

# Drag-On, Get It Right

(feat. DMX)

[HOOK: DMX]

Drag-On, niggas act on  
Messin wit the team it's gon be a sad song  
X, will bring the day and the night  
Cuz we get it right, get it right, get it right, spit it right

[DMX]

Moves is made, niggas is paid, that's just how it is  
When my time is up I'ma be out but I'ma try to live  
I'm eatin day by day, aint nothin sweet about it  
Act like you don't know what I'm sayin then you read about it  
Built for war like a armadillo  
Smokin yo' ass put two through the pilllow  
Hear my shit through windows  
Manic depressive and my head hurts  
Soon as the dead thirst I'll whet him first  
Now wait a minute it gets worse  
I can't control what I own inside  
So I take it out on the soul of that kid that died  
Spit fire, cross niggas like barbecues  
Mobbin crews, strippin niggas, robbin crews  
And put him speechless, when I made him eat this  
Hollow tip and you can follow grip  
You be like Kim and aint gon swallow shit  
Don't know the half, couldn't know the math  
To understand the wrath of a man split in half  
But he got what he wanted, shot for three hundred  
Shit is tight and a nigga that's right gots to run it  
Aint no question, that's how I get down  
Niggas know gimme yo' dough and yo' hoe, and here take these fo'  
Hot things I got things that make niggas spin  
Put niggas in the wind, where you never see niggas again  
Bless a nigga with fifties the thin types  
And a straight blast that'll put pinstripes across your windpipe

[HOOK x2]

[Drag-On]

Drag opposite water more than a spot order  
My flows cause fire then bring holes  
Takes more than a pump to out this little punk  
'less that pump is a twelve, and I get popped, still I burn to hell  
Call the police and whatever they don't seize  
And put in they mouth, and catch freeze, tell em throw Drag some keys  
Don't care how many oyeas I gotta make believe  
If you nervous, you don't deserve it poppi please  
Cats stealin gats y'all probably will get hit  
Well I'm the future let's see y'all copy this, stopping this  
Since a tiny kid like, "mommy buy me this"  
Since she always told me no, started stealin on some grimy shit  
Like look at that, now look at that slide it in my bookbag  
I'm who, parents point they fingers at, "get from that hoodrat"  
And put it back, fuck tough, while y'all cook crack  
I'm cocaine, throw me in the pot, I rise to the top  
With your 5.0, go 'head, look ma, I got four more pegs  
Stil put them holes in yo' head, til it's mushy like dough bread  
Cuz that vest only protects that chest  
And if I decide to get ice, don't get to fascinated  
Or it's my bullet, your brain, mashed potatoes  
Double R got me comin hard on you haters  
Cuz we the streets black and y'all belong beneath that

[HOOK x2]