DAMN!, why you say that yo?}  
Cause I run up in your girl then I puff a stoge {How  
fresh?}  
So fresh that I'm crisp and clean  
And I stick to your ribs like Christ to Al Green  
"I rocks rough and stuff", nah, that ain't my line  
Get the bitches more than niggas sip the wine  
So act like, {ACT LIKE}, act like it rehearse it  
Uka wanna seven, New York is straight murder  
Smoke a million and a half blunts on the roof  
And every other winter vests are bulletproof, that truth  
Had Boris all day, Gladys all night  
Once I get it to the other side things will be aight, that's  
right  
Get the munchies after the hemp  
Got to Red Lobster get the crabs and shrimps  
The E & J with the ginger ale never fail  
Bicardi while I flips ghetto tales  
Take a sick clique kid everywhere that I-go  
Make appearances on Ricki Lake and Allado  
You know who we are so, put you funky niggas to a test  
{Survey says?}  
Times up motha uh  
Yo it's the Rhythm Blunt  
Yo its like extra P cause I'm looking at the front  
But if you move it all, kid your gonna fall  
You'll be Ready to Die, rest in peace Biggie Smalls,  
baby baby  
"Matter fact, I'm sick of talking"  
About to wreck your body from L.A. to New York and  
Back to L.A., I'm out like O.J.  
Yet I'm "F-R-E-S-H"

Chorus: ? [Woman Vocalist]  
An Uck, Cru don't give an uck  
Fresh, Wild & Bold don't give an uck  
Give an uck, Cru don't give uck  
Fresh, Wild & Bold don't give an uck, an uck, an uck,  
an uck

[Chadeeo]{Mighty Ha}  
Aiyo I'm wild {What makes ya say that Chad?}  
Cuz yo I'd rather stick niggas then read off this pad  
{How wild?}  
So wild, I run up on niggas blocks, sell some dummy  
rocks  
And pot shots at cops  
Chadeeo, yes the murderous assassin, comes thru  
crashin  
Make sure ya seat belts fastin  
Blastin for the dome piece with the chrome piece  
Niggas is runnin from my site cuz I'm known beast  
They flood red from they own blood shed  
Verbal lead to the head, they dread shootin the dutch  
dead  
So get smoked like 99 in Maxwell, or you get  
Smoked and broked down clown, that's what the fax  
tell  
And if you feel bigger, think youse a real nigga  
I run up with my real gun up and pull the steel trigga  
And go find a friend, sip up on a Heineken  
And let them know how the title king is all mine again  
If he start to fake jacks, he better make tracks  
Cuz there's no tape backs, when I begin to backs  
No doubt I'm goin for mine, and mine is all that matters  
What day is it dog? you don't know, you better scatter  
Run and ask him what's the frequency, count it, I tell ya  
Verbal wildness, societies menace  
The one Chadeeo with the tauntin lyrics  
And I shall keep comin back like hauntin spirits  
One time for ya mind (4X)

Chorus 2X

[Mighty Ha]  
Well I'm bold, what makes ya say that Ha?  
Cuz I break it to you little, take a drink at the bar  
How bold?

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