

# Drag On, Down Bottom (Remix)

[Juve] Mmmm hmmmmm

[Drag] Ha ha hah

Oh! Damn, now bop to this  
Yeah, uhh, uhh, y'all know what this is (flame on)  
Juvenile, Drag-On (flame on)  
And now.. Swizz Swizz Beats, yea!

[Drag-On]

Me and my niggaz done licked shots, even done hit cops  
Betcha niggaz can't wait til my shit drop  
Treat you like your momma, give you lip a pop  
Nigga you don't want my clip to drop  
Cause that means I'm empty, and you're full of it  
Check what the bullet did  
Missiles gonna hit you get you, rip through tissue  
Shoot another rhyme just cause I missed you  
I make plus cash, you little niggaz can't fuck wit Drag  
Got the chain out, so his muscle grabs  
Nigga fuck that, you better bust back  
'fore ya monkey-ass land where the dust at  
Ride like the girl but you can't trust cash  
Spit line of fire and he can't touch black  
All you can do is cuss back  
in your weak raps bout how you bust gats  
Nigga we don't need that, I don't care about your feedback  
Y'all niggaz don't feed Drag  
Til a motherfucker pull out, bust a bullet out  
in the safe house, nigga where the keys at  
Nigga where the stash at, nigga where the weed at  
Nigga pass that 'fore I pull my trigger  
Matter fact where the ass at, cause I got the "Rough Rider"  
and I ain't talkin bout my niggaz  
Cause nigga we can go hoe for hoe, toe to toe, blow for blow  
and when you feel your nose crack  
That mean I broke that, I fill a po'-po' wit a flame thrower  
like I told yo' befo' ya know umm - you can't handle  
You can put me on wax but my fire burn candles  
And who that nigga Ruff Rydin, Drag-On  
Y'all niggaz and Southsiders

Chorus: Drag-On + Various (repeat 2X)

Do y'all niggaz bust y'all guns?  
(Hell yeah we bust our guns!!)  
Do y'all fuck them til they cum?  
(Damn right we make them cum!!)  
It's for the North (HEY) South (HEY)  
East (HEY) West (HEY)  
Ruff Ryders gonna show y'all niggaz who ride the best

[Yung Wun]

HAaaa, this is a stick up  
Hoes get lit up, niggaz get split up  
South's in the house tonight  
So crank it up, for the one double nine nine  
How many niggaz still tryin to grind  
but my name they gonna shine  
Now to the fullest as I pull up wit my green fella wastin no time  
I gotta get mine, and if you ever nigga  
stoppin what I am tryin to do I'll make you suffer  
Cause I ain't got no love for you  
Nigga my crew carry fully automatics  
Mix wit dub street mathematics

and if you make a mistake that's tragic  
My niggaz prey on bad habits  
and we ain't to be fucked with  
nigga we split shit for the love of green I'm all in  
Ruff Ryding this bitch  
There's gonna be consequences and repercussions  
Up in this bitch, fuckin wit this D-S clique  
on some of that stop drop shit  
wit Drag-On, and Yung-Wun's who I be  
Make the shit not what I see  
From the down South to N-Y nigga shots  
Every nigga I run wit bust glocks  
so if ya niggaz bust ya gunz  
let's get down and dirty  
and if you cut em til they cum  
well... ya niggaz heard me!

Chorus

[Drag-On]

When my niggaz get knocked we gonna bail them out  
When it come to my gun my shells is out  
You better get the message, cause I done mailed it out  
that I'ma bang it like a hammer and I'ma nail the South  
East West, and write letters for my niggaz up North  
My guns made in China, so you better dust off  
Comin to getcha, you gon' bleed ketchup, I always got cheddar  
I never ass bet ya, and I won't even sweat ya  
You won't roll four and better  
My dough is never low, but if Drag is down on his last  
I'ma reach in my sweater, bet my Baretta  
Make a nigga feel the heat in the cold weather  
Can't stand a nigga hype, throw me his bitch  
Bitch come to my shit, you betta come get her  
Be like a dog with a bone I run with her  
Y'all make me so tired  
Y'all niggaz still rappin like you don't know my flow is fire  
and y'all ain't got ya suits, ain't got ya boots  
Probably gotta gun that ain't never shoot  
When we come you better hope they don't name you  
Cause like two sticks rubbin I'll flame you  
Don't try to be me cause I ain't you  
'fore I have your spirit with the angels  
My shorty keep a gun on the ankles  
Wanna fuck? Watch out she'll bang you  
cause I taught her well, y'all players better haul to hell  
But you niggaz couldn't borrow a belt  
Whoever wit you is goin to jail  
Do you niggaz bust your guns? Oh you ain't bustin none, huh?  
You wanna fuck em til they cum, huh?  
Drag-On, Juvenile, Double R, what you want huh?

Chorus 2X