Uh, let's go
Whoo, drag-On baby
Come on

My niggas is the niggas that'll ride with me My niggas is the niggas gettin' high with me My niggas is the niggas that'll die with me And we can get it on

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Rigga niggas wanna see the dog nigga bite
But this kid Drag strike a light
f**k five mics, my fire burn the wire
'Cause we the niggas that plug, wrap 'em in the rug

Flames mini blowin' on my hands like dust Chicks wanna slurp? I guarantee I'll make ya burp Just push yo' teeth to the curb and hum a word Some nerve, cats think they can touch a torch

You don't know I buy my gun just for me to toss f**k what it costs, I don't care what kind of drop you pushin' I put my fifteen to your top and dump bullets
Yeah, I see y'all cowards like to wear vests

Well, I'ma aim a little higher, like for your neck I puff lye, I'ma lift blunts 'til my arm look like Popeye 'Til the day is bye-bye 'til then 300G fly by, rented So foggy windows look tinted

We just be lookin' at your Roley at dem hot shows So go 'head boy, get drunk, pop that Mo' Until I pull ya to the side, see the nine kid? And since you got that nice watch, you know what time it is

'Cause Drag's clock say 7:30 So sudden move and you gon' be left somewhere real dirty, dirty Double R, a camp where it's all champs And if y'all want to stop fire, open up a damn

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Bet'cha niggas wonder Why Drag always spit fire? Why I always pop shit? About how I burn niggas 'til they chocolate 'Cause I'm the 'Opposite of H2O', now ya know

Fix your wrinkled face, my iron press more than clothes And girls, I love 'em when I meet 'em, might eat 'em But when they act up, it's like Turner Tina Don't me get the burner

Catch me in the low key Pontiac Sun sippin' Con-gac Y'all know how that affects blacks, so you know I clash that No way, I'ma blow all these gats and crack stacks I'ma lil' nigga so you know I run fast

But don't do much of it do a lot of gun bustin'
'Cause when I let off a clip, I get a kick
Outta seeing niggas run, eyes open, hopin' they don't trip
Hear the echoes blocks away

Type of bricklayers that hear shots today and give your blocks away Run up on papi, hey, drop the yay And if he don't stall this world be popped tomorrow Drag-On speaks with a stutter, but I rhyme well

So like a dead snitch it's hard to tell, dirty dirty, niggas, word This is to my grimy grimy, niggas, word This is to my RR, niggas, word Yeah, 'cause we Double R, nigga, you heard? Come on

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