

Fresh Up Out The Cleaners

Lil' O

Thank you ladies and gentlemen, remember no applause
And keep it down, your drinks-don't rattle ice in your glasses
And don't ring the cash register, you got it covered alright

Whoa, yeah ay I'm starchy archy, on these boys

[Chorus:]

I'm fresh, hey fresh up out the cleaners
Better ask around, ask them hoes how they seen us
I'm fresh, hey fresh up out the cleaners
When I hit the club, all the broads be on my penis
I'm fresh, hey fresh up out the cleaners
Fresh cut new fit, diamonds is the meanest
I'm fresh, hey fresh up out the cleaners
No doubt about it, I'ma snatch some ballerinas

I'm fresh, fresher than the average
Fresher than a preacher, when he dressing for the sabbath
You can look at me, and tell I got expensive habits
I'm about to hit the club, and let these niggaz have it
Cause I'm fresh, like a player is suppose to be
Like if you drink a lot of water, you suppose to pee
It just makes sense, when you see me on a poster G
In fact, you should pop some Don and make a toast to me
Cause I'm fresh, hey cleaner than a motherfucker
Broad's staring at me, like they never seen a brother
I might put on a show, like I'm Ringling Brothers
And make it rain the club, have em seeing thunder
Fresh, like I hopped up out a Ziplock
I look like a dope boy, but sell hip-hop
When damn fresh, change the next Gucci flip flops
But anytime you see O, I bet my 'fit hot

[Chorus]

Hey the only man higher than me, flyer than me
Is the man in the sky, that suffered and died for me
Being humbled and reserved, is some'ing I try to be
But stunting in my blood, is some'ing inside of me
That makes me wanna pull out on they ass, so fast
That when my car go past, they might catch whiplash
Got leather on the seats, got oak on the dash
Got license and insurance, big glock in the stash
I'm ready, flipping from Texas so I say already
Look at all my hoes, and er'y one they all ready
What you know bout dimes in the pool, I'm all sweaty
But to tell the truth, it ain't nothing you can tell me

[Chorus]

Ay I look good, I feel good I drink good
I smoke good, I'm so hood
If I'm in the club, I'm up to no good trying to freak some'ing
And the way I'm dressed, I'm guaranteed to meet some'ing
Take her to the room smoke a blunt, then skeet some'ing
If you play your cards right, maybe we'll be some'ing
But if you try to front, talking bout you a sweet woman

I'ma kick you out, I gotta get me some sleep woman
Whoa, I pay too much for my clothes
To ever play games, with these hoes
They suppose to know, the minute that I walk through the do'
That boy there's getting chose, bitch that's Lil' O

[Chorus]