

Drag-On, Twisted Heat

(feat. Twista)

[Swizz Beatz]

Aowwwwwwwwwww!

We know y'all can drink 'til you throw up

We know y'all sittin' on 20's

We know y'all reppin' your hood

But how many y'all KILL!!!

[Twista]

Bounce that ass, load them cribs,
let me see the mobbin' niggaz that wanna talk shit
Rowdy motherfuckers that be scummy and'll go for the money,
ready to ride when they rollin' a lick

Thugs with the Chevy's, thugs with the trucks,
the real gun runner never run when he bust
Henny and he mobs in the front, smoke a 'dro blunt,
sippin' with a fifty sack under the nuts

Hoes with ass and no gut
let me see you jiggle it from SIDE TO SIDE

Niggaz if it's static, then pass me the strap,
gonna RIDE 'Til MY RIDE

All the hoes that'll freak niggaz, with the 'fedi,
let's get buck up in the club

And all my soldiers, FALL OUT, gangstas, MOB UP

All the homies on the block, ante up on the fin,
and let's go get us a sack

Serve til we got a custom 'Llac, hustlin' packs
'til a nigga bust, then we bustin' back

Guys that'll roll them dice and win,
Girls with the 'fits that show the skin

Real niggaz mind your best friend at the pen,
Real hoes let your best friend know about men

Cause I be squeezin' ass
and'll make a full glass disappear like a genie

Move to the LOX and Beanie,
while them hoes backin' that thang up on my weenie

It's like no nigga in the world could see me
when I Ruff Ryde with Drag-On

Rollin' up big babies in a Mercedes,
if you want herb we got bombs

[Chorus x2: Twista (Drag-On)]

Gotta kick that shit for the fine bitches and all my nugz
For the ones who smoke pot, do stick ups, and ball in our hood
What do a nigga say when he sees Drag-On And Twista (kill me)
Gangsta (Let's ride), hustla (Feel me)

[Drag-On]

By know everybody should know, that the kid spit tight,
and this kid spit fire light

And the bitch I don' fucked like last night,

I don't give a fuck 'bout a 2 and a half mic

Cause the only motherfucfkin magazine that I read,
is when I buy my gun from it

How many bullets you could digest in that one stomach,
I suggest y'all run from it

And the click-click from the calico, I gotta go,
make it pimp with a lot of hoes

I'm the same motherfucker that's countin' that dough,
cookin' that coke to a pot of gold

Cause my rainbow, is every color top that crackhead cop
I don't care I gotta cap me a cop

As long as I got enough money to cop me a drop, pop enough glocks
Drag open up dope spots and co-op's in convo at condos
Keep the heat up in jeeps, in case y'all creep up on me
I run up on y'all in a cab with a meter on me
And the only on leavin' is me
And the only one bleedin' is you, tryin' to breeze with me
All I rock is E-N-Y-C-E, in the NYC with the white T
All I really do is R-U,
double F, R-Y-D-E, D-R-A-G, to the dash O-N
Catch me, smokin' potent, bet I leave y'all, niggaz soakin',
with your insides open

[Chorus x2: Twista (Drag-On)]

[Swizz Beatz]

ERRRRRRR!!!!

Hold the fuck up! (Slow down!)

Drag, Twista (Listen up!)

These motherfuckers don't know what's real out here

(They damn sure don't)

This is volume 2 (volume 2)

Nigga, so, get ignorant!

[Chorus: Twista (Drag-On)]

[Twista]

Whether murder or bouncy beat, my flow be philosophical

Smokin' on tropical, achievin' all +Missions Impossible+

When I up the block at you, I'ma pop at you

If your momma cry there's nothin' I could do

Should not've fucked with Mr. Illogical

When I'm in to clubbin', huggin', shake it don't you break it

Your booty too sacred, can't take it, wanna see you naked

I done drunk a blue motherfucker, so you know I'm lit up

Everybody get up, sweat for the Twista, it's a stick up

[Drag-On]

This where the shit pick up, let me load this clip up,
just pour me some liquor

Flame-On and Twista,

let's see if you murdered who'll miss ya

I love the dirty south, that's why I gotta dirty mouth

that'll burn you out

Tell your bitch I got a dick that'll turn her out,

especially when I tell her turn around

I don' hurt her now

Shit'll come back, and I think it's time to get murdered now

I'm tired of silly clowns,

spittin' out weak shit, sound like me shit

You gon' make me pull a all nighter

Standin' in front of your crib with that gasoline and that lighter

That way we won't miss ya, Drag-On and Twista

(Put it on 'em!)