

# Drag On, The Way Life Is

[Verse 1]

Listen up, yo, shit I get upset if I see a nigga, layin in his sweats  
With blood comin out his head like sweat, knowin I could be next  
So, what about all the babies that aint fully born  
That's less fortunate, like that man walkin with one arm  
They tried to throw me up in a orphanage, with all the kids  
But I stayed up in the offices cuz they couldn't get me, off a kid  
It's sad when a good mother put hard work  
Like wash clothes, off the shit we played on and got hurt  
Why she gotta pay for the dirt  
Cuz her only son is up the street with the whole block sour  
Cuz you know bodies lay for 'bout for eight hours  
Wanna talk about our chrome whips  
There's niggas out there don't own shit  
While we sit at home and bone a bitch while niggas is homeless  
See niggas get piped over dice, wiped out, over 4 digit price  
Damn near broke my heart, made me so sick, I had to go shit  
Found her up the steps a bloody mess, hopeless  
It wasn't cops cuz only street niggas empty the whole clip  
Ya know this

CHORUS 2X: Case and Drag-On

People come, people go, that's the way life is  
(and I heard that)  
I don't know what to do, guess I'll just handle it  
(and we heard that)

[Verse 2]

Yo bullets don't have no name  
Or maybe y'all niggas should get better aim  
And stop puttin these innocent people in pain  
It's a damn shame that life aint, nothin but a game  
And we all at the 4th quarter, cuz our time is shorter and shorter  
Cuz y'all got time to tap our phones and hear the orders  
And stop the coke from comin across the waters  
But y'all can't stop the slaughters  
Or the people from starvin  
The guns is not standin still, they still revolvin  
Uptight and still mobbin  
Blacks still sling cracks and know I know why they call it  
Fishscale, from Colombia to New York on a boat the shit sells  
Tell a weak whore, and when I score  
I'ma open up my door and give to the poor  
Til they tell me they don't even want no more  
Y'all keep raisin the rent, then tell us how to raise our kids  
And categorize us on, where we live like by on Broadway  
It's all Dominicans and blacks that's packed in projects serious  
And why y'all call it a project, are we an experiment?

CHORUS 2X

[Verse 3]

Yo, I wasn't tryin to be a slave  
Or encaged up with braids  
I was saved by a guy with a older age with grades  
Told me the other ways to get paid, than lettin my gun wave  
We know you brave, get yo' shit tight and here's a pen  
It's much lighter, like click click, that's a gun sound  
Blau! That's a round now hit the ground  
That's what Drag learns cuz his pop's back was turned  
Now call the cops, what about that gat that just got pungin  
Or that kid that got it 41 times, you call that justice?  
If it is, then what the fuck is this

Somethin I must have just missed  
Maybe Christmas and get a nut off, we get our hot water cut off  
Off my Timbs I wipe the mud off, cuz I put the stomp in it  
Pretty rivers, and lakes and ponds, Drag was in a swamp in Bronx  
Well death is where I coulda gone  
Cuz where I'm from the bullets long  
Y'all see the news, but why my block gang got no footage on  
Cuz my life is like a movie, when you die, aint no comin back shit  
So if one of y'all get shot, nigga handle it

CHORUS 4X to fade