

Stay Fly (Ft. Young Buck Eightball & MJG)

Three 6 Mafia

I gotta stay fly, until I die
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Call me the juice and you know I'm a stunt
Ride in the car with some bump in the trunk
Tone in my lap and you know it's the pump
Breakin' down the good weed rollin' the blunt
Ghetto pimp tight girls say I'm the man
Ice on the wrist with the ice in the chains
Ridin' through the hood got me grippin' the grain
And I'm sippin' the same while I'm changin' the lanes
Eyes real tight 'cause I'm chokin' the creep
Vision messed up 'cause I'm drinkin' the lean
Messing with D boys riding them big toys
Make your main gal wanna get on my team
She gotta give it up before she get in my car
I ain't Denzel but I know I'm a star
'Cause when I'm in the club I be back in the far
In the VIP part everybody in the bar
DJ Paul is a dog one you do not trust
You leave your green around me
Nigga your green gonna get lit up
You leave your drink around me
Believe your drink gonna get drunk up
You leave your girl around me
And she bad she gonna get stuffed
These niggas is spies we living it live keep them nice tires
Ridin' around what they like
Make a couple of nuns a couple of dimes
It's purple purp purple purp purple and swallow it down
With the yurple yip yurple yip yurples, it's goin' down!
I gotta stay fly, until I die
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Puff puff pass nigga roll that blunt
Let's get high nigga smoke us one
Car pull out the phantom
Niggas can't stand it but them hoes gon' come out
Just really wanna smoke my weed
Fuck these hoes and stack my cheese
Stop at the light and pause on 3
Hit the mall and it be all on me
But gotta keep one eye out for the po-po
Close the window when I roll the indo

Know they mad 'cause I roll the Benzo
It's that purple not pretend-o
Three 6 Mafia and they my kin folks
So when I'm in Memphis, Ten-a-key
I just might not bring my own
'Cause them niggas still let me smoke for free
What's up Mary (How you doin'?)
Mary Jane (Stanky nigga)
Since I have met you girl you ruined my brain (Ruined my brain)
You stole my heart (You stole my heart)
Right from the start (Right from the start)
So I broke you down lil mama and hit you in the dark (hit you in the dark)
I gotta stay fly, until I die
I gotta stay fly, until I die
Front row full of that dro'
Leave the club full of rolls 8 mo
Yo girlfriend wanna ride with me
In the car wit a pimp where she supposed ta be
You ain't met no dudes spittin' cold as me
With a bag of kush that cost six-fifty
Have a nigga who smoke Reggie Miller
Coughin' and choking constantly
Tastes like fruit when you hit it
Gotta have bread to get it
Smoke all night, sleep all day
That should be the American way
Roll that shit, light that shit,
Hit that shit, hold that shit,
Blow that shit out slow
Then pass it to me bro
MJ gonna sprinkle in some of that
Super incredible, leave a nigga runnin' back
Where the nigga really good sticky number at
Cuttin' through the cigarillo like a lumberjack
In the morning what I need is to breath again a whole lot of weed
But maybe somebody can give me what I need when I want no less than the best of the trees
DJ Paul and Juicy J, 8-ball and M-J-G
And Young Buck we don't give a fuck
We must represent this Tennessee
We drink a whole lot of Hennessey
Nigga got a little hair on his chest
And we be like Bill Clinton girl take it out ya mouth
We'll shoot it down right on yo chest
I gotta stay fly

Songwriters

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Paul / Carlton, Darnell
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