

Drag-On, Tell Your Friends

(feat. Jadakiss)

[Drag talking]

Yah, I'm back niggaz

Ha Ha y'all don't think the kid gonna come back y'all crazy

[Drag]

I rock a Burberry hood, my hood is very hood

My gat is solid metal, my bat is heavy wood

Drag is under rated, my coke is heavy weighted

Y'all wanna be a blood, well that's wut I'ma soak your face in

Coughin up blood, I soften up thugs I make a nigga show me love or throw me slugs

I'm in the club with groupies, and groups of threes

So getting ran up on the block by a group of Dee's

I've been shot three movies, my deal comin soon

I'm past sellin crack I got pills comin soon

And I'm not no dancer, my moms got cancer

So I aint celebrating shit, until these doctors get the answer

Prolly never get a Grammy never get an Oscar

But I got a twelve foot fish tank with Piranhas and Oscar's

I aint gonna ask who shot ya, nine times out of the ten I know who did

I know your bitch, get at 'em Kiss

[Chorus: x2]

Tell your friends, I'ma tell your friends (my friends)

We can be friends, on the weekends (be friends)

You know the ladies love gangstas with paper (weekend)

Especially when your team wining like the Lakers

[Jadakiss]

Fall back respect, learn how to love a nigga

You only alive, on strength of another nigga

I've been nice all my F'in life

A big house I only slept in twice

Rhymes so dope, that it should be kept in rice

The mistakes I've made, shall be corrected in my second life

Nigga I be in the booth relaxed, I seduced the track

And beat it up like I produced the track

So another line bout a gun motherfucker

And I'ma pass one to you, blast one through you

You don't got adrenaline, ass run through you

I run through cash, cash run through you

I could do the job myself, only way I prolly ever be broke if I rob myself

I don't know wuts worse a hate or a fag

Double R D-Block daddy, Jada and Drag

[Chorus: x2]

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We can be friends, on the weekends (be friends)

You know the ladies love gangstas with paper (weekend)

Especially when your team winin like the Lakers

[Drag]

I was hated by many, loved by few

But respected by all, so fuck all y'all

Y'all doubted my skills, I never relied on this deal

I don't give a fuck what y'all feel, foreal foreal

This rap shit is nothing but fake love, alotta fake hugs

I rather go do a jook's , to feed my thugs

Cuz I could look through a nigga, like a glass shield

See he aint real, my flow is like acid pills or pcp

I'm like Morgan Freeman, the way I make tracks lean on me

I got a house my walls is plush, my floor is plush

Drugs by the barrel, in case it all get flushed

Spring is back, along with Drag

I juss coped a light jacket and the longest Jag
I'm who you nigga love to hate, but glad I'm back
Y'all heard X is retiring, but Drag is back

[Chorus: x3]

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