

Alycon Massive "Ain't It Fresh"

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Hey y'all, this song right here
Is for all the transplants and the natives
No matter where you're from we're just glad you made
it, you know?
Makin' it a party, everyone's invited, anyone with a belly
button.

CHORUS((
Aint it fresh when the beat sets in and you're like "that's
right I'm in Oregon!"
And it's on like that oo oo oooooo
Aint it top when the beat sets in and you're like, "that's
right I'm in Oregon!"
And it's on like that oo oo oooooo))

Well it's a chillin' with ya boys out on the Illinois
Backpackin' and laughin', got the speaker stacks to
make some noise
We throw the parties like nobody else
Around here we got that real top shelf
So grab the chronic, grab the papes, grab the grapes
and crush
And if you know a place to burn, come on and hop in
the truck

We got more than enough self sufficient state of
Jefferson
We spreadin' out the love with some real good
medicine
We independent pacifistic peace warriors
Protectors of the land shamanistic band of sorcerers

We self sufficient yea yea we takin' charge
With our biodynamic and our organic farms
Ring the alarm, Oregon's on fire
Ready to blow up sure enough and take it world wide
From Meddy to Connecticut
And back round and again
We reppin' the state of Jefferson
So go and tell your friends that...

(CHORUS)

We be rockin the spot, take a walk to table rock

With the psychedelic visions, skinny dippin in the
Umpqua
Some call it oregon bud, I like to call it heaven
Beautiful trees and water falls, a never ending blessing
Blackberries by the pounds, (a plot stocking around?)
And we burry underground so that they can't see it now
(hey!)
We never worry about the coy undercovers
Too busy sippin on hush brothers to ever catch us
runnin from 'em

We're top gun and maverick style, keep the strategy
Compared to any other state, Oregon's a masterpiece!
Cuz ain't it fresh from Takilma up to PDX
Oregon state wide Fam, we say ya blessed

(CHORUS)

We got the fresh and the hesh skaters and all the
Applegaters
Grants Pass to Ashland we give you all your flava
flavors
Hippy players with the talks about free love
Please round here it all starts with a back rub

We never poppin' bub, never chillin' at the club
Cuz there ain't no thing as an Oregon thug
Round here we livin' dirty live at one with the bugs
So get that left hand up for that Oregon hug

When it's time for snacks, we mowin' on pepper jack
Who are you to try dissin' Rogue Creamery's smoky
bleu, HA!
We got pride for where we live and that's important
Whether you're livin' in the Rogue or you're chillin' up in
Portland

Come to the west if you want to see what's brewin'
Cuz here in Oregon is the heart of the revolution
Come to the west if you want to see what's brewin'
Cuz here in Oregon is the heart of the revolution.

((CHORUS))x3

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