

Famlay

"Fresh N Drivin"

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(feat. Pharrell Williams)

[Intro x2: Fam-Lay]

Fam-Lay, c'mon

A nigga like me, I'm fresh n drivin ma

A nigga like me, I'm fresh n drivin ma

Why be frustrated, stressed, and jiving for?

A nigga like me, I'm fresh n drivin ma

[Chorus: Pharrell Williams (Fam-Lay)]

Fresh! OWW! and driving!

Whoa whoa! (happy as a bitch, nevermind how y'all feel)

Give you fresh!! and driving! Whoa whoa!

(Blowing sweet Indonesia out my nostrils)

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

Now my plane just landed, I'm down in Miami

Listen up close cause ya gotta understand me

I'm seeing womens' faces sweeter than candy

Me and Pharrell talking bout a clean sweep at the

Grammy's (uh huh)

That was cool, but this year much sweeter

Then I bumped into the world's baddest bitch named

Trina (whoa!)

Let me know cuz you ever seen her

Fatter ass on a woman, cause I gotta meet her (word?!)

Then I saw my home girl Misdemeanor

Flying by in a drop top Ferrari Modena

Right now I'm in a rented Beemer

When I get my Modena I'm a keep mines cleaner

I'm Mamosa toasting, playing wit these women's emotions

Coast to coasting, paying for these women to bullshish

Smoking hocus pocus, toast in holsters

Try to play us close, and I'm spraying the toast cause I'm so

[Chorus]

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

I stay fresh while the rest stay frustrated
I'm the best I guess that's why the rest hate it
Looking at those breasts thinking x-rated
Last call in the spot, and I just made it, cool
Everythings by according to plan
A lil less than a god but I'm more than a man (uh huh)
Can you help me? sure that you can
Cause I came down here for a lil more than a tan
Doing - a buck 50, like six quarters
Cause Fam-Lay is fresh as dish water
You can't shift them gears in disorder
Easy on the tiptronic baby! I just bought her
Hop out the S Type, dressed like a criminal
Pinkie to the thumb numb, neckalace invisible
Y'all niggaz pitiful, leave y'all critical
Rims so sick that my car need a physical

[Chorus]

[Bridge x2: Fam-Lay]

Ma, you going my way? what up! what up!
Fellas, you getting right today, what up! what up!
Trying to get in some today, just cut up
Haters get in my way and get gun butt up

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

Ain't no nigga live as me!
Sunshining bright wit a dime in the driver seat
I'm what them assholes try to be
Yeah! Me and babygirl took a stroll on the beach for
some privacy
Long as you kiss and don't tell
I paid for ya hair, ya feet and yo nails
Just cause I'm fresh and don't care
Right after that we hitting the hotel, I'm

[Chorus: to fade]

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