

# Stay Fly

## Three 6 Mafia

(Intro: Juicy J and DJ Paul)

We gotta stay fly-i-i-i-i-i-i-i

Till I-Till I die-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie

Yeah Remix, new Three 6 Mafia (Yeah!)

Dirty South, it's goin' down!

Trick Daddy, Project Pat, Slim Thug

We gotta stay, what!(Hook 2X)

I gotta stay fly-i-i-i-i-i-i-i

Till I die-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie

(Juicy J)

We still stay fly and are fresh out the mall

Brand new set wit' a tone in my drawers

Playing wit' the kush and the CD from Paul

Paul's smoked out, still breakin' the law

F'in to get built and I'm chirpin' a freak

Break me a piece sittin' off in the seat

Yeah I'll share, I'll give her a piece

By the end of the night she's chewin' my meat

Black thug wit' it, size 12 inches long

That's why these girls keep callin' my phone

First I was a trapper then turned rapper

Now these groupies won't leave me alone

Haters got pissed 'cause the maybach's the whip

And Project Pat came back on the rip

And if you want to know if we bangin' your bitch

She's suckin' my dick and I'm pleadin' the 5th

(DJ Paul)

DJ paul, it's official the king of the town

Some clown tried to grab my crown

I hit him made him put it down

I represent the M

And I do it better than him

Or her or them

On CD and on film

They hate me because of my cars

They hate me because of my broads

They hate me because I'm a platinum artist and I'm a movie star

Nigga get your weight up

Now wait don't come to me

Y'all signed to these people

Y'all don't even know I own a company(Hook 2X)(Trick Daddy)

I could smoke up a whole arm of that

Purple kush and the jamaican shit  
Get rid of all the stems and seeds  
And get a dutch and split it and fill it wit' weed  
Now inhale, hold it there  
Exhale, oh yeah!  
Partly cloudy wit' a slight chance of rain  
Gettin' high just to ease the pain  
And I smoke all night, smoke all day  
Back to back, sack after sack  
An oz. couldn't hold me for a week  
It'd take a pound of brown just to hold me down  
I'm a weedhead and you know this  
You want to smoke one? We can blow this  
Puff and pass it, trippin', laugin'  
High, don't cool it down, we can do the brown(Crunchy Black)  
Y'all know Mary (Mary Jane)  
Mary Jane (Mary Jane)  
I can take you in her world and she'll be game (She'll be game)  
She'll do her thing (Do her thing)  
She'll get that change (Get that change)  
It's whatever lil' buddy see I'm her man (I'm her man)(Hook 2X)(Slim Thug)  
Yeah I'ma fly till I die, gettin' high as the sky  
Puffin' on live while ridin' in my ride  
Keep a white cup full of you know what  
That purple stuff on my side while I drive  
Back and forth on that I-45  
Grippin' grain while I'm tippin' man  
Candy blue slab drippin' man  
Got the trunk on bang when I'm changin' lanes  
Ain't shit changed now there ain't no thing  
Still claim the same it's that blueboy gang  
The northside is where the boss rides  
That's where I hang, hold up man  
I'm reppin' Tex when I'm wreckin' decks  
Make you move your necks and go get the checks  
Memphis, Tenn throw up your sets  
And let them boys know we don't pardon no ? plex?(Project Pat) ({North North} repeated  
throughout verse)  
Project is blessed, I couldn't be stressed  
That's why I'm spittin' these verses  
I'm free as the wizzit, fresh out the pizzit  
Man these boys is hurtin'  
Them persons verses never come lastin' 'cause I stack the cashes  
Slow like molasses, ain't no crashes 'cause I kept my glasses  
On top of the gizzank, w-lizzank, I ain't goin' backwards  
I clickity click, blow off of the rich'  
Y'all haters ain't no factors  
My platinum jewelry is my toolery  
Dog I'm rappin' rightly

I'm fly as ever man I'm shinin'  
Hypnotizin' Minds and(Juicy J)  
I gotta stay fly-i-i-i-i-i-i

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>