

# Drag On, Drag Shit

[Verse 1]

I make my block move like earthquakes, they call me sandman  
'cause 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 f\*\*k cab I'm in  
'cause 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 'cause 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  
You know where I be at, BX and nigga bring that  
I already got mine, the only difference I pop mine nigga

HOOK: Styles Paniro

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

[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, 'cause 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  
F\*\*kin 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 f\*\*k y'all 'cause 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, shoulda just been Mike

And when you see me in the streets, we could do it like Nike

HOOK