

Drag-On, Street Team

(feat. Infrared, Cross)

[Cross]

Listen man

This here is some gangsta shit you know?

Real Bouncy

Hood Shit

Double R shit nigga

The best of the best.. street team

You know what it is or how it is

[Cross]

Motherfuckers want to act now

Keep toast by the waist now

Got a block full of crack now

Still got to hold the hood down

Little Chickens want to run around dig dig down

Got a clip for the full pound

That will put your ass under the ground

With a thunderous sound

Send heat through your goose down

Then I'm blow cool day

All over your body

Ride or die with me today

And when I cook that shook that

Ran a roll back

In an all black

360 doing 160

Head like sticking move manually

She want to know what my stamina be

Told the chick real gangstas hard to please

Stash hard in the Honda seats

You got to know how the game will freeze

Especially when you pimp the heat

You got to pop that thing

Put an ass to sleep

Better cock that thing cause the walls will creep

Niggas think they hot ain't felt the heat

Cross spit that shit that will melt the street

Cocksucker heres a pack come bump with me

Double R in a cell you can't fuck with me

[Chorus]

You don't want to fuck with me

Y'all niggas know who I am

Catch you in the parking lot

Pull out and pop your top

Somebodys got to drop

So what you want to do?

You can not hide from me

My niggas is coming for you

[Infrared]

Three O'clock on the dot when I plan to plot

Ran up in the smoke spot wanna buy a lot

Hurry Up, Shit is hot

Can't fuck with me

Kill drama with M3's company for bumping me

All my niggas own real estate

My money can't estimate

On the roll you can't tell the time or the day, and date

Have your bitch in the back of the Escalade

We can make things escalate

Pull out, make his man run on him and he had a gun on him

Busted you then make the right
To cut through the gas station and take the light
Can't tell me ruff ryders don't make it tight
Got to wonder what a Harlem niggas life is like
And I transport keys if the price is right
Then ride back through your hood on a mountain bike
Got bullets that will go through your stomach
Then come out your head
I'm Infrared
You ain't know
I'm about this bread
And I wonder what your family gonna do when they pronounce you dead
Then come through your hood with Gucci rims on
In the six with the rims on
Getting head from a bad redbone bitch
That don't mind switching
Like to fuck with her timbs on

[Chorus]

[Drag-On]

On my block there won't be no coping the bank and depositing the shit
You get my drift?
Anything sold I want to get a bank roll
You motherfuckers don't want to see these things blow
Hanging like Neptunes oh no
When I pull the four-four
Look at the hole that you fell in
I got to spin around to keep the shells in
I ma blast to keep the smell in
Bet you know now, when I rap fast
I might as well slooooww down
I mean I love when I spin Porsche to hold my horse like
Whooaaa now
How many niggas think they can ruff ryde
Because y'all puff lye
Think they can be yelling tough guy
I'm a slim nigga so I'm a make you duck by
Like whoa, listen to a fly bye
Like ch-ch-chhh
Nigga why cry?
Don't give a fuck where your soul want to go
All I care is when I toss this shit, where they gonna go
Watch where this bullet go, past niggas
I'm sick of y'all warm-floor ass niggas
Don't got to pump no more passing the picture
While I'm at your funeral just passing your picture
I ain't bad as me
[Chorus x2]
You don't want to fuck with me [x4]