

## **Three 6 Mafia f/ Chamillionaire**

### **"Doe Boy Fresh"**

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[DJ Paul talking]

Yeah, Hypnotize Minds

Three 6 Mafia, Academy Award Winners

Chamillionaire, we stronger than ever, for real

Da last to walk

It's goin' it's goin' down

[Hook]

I stay dope boy, dope-d-dope boy fresh

Yeah, fresh, fresh, fresh

Now what I is boy

Dope boy, dope-d-dope boy fresh

Yeah, fresh, fresh, fresh

Now what I is boy

Dope boy, dope-d-dope boy fresh

Yeah, fresh, fresh, fresh

Now what I is boy

Dope boy, dope-d-dope boy fresh

Yeah, fresh, fresh, fresh

Now what I is boy

[Verse 1 - DJ Paul]

Another day another dollar, another night to make a ho  
holla

I pop her cherry then I pop my collar

I pop brand new tags off of brand new clothes

Brush my hair back and kick the ho out the do'

Flip a corner see which ride I'm pullin' up out the  
garage

Wireless transmitters send the bump from my bard

Pull a pack out and fill my body up with sin

Ten o'clock at night but my day has just begin

Oh-seven MurciÃ©lago with the wings out

I usually never drive it but I heard the hoes out

Fresher than a mint leaf, smellin' like a coca leaf

Center of attention, hoes smilin' cause they wants to be

[Hook]

[Verse 2 - Chamillionaire]

Hey, streets know how I gets my grands

Try to snatch it better switch ya plans  
Pull a stack out my Dickies pants  
Slap a hater with my business hand  
Keep a spare for that clip that jam  
Money like Mike and pimp like Ken  
Put some chrome under the big sedan  
And I pimp it better than Xzibit can  
And they impressed by how my ear lookin' Aquafina  
clear  
If you don't like it come dispute it 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 through that damage  
to chest  
Ain't a hustler or another on the planet as fresh  
So when I lift up my royal hand my pinky ring shake in  
pecks

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Juicy J]

My cars inside peanut butter outside jelly  
Flickin' twenty-sixes drankin' drankin' on my celly  
We takin' real orders, talkin' codes on that telly  
We choppin' up that dope like a butcher in a deli  
You know that purple kush leave yo clothes all smelly  
But if you slangin' pound then ya pockets should be  
swelly  
I'm ballin' till I'm fallin' just like the movie Belly  
I'm always stayin' strapped for you niggaz that be petty  
Tote a 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' no retracts cause it's mine, mine, mine nigga

[Hook with variations]

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