

## Three 6 Mafia "Stay Fly"

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*[Chorus:]*

*[a sample in background from the Willie Hutch's song  
"Tell Me Why Has Our Love Turned Cold"]*

I gotta stay high I I I I I I I I I I until I die I I I I I I I I I I

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*[Verse 1 - Juicy J]*

Call me the juice and you know Imma stunt  
Ride in the car with some bump in the trunk  
Tone in my lap and you know it's the pump  
Breaking down the good weed rolling the blunt  
Ghetto pimp tight girls say I'm the man  
Ice on the wrist with the ice in the chains  
Riding through the hood got me gripping the grain  
And I'm sipping the same while I'm changing the lanes  
Eyes real tight cause I'm choking the creep  
Vision messed up cause I'm drinking 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 Imma star  
Cause when I'm in the club I be back in the far in the VIP  
part everybody in the bar

*[Verse 2 - DJ Paul]*

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 bet she gonna get stuffed  
These niggas is spies we living it live keep them nice  
tires  
Riding 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 going down!

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3 - Young Buck]*

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 G's  
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 pretendo  
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

*[Verse 4 - Crunchy Black]*

What's up Mary! How you doing?  
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 put you in a gar (in a gar)

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 5 - 8Ball]*

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 spitting cold as me  
With a bag of kush that cost six-fifty  
Have a nigga who smoke Reggie Miller  
Coughing and choking constantly  
Tastes like fruit when you hit it  
Gotta have bread to get it  
Smoke all night, sleep all day  
That to me 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

*[Verse 6 - MJG]*

MJ gonna sprinkle in some of that super incredible

