

Ready For War

Drag-On

[Styles Paniro]

Yo, yo, I could keep my eyes closed still reading the signs
Young niggas think they hungry then you feed 'em a nine
Might kidnap they ass, start feedin' 'em swine
So I don't feel bad when I gut 'em like a pig
Beat him down, stomp him out, cut him like he big
You hear the attitude, I say fuck being humble
You act like a animal, you stuck in the jungle
Niggas don't care if I'm poor or rich
So I don't care about these niggas, and the law, and shit
And I'll probably get shot for being a wild nigga
You'll probably get shot for being a foul nigga
Let's talk about slugs and the drugs we deal
Boys fight, men kill, get they money and chill
Real recognize real, I ain't sayin' a word
Doing eighty in the M, that means I'm stayin' in third
With a bitch playin' shottie AK in the third

[Sheek Louch]

Don't worry 'bout what I make, worry 'bout can you escape
'Cause when I bust my guns, bring more action than roll take
Nickel your hallway, I got aim from far
Y'all can't see me like the tints on the president's car
I know niggas don't like me, and my friends want to flip
That's why I'm on some extra all about Sheek shit
Your money: Sheek shit
Your bitch: Sheek shit
Only thing I'm gonna share is these bullets here
Bitch ass that's for frontin'
Now don't say I never gave you nothin'
I'm greedy, go 'head, don't say I never saved you somethin'
Pack gun nigga but don't want no stack
I drink straight liquor till I forget where I'm at
I don't play no games, nigga, drugs my 'cupation
In a building hustlin', that's Sheek's Playstation
Motherfuckers want to ride by and ice grill
Change that to ice, dick
Show me, motherfucker, that you can kill

[Chorus:]

Seventeen shots in a clip, twenty-eight grams in an ounce
Everybody bounce, twenty-six inch hues on a truck
Thirty-six O's in a key, everybody free
Murder One felons with the glocks, twenty-four hours on the block
Bodies gettin' dropped, five thousand niggas actin' live
Five thousand niggas gotta die, everybody better ride

[Jadakiss]

Y'all niggas better find out who's your man
It don't work in the hood, you could fool your fans
Few bullets in your jeans soon to ruin your plans
Then I show up at the wake and boo-hoo at your fam
If you're like me, you never'll fail
Live by the three rules you make it, or be dead, or in jail
And I ain't really got much, but I'm up on cats
And Kiss don't just spit, I throw up on tracks
Double R now, bitch, you see the princess cut

I'm in a two thousand big boy, the tense is up
Y'all niggas is soft, catch me with the semi
Underneath the Fendi, sweater, skully, and scarf
Make sure you don't say nothing to Jay
And keep your dirt, I don't smoke nothin' but hays
I'm a do this the old way, get it while I can get it
As much as I can get, then I'm a go my own way

[Drag-On]

Hey yo, I keep my guns like laundry
I dump a load, make niggas fold, watch 'em die, and let 'em drip dry
Gon' spill pints from niggas, my rapid fire put niggas in black attire
Stuffed in the hearse, then dumped in the dirt
I live eternal, 'cause if Drag pass away
I'm a come back with wraps on my face, blastin' an eighth
February eighth, that's the day
You better cop like it's crack, or get masking taped till you suffocate
Bitches, y'all gettin' your feelings hurt
Two thousand, I ain't fuckin' no more
I'm makin' bitches jerk till I squirt
All my bitches work, like upside down from the poles
Lift that skirt, give this dick what it's worth
Double R, see the icicles on the chest
Hungry niggas come snatchin'
I throw bullets, run catch 'em
Ruff Ryder scene Drag the fire
But we could take it swingin' them irons till the bangs is flyin'

[Chorus: x2]