

Doe Boy Fresh

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah

Hypnotize minds, Three 6 Mafia, Academy award winners

What, what, what

Chamillionaire

We stronger than ever, for real, the last to walk

It's goin', it's goin' down! I stay doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!

Yeah! Now what it is, boy?

Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!

Yeah! Now what it is, boy?

Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!

Yeah! Now what it is, boy?

Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!

Yeah! Now what it is, boy? Another day, another dollar, another night to make a ho holler

I pop her cherry, then I pop my collar

Pop brand new tags off the brand new clothes

Brush my hair back, and kick the ho out the door

Flip a quarter to see which ride I'm pullin' out the garage

Wireless transmitters send bump to my barb

Pull a pack out, and fill my body up wit' sin

Ten o'clock in the night, but my day just begin

'07 Murcielago wit' the wings out

I usually never drive it, but I heard the ho's out

Fresher than the mint leaf, smillin' like a cocoa leaf

Center of attention, ho smilin' 'cause they wanna be I stay doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!

Yeah! Now what it is, boy?

Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!

Yeah! Now what it is, boy?

Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!

Yeah! Now what it is, boy?

Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!

Yeah! Now what it is, boy? Hey, streets know how I get my grands

Tryin' to snatch it, better switch ya plans

Pull a stack out my dickie pants, and slap a hater wit' my business hand

Keep a spare for that clip that jams

Money like Mike, and I pimp like Ken!

Put some chromes under that big Sedan

And I'm pimpin' better than Xzibit can!

And your impressed behind my ear, lookin' Aqua Fina clear

If you don't like it, come disputed

Do ya best to disappear
Yeah, you know what it is
Don't call me Chamillionaire
Now the world gotta address me as the hustler of the year!
I'm the man to respect I'm demandin' respect
Or I'm commandin' that cannon do some damage to chest
Ain't no hustler or another on this planet as fresh
So when I lift up my royal hand, my pinky ring shakin' peccs I stay doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!
Yeah! Now what it is, boy?
Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!
Yeah! Now what it is, boy? My car's inside peanut butter, outside jelly
Flicka 26 is drankin', drankin' wit' my celly
We takin' real orders, talkin' codes on that telly
We choppin' up the dope like a butcher in the deli
You know that purple kush will leave your clothes all smelly
But if you slangin' pounds, then your pockets should be swelly
I'm ballin' till I'm fallin' just like that movie Belly
I'm always stayin' strapped for you niggas that be petty
To the nine, nine, nine on the grind, grind, grind
I shine, shine, shine, jewelry blind, blind, blind
The time, time, time, yes it's prime, prime, prime
I'm takin' over traps 'cause it's mine, mine, mine nigga! I stay doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!
Yeah! Now what it is, boy?
Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!
Yeah! Now what it is, boy?
Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!
Yeah! Now what it is, boy?
Doe boy, doe, doe, doe boy fresh!
Yeah! Now what it is, boy? I stay fresh, fresh, fresh, fresh!
I stay fresh, fresh, fresh, fresh!
I stay fresh, fresh, fresh, fresh!
I stay fresh, fresh, fresh, fresh!
I stay fresh, fresh, fresh, fresh!
I stay fresh, fresh, fresh, fresh!
I stay fresh, fresh, fresh, fresh!

Songwriters

PAUL D BEAUREGARD, JORDAN HOUSTON, HAKEEM T. SERIKI
Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT
US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>