DJ Kayslay, Drama

(feat. Baby D, Bun B, David Banner, Lil' Jon)

[Intro: Lil' Jon, DJ KaySlay]

[Lil' Jon]
Hey (hey!), what?! (what?!)
It's the motherfucking Drama King, KaySlay (yeah!)
Me, it's ya boy Lil' Jon, hey (hey!)
Let's go (ha!), what?! (what?!) what?!
Let's go (ha!), yeah, hey! (hey!)
Let's go (ha!)

[DJ KaySlay (Lil' Jon)]
A yo it's DJ KaySlay the Drama (drama!) King
Ain't nothin' but real (yeah) niggaz up on this track (what?) right here
A yo Brian, we gots to get up in the mix
Like we back on the block in '86

[Chorus: Lil' Jon]
If my hood talkin' fake shit, what you gon' catch?! (Drama!! Drama!!)
What?! What?! (Drama!! Drama!!)
In my face thinkin' "oh he hard!" he'll catch (Drama!! Drama!!)
Yeah! (Drama!! Drama!!)
Tryin' to say somethin' freak bitch, what he gon' get?! (Drama!!, Drama!!)
Hey! Hey! (Drama!! Drama!!)
You better back up bitch before you get slapped quick! (Drama!! Drama!!)
About that nigga named! (Drama!! Drama!!)

[Verse 1: Bun B]
Niggaz sayin' what they gon' do when they see that Bun B
You tellin' everybody out there all that dumb shit but me
Alright, you niggaz want it, I got it FUCK IT, it's his space (space)
Soon as I get the work from +Kay+, niggaz is gettin' +Slay+ed (slayed)
The 50 Caliber handgun, the Mack (Mack), the Glove (Glove)
Catch a nigga off the street, show his bitch-ass some love (bitch-ass some love)
Hoe, you ain't gettin' no greater, you's a hater
Give him 30 in his grill, feed his ass to the gators
Fuck him now, fuck him later, niggaz know cause niggaz seen it (seen it)
I'm gettin' my money now or get yo' bitch-ass between it (bitch-ass between it)
Rawer than Sushi and still swimmin' in the sea
I don't know how shit was but I know how shit is finna be (what?)
Killin' off the enemy, short stoppin' ya cuts (yeeah)
Cuttin' off ya supply cause now your connect workin' for us (okay)
Grab the thang and I'm a bust, I ain't scared to do the time
So if you wanna fuck wit us, best of have it on ya mind, nigga

[Chorus: Lil' Jon]

[Verse 2: David Banner]
KaySleezy, man it's easy, look, for me to go and bust
On pussy-ass niggaz who can't shut the fuck up
The Drama-Slap-Ya-Momma King and Mr. Mississippi
If it's problems come and get me man, I'll dump 150
Out the (A) K, blowin' my way, make his momma say, "oh my!"
Niggaz die, I roll around high
All the dro clicked out bustin' the .44
If ya really buck girl, then you slap that hoe
Knock her out
Bitch look, ya know what I'm about
Born fair
If ya real then put it in the air
Big guns, big funds and real big wheels
Go on hit him in his chest and watch his body windmill
Aw FUCK, David Banner is comin' out the cut

All I got in this world is my word and my nut - fuck nigga

[Lil' Jon talking] + (David Banner)
Yo we gotta let these (yeah) niggaz know what they gettin'
When they fucking startin' wit that bullshit

[Chorus: Lil' Jon]

[Verse 3: Baby D]
Motherfucker want it, get done up
Packin' heat out the summer
BLAOW! BLAOW! in the crowd
Now watch the crowd go ball
And this here (yeeah) about the clip and (hoe) they dug it (hoe)
And givin' blood up (come on)
I'm too fast for 'em
Mr. Potato (oh) Head (ooh), nigga then slid and mash on
Clash on 'em (yeeah), harass 'em (yeeah)
Flash 'em (yeeah) wit a full tank of gas
Then put this (oh) in ya ass
Wit acid (yeeah), without a reason (hoe) ain't leakin'
But (come on) how my tolerance is limited
Got 'em smokin' like chimney, leave ya body dumpin' like Jimmeny
You the enemy that envy me (hoe) it's a sin to be (come on)
Friends wit these niggaz who ain't kin to me
Family, countin' (ooh) the problems, when we jump off probably
Hard and he soft (hey), I was taught (hoe)
Uh, (come on) when you done wit 'em (what?), they better not be able to walk
Don't talk (yeeah) and let your answers speak for ya (for ya)
The block ain't hot until it boil
I love the block (yeeah) like hot pot did Donald Boyle (ooh)
I make bread on the soil

[Chorus: Lil' Jon]