Yeah yeah, I'm fresh as fuck if you ask me, I got the homies with me... Now nigga dat, now nigga dat, Now nigga dat, now nigga dats fashion And I'm fresh as fuck if you ask me All gold and I'm flashy Yo, Jeremy Scotts or these thirteen (which one's?) With the wings But I'm fly like Jordan off that first string (can't decide) Call me fresh prince, With this flattop I'm gonna take you back Retros with that face to match Take a risk Man I lace the kicks Cause' I walk on the crowd Call it cloud surfing, I'm the man out here (I'm the man out here) Shoe game clean and nigga my gear Nigga nigga You a fan out here (you a fan out here) You're a fucking with a lame Baby stand right here (yeah) Give it up to a new nigga Kid ill, he a true spitter Shoes Teyana Taylor with a nice round ass See what I do with'er (yeah yeah) Let her get it, if shes back in two Button up with a snapping clue (that's right) Young nigga with a chest of tats Get back Fore' I kick you with the Patrick? Can't stop and it won't stop Give you wrap but you won't pop It's a long shot Dirty nigga you have no style Low key, keep you in the wrong spot Let the beat drop Dre beats for the beep-bop Good weed, I'm on a tree clock I don't see hate Make ways for the young boys Gettin' rich it's a good day Good God, I'm So fly I don't need help We making moves, wear your seat belt Shit finna get real For the club Because I'm getting hella love And I'm just getting my feet wet Now nigga dat, now nigga dat, Now nigga dat, now nigga dats fashion And I'm fresh as fuck if you ask me

All gold and I'm flashy

I'm fresh as fuck if you ask me, (All gold and I'm fashion) Come through wearing like 6 chains, Channel shit from the 70s, Your shit wack, your shit lame, I'm shitting all on the enemies, Dem double c's, front shit, Rose gold piece, I'm a french bitch Gold so soft you can bend it, But this shit so heavy, I'm dented, Like God, damn, got white gold, Got goldie gold, got 24 carat that's Kobe gold We t-dot kids, They know we cold, Like, ugh, shit, You ain't no star, got no time, You got no bars, you got no rhymes And you wearing shit I wore in 09', How you feel when you late as fuck, Copy my style, gon' scape it up, I be feeling like a milli when I'm waking up, My main bitch, Out in Philly, she'll shape you up (ugh), You worry about looking like a 10, You better worry about keeping it a hunnid, All those clothes don't really mean shit, Cause' the weak hoes get no lovin', Been fresh then a bitch, since 9th grade, Show you how to ball, in 9 ways The north side bitches be bad as fuck, Coolin' in some j's and 'em 9 grays Probably 80k on my fucking necklace, While the g are the g, Nigga show me respect.

Now nigga dat, now nigga dat, Now nigga dat, now nigga dats fashion And I'm fresh as fuck if you ask me All gold and I'm flashy

Fresh as fuck I need a lifestyle, Condom, my lifestyle, Ain't common, just let me school you like Mr. Hightower Higher then a concord, Pair high top 11s on Niggas know I'm a fashion killer, So you better have your weapon drawn, The best dressed and I bet on it, 100k round my neck, golden Less friends with more money, Drivin' round like a crash dummy, Young city boy and I know it, Long as I can see the stance, I got these naked and famous hoes, Tryna get all in my pants (damn) Fly up then pan and aim, Always in beast mode, But peter said no lamb skin, Fake furs, no fake sneakers, I'm balling in Balmain Dress to kill by the grim reaper Alumni snap, fuck Tisa You niggas all dressed in fuck-season,

I walk through the sand in these Lebron James southbeachers, I don't give a damn I got two pairs, one without creases, Wild'n'out for no reason, Red bottoms on the red carpet, Fashion for what I head-started, the run way, Nigga don't play

Now nigga dat, now nigga dat, Now nigga dat, now nigga dats fashion And I'm fresh as fuck if you ask me All gold and I'm flashy