

Three 6 Mafia, Stay High

(featuring Eightball & MJG & Young Buck)

(DJ Paul)

Yeaaaaah!

For the first time it's goin down, history baby!

New Three 6 Mafia, featuring Eightball and MJG, Young Buck!

It's a Tennessee thing!

(Hook: Juicy J)

I gotta stay high, ie, ie,ie, ie,ie, ie,ie, ie

Till I die, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie

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Till I die, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie

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(Juicy J)

Heyyyy

Call me the Juice and you know I'm a stunt

Ridin in the car with some bump in the trunk

Tone in my lap and you know it's a pump

Breakin down the good green, rollin the blunt

Ghetto pimp tight girls say I'm the mayne

Ice on the wrist with the ice in the chain

Ridin through the hood, got me grippin the grain

And I'm sippin the same, while I'm changin the lane

Eyes real tight cause I'm cho-ckin the green

Vision messed up cause I'm drinkin the lean

Messin with a D-Boy, ridin 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 I'm a star

Cause when I'm in the club, I be back in the far

Of the V.I.P. part and be buyin the bar

(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 drank around me believe your drank gonna get drunk up

You leave your girl around me if she bad she gonna get stuck

These niggaz despise, we live them lives

And keep them eyes tight, ridin round what they like

Make a couple nuns, a couple of dykes

So purple, p-purple, p-purple and swallow it down with

the yurple, yurple, yurple

It's goin dowwwwwwn

(Hook)

(Young Buck)

Puff puff pass nigga roll that blunt

Let's get high nigga smoke us one

Paul pulled out the Phantom, niggaz can't stand it

But them hoes gonna come out

Just really wanna smoke my weed, f**k these hoes and stack my g'z

Stop at the light and pause on Three

Hit the mall and it be all on me but

Gotta keep one eye up on the po-po, close the window

when I roll the indo

Know they mad, cause I'm rollin Benzos

This that purple, not pretend-do

Three 6 Mafia them my kinfolks, so when I'm in

Memphis, Tennessee

I just might not bring my own cause them niggaz they'll let me smoke it for free

(Crunchy Black)

What's up Mary? (how you doin?), Mary Jane (stalkin me)

Since I have met ya girl you ruined my brain (ruined my brain)

You stole my heart (stole my heart), right from the start (right from the start)

So I broke you down, lil mamma put you in the gar (put you in the gar)

(Hook)

(Eightball)

Split, roll, full of that dro

Leave the club full of Rose' Mo

Your girlfriend wanna ride with me

In a car with a pimp where she supposed to be

You ain't met no dude spit it cold as me

The bag of kush cost 650, have a nigga who smoke Reggie Miller

Coughin and chokin constantly

Taste like fruit when you hit it, gotta have bread to get it

Smoke all night, sleep all day

That's 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

(MJG)

MJ finna sprinkle in some of that, super incredible

have a nigga runnin back

Where that nigga with the good sticky number at?

Cuttin up a cigarillo like a lumber jack

In the mornin, what I need, is to, breath me in a whole lotta weed but uh

I'm needin somebody to give me what I need

when I want nothin less then the best of the trees

DJ Paul and Juicy J, Eightball and MJG

And Young Buck we don't give a f**k we must represent this Tennessee

We drink a whole lot of Hennessy (WHAT!)

Nigga got a lil hair on his chest

Do me like Bill Clinton girl, take it out ya mouth

and shoot it right there on your dress

(Juicy J)

I gotta stay high

, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie, ie