

Frayser Boy

"Flickin'"

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f/ Three 6 Mafia

* send corrections to the typist

Yeah, you got Frayser Boy up in this thang

With the King of Memphis, and my dog the Juice Man

And I got something for my niggaz flickin on them 20's

21's, 2's, 3's, 4's and even got something for my
limited edition niggaz

on them 25's, keep that chrome flickin' baby

When you see me rollin some chrome, you know I'm
flickin

Dropped low on 24's you know I'm flickin

When you see me hollerin at hoes, you know I'm flickin

Everytime I bust on the slab, I'm gon' be flickin

[Frayser Boy]

A Nigga flickin, I'm so tickin, when I mob down your
street

Ain't no forgettin, no bullshittin, on my lap is that heat

I'm in the Bay, that gun don't play, sittin on some
Giovanni's

I'm flickin by, I'm sittin up high, I'm also gettin money

See my reflection, shit gets hectic when I beat my junt
up

Drinking Corona, with aroma, when I rose that blunt up

So don't you try because you high, flickin down on my
little dog

I cut the real, you know the deal, I hit the gas and ball
off, Boy

[DJ Paul]

My rims are big, my tires are thin, when I be on the
sizzle

See something thick, wit a whick you know it's DJ Pizzle

I'm on the slab, like jumpin ground, I'm bout to grab a
pissle

Ridin Pirelli's, wit big bellies, thats how HCP do

Our money's long, your money's gone, you spent it all
on that hoe

And sold your rims at the GM because you went love wit
blow

We ridin past ya, hollerin at ya, we on 24's

Stuff on clean, real mean, blowin ounce of green you
know

[Chorus]

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When you see me rollin some chrome, you know I'm
flickin

Dropped low on 24's you know I'm flickin

When you see me hollerin at hoes, you know I'm flickin

Got that pistol in my lap for my foes, you know I'm
flickin

[DJ Paul]

Yeah, Yeah, right here we gon burn some motherfuckin
rubber

in your motherfuckin hoes face, like thiss

[DJ Paul]

Around the world niggaz know that HCP on

We see each other when we talk on our car phones

We smokin Bin Laden and ridin on something chrome

Them U's in our lap, never leavin'em at home

A blue Bonneville the tires are Scorpions

My rims mid-twenties some days are full grown

We Platnium on our plaques, are necks, and our arms

And we never switchin jewelry, or take clothes, we got
our own

[Frayser Boy]

When you see me flickin by, I got you boys hot

Hit the D&D and flick on the lot

Sittin on some twenty-twos, and blowin up the spot

And haters don't you plot, and get yo ass shot

Because a nigga claim, its gon attract cops

Hate to see a nigga thats young and on top

The tone is in my lap and you know its on cock

Eyes poppin out yo head whenever a nigga stop

[Chorus]

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[Juicy J]

North, Evergreen, Evergreen, in this bitch my nig, it go like this

[Juicy J]

PIMP Juicy the Fuckin J

The only nigga in Memphis that mix Vodka wit Moet

I'm still up on the scene, I'm ridin clean in a Benz'ay

I tell a stuck up Bitch to suck my Dick she say, Okay

So hit yo boy, off on the horn because we got the

Fresh from Columbia funds, we niggaz keep keys

Peace to Project Pat in the pen, them boys a Tall Trees

And 201, until yall get out, we gon keep flickin these

[Frayser Boy]

Niggaz hollerin no way, sittin on some hoe-days

Twenty-fo's on you hoes, flickin when I roll way

Hit the Bay, don't play, head down a boulevard

Lookin like some chrome ceilin fans, ima pull a card

Bout to have a heart attack when a nigga flick by

Rims they so fuckin big make a nigga sit high

Watchin for the Po Po's you know they be fuckin wit me

Hollerin at a stout little something, waitin on her to hit
me

Dont forget me

[Chorus]

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