

Stay Fly (ft. Young Buck, 8 Ball, & 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

Hutch, Willie / Brown, David / Goodwin, Marlon J / Smith, Premro Vonzellaire / Houston, Jordan / Beauregard,
 Paul / Carlton, Darnell Published by

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