Drag On, Drag

[Verse 1]

I make my block move like earthquakes, they call me sandman Cuz while I smoke this up, I got coke to cut Leavin niggas so doped up, they chokin off they throw up Can't even see straight, leanin like they need V8 Nigga call a g eighth, jail I can't see me in A year's too long it's only shorter you got three in I run with niggas on the run from 25 Y'all only heard me for 18 months, already I wanna spray shit up Keep braggin about your cars I'ma see drama before it happens When I roll up hard, you wonder what the fuck cab I'm in Cuz I can pop up and peel back and all I can promise is peel caps With holes, like the bullets was damn near pose I see your Lex duped out, your sunroof's out Now look at me droppin three in your dome two to your mouth Leave a nigga head blowin his horn, with his signals on Don't lie before a snitch call cops I'm fall blocks See I spit hard cuz I know that's what y'all want Y'all aint said it first, I'm droppin with a odor out my trunk Now what the hell is that, you smell that? All you see is a shoelace teared up from the back Like I'm fishtailin a Ac And who I sound like? C'mon dog my voice drown mics But nigga don't compare, stop talkin and come here

[Styles P]{Hook}

Ruff Ryder nigga, carry the pound Get engaged with these bullets, then marry the ground Drag dash On the fire is real We don't talk about guns, we will pop our steel You don't sound like us, get down like us Make a nigga mom frown like us, we Ruff Ryde Til I say enough died, I'ma still bust mine Finished with the pound, then I'm startin with the nine

I already got mine, the only difference I pop mine nigga

You know where I be at, BX and nigga bring that

[Verse 2]

I don't sound close to niggas, niggas runnin around Rollercoasting niggas, I make post of niggas When I put the toast to niggas Let me see y'all niggas run, cuz when I tote float niggas And deep throat niggas Spit flame, drop of a dime, drop of a quarter I'm the real reason why niggas rush the border They dont plea 'bout they freedom, they just wanna see him So I can speak words to tease em, and mislead em To have 'em smuggle me guns, smuggle me drugs Fuckin with thugs, cuttin niggas up just out of love Drag buy guns in New York, hell naw! I got cubans send me cuban cigars for these bars So fuck y'all cuz all I could tell y'all the rest is no tax I'm fire so y'all could never be no macks Last nigga touched that couldn't get his skin back Came in in all white, left out in all black When I pop mine, my bullets ignore stop signs So when you feel a burnin sensation, know it's clock time You know like 2 to 6, or 3 to 9 9 to 12 and under that, aint nothin but shells Pick em up, throw em right at myself Tell a kid this is for every bad month that daddy sent to hell Those that wanna be like, should a just been Mike And when you see me in the streets, we could do it like Nike