

# 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 dissappear  
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, drakin 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 slingin 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