

Drag-On, Niggas Die For Me

[Drag-On]
Uh, let's go
Whoo! Drag-on baby

[DMX]
Come on

[1] ?[DMX]
My niggas is the niggas that'll ride with me
My niggas is the niggas gettin' high with me
My niggas is the niggas that'll die with me
And we can get it on

[Repeat 1]

[Drag-On]
Many niggas wanna see the Dog nigga bite
But this kid Drag strike a light
Fuck five mics, my fire burn the wire
Cause we the niggas that plug
Wrap 'em in the rug
Flames mini blowin on my hands like dust
Chicks wanna slurp?
Guaranteed I make ya burp
Just put your teeth to the curb
And hum a word
Some nerve, cats think they can touch the torch
You don't know about my gun just for me to toss
Fuck with the cars
I don't care what kind of drop ya pushin'
I put my fifteen to ya top and dump bullets
Yeah I see y'all cowards like to wear a vest
Well I'mma aim a little higher like for you neck
I puff lye, I'mma lift blunts till my arm look like Popeye
Till the day is bye-bye
Till then 300G fly by rented
So foggy windows look tinted
We just be lookin' at your Rolley at dem hot shows
So go ahead boy get drunk, pop that Mo
Until I pull ya to the side, see the nine kid?
And since you got that nice watch
You know what time it is
Cause Drag's clock say 7:30
So sudden move and you blow me less a
Real, real dirty, dirty
Double R, a camp where it's all champs
And if y'all want to stop fire open up a vent

[Repeat 1 x2]

Bet'cha niggas always wonder
Why Drag always spit fire?
Why y'all always pop shit?
About how I burn niggas till they chocolate
Cause I'm the opposite of H2O now ya know
Fix your wrinkled face, my iron press more than clothes
And girls I love 'em when I meet 'em
Might eat 'em
But when they act up, it's like Turner Tina
Don't me get the burner
Catch me in the low key Pontiac Sun sippin' Coniac
Y'all know how that affects blacks
So you know I clash that
Now where I'mma put all these gats and crack sacks

I'mma lil' nigga so you know I run fast
But don't do much of it do a lot of gun busting
Cause when I let off a clip I get a kick
Outta seeing niggas run eyes open, hoping they don't trip
hear the echoes blocks away
Type of bricklayers that hear shots today
And give your blocks away
Run up on papi hey drop the yay
And if he don't stall
This world be popped tomorrow
Drag-On speaks with a stutter but I rhyme well
So like a dead snitch it's hard to tell
Dirty, dirty niggas word
This is to my grimy, grimy niggas word
This is to my RR niggas, word
Yeah cause we double R niggas ya heard?
(Come on)

[Repeat 1 x6]