

Three 6 Mafia, Stay Fly (Still Fly Remix)

(Intro: Juicy J and DJ Paul)

We gotta stay fly-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