

Three 6 Mafia, Doe Boy Fresh

Three 6 Mafia - Doe Boy Fresh ft. Chamillionaire

Dj Paul

Yea
Hypnotize Minds
Three 6 Mafia
Academy award winnas
Wat
Wat
Wat
Chamillionaire
We stronger than ever
For real
The last 2 walk
Its goin(howlin)
(shut the f**k up)Its goin down!

(Chorus)

I stay doe boy, doe-da-doe boy fresh!
YEEAA! (fresh fre fresh)Now wat it is boy?
Doe boy, doe-da-doe boy fresh!
YEEAA! (fresh fre fresh) Now wat it is boy?
Doe boy, doe-da-doe boy fresh!
YEEAA! (fresh fre fresh)Now what it is boy?
Doe boy, doe- da-doe boy fresh!

Dj Paul
(Verse 1)

Another day, another dollar, another night to make a hoe holla
I pop a cherry, then i pop my colla
Pop brand new tags off the brand new clothes
Brush my hair back, and kick the ho out the door
Flip a coin to see which ride im pulling out the garage
wireless transmitters and a bump to my ipod
Pull a pack out, and fill my body up wit sin
10 O'clock at night, but my day just begin
07 Mercialago wit the wings out
I usually never drive it, but i heard the hoes out
Fresher than a mint leaf, smelling like a coke-a-leaf
Center of attention, hoe smilin 'cause they posted

(Chorus)

I stay doe boy, doe-da-doe boy fresh!
YEEAA! (fresh fre fresh)Now wat it is boy?

Doe boy, doe-da-doe boy fresh!
YEEAA! (fresh fre fresh) Now wat it is boy?
Doe boy, doe-da-doe boy fresh!
YEEAA! (fresh fre fresh)Now wat it is boy?
Doe boy, doe-da-doe boy fresh!
YEEAA! (fresh fre fresh) Now wat it is boy?
Doe boy, doe-da-doe boy fresh!

Chamillionaire
(Verse 2)

Yea
Chamillitary
Hey Streets know how i get my grands, trynna snatch it better switch your plans
Pull a stack out my dickies pants, and slap a hata wit ma bidnez hand

Keep a spare for that clip that jams, money like mike, and a pimp like ken
Put some chromes under that big sedan, and im pimpin better than Xzibit can
And your impressed behind my ear, lookin aquafina clear
If you dont like it come dispute it, do your best 2 dissapear
Yea You know what it is, dont call me Chamillionaire
Now the world got to address me as the hustla of the year
im the man to respect, im demandin' respect
Or im commandin' that canon through the damage to chest
Aint no hustla or another on this planet as fresh
So when i lift up my royal hand my pinky ring should get peckd

(Chorus)

Juicy J
(Verse 3)

My cars inside peanut butter, outside JELLY!
Flicka 26's drinkin, draking wit my CELLY!
We taking real orders, talking coke on that TELLY!
We choppin up the dope like a butcher in the DELI!
you know that purple kush will leave you clothes all SMELLY!
But if you slangin pounds then your pockets shuld be SWELLY!
Im ballin till im fallin just like the movie BELLY!
Im always stayin strapped for you niggas that be PETTY!
I tote a 9, 9, 9, on the grind, grind, grind
I shine, shine, shine, jewlery blind, blind, blind
The time, time, time , yes its prime, prime, prime
Im takin ova tracks 'cause its mine, mine, mine
NIGGA!

(Chorus)

I STAY FRESH, FRESH, FRESH, FR, FR, FR, FRESH