

# Drag On, Ready For War

[Styles P]

Yo, yo I could keep my eyes closed, still reading the signs  
Young niggas think they hungry then you feed em a nine  
Might kidnap they ass start feedin em swine  
So I don't feel bad when I gut em like a pig  
Beat him down, stomp him out, cut him like he big  
You hear the attitude I say fuck being humble  
You act like a animal you stuck in the jungle  
Niggas don't care if I'm poor or rich  
So I don't care about these these niggas and the law and shit  
And I'll probably get shot for being a wild nigga  
You'll probably get shot for being a foul nigga  
Let's talk about slugs and the drugs we deal  
Boys fight, men kill, get they money and chill  
Real recognize real I aint sayin a word  
Doin 80 in the M that means I'm stayin in third  
With a bitch playin shottie AK in the third

[Sheek]

Don't worry bout what I make worry 'bout can you escape  
Cuz when I bust my guns bring more action than roll take  
Nickel your hallway, I got aim from far  
Y'all can't see me like the tints on the president's car  
I know niggas don't like me and my friends wanna flip  
That's why I'm on some extra all about Sheek shit  
Your money, Sheek shit, your bitch, Sheek shit  
Only thing I'm gonna share is these bullets here  
Bitch ass that's for frontin now don't say I never gave you nothin  
I'm greedy, go head, don't say I never saved you somethin  
Pack gun nigga but don't want no stack  
I drink straight liquor til I forget where I'm at  
I don't play no games nigga, drugs my 'cupation  
In a building hustlin that's Sheek's play station  
Motherfuckers wanna ride by and ice grill  
Change that to ice dick, show me motherfucker that you can kill

HOOK: Styles P

17 shots in a clip, 28 grams in an ounce  
Everybody bounce, 26 inch hues on a truck  
36 O's in a key, everybody ree  
Murder One felons with the glocks, 24 hours on the block  
Bodies gettin dropped, 5000 niggas actin live  
5000 niggas gotta die, everybody better ride

[Jadakiss]

Y'all niggas better find out who's your man  
It don't work in the hood you could fool your fans  
Few bullets in your jeans soon to ruin your plans  
Then I show up at the wake and boo-hoo at your fam  
If you like me you never'll fail  
Live by the three rules you make it, or be dead or in jail  
And I aint really got much but I'm up on cats  
And Kiss don't just spit I throw up on tracks  
Double R now bitch you see the princess cut  
I'm in a 2000 big boy the tense is up  
Y'all niggas is soft, catch me with the semi  
Underneath the Fendi, sweater, skully, and scarf  
Make sure you don't say nothing to Jay  
And keep your dirt, I don't smoke nothin but hays  
I'ma do this the old way get it while I can get it  
As much as I can get then I'ma go my own way

[Drag-On]

Ayo I keep my guns like laundry

I dump a load, make niggas fold, watch em die, and let em drip dry  
Gon spill pints from niggas, my rapid fire put niggas in black attire  
Stuffed in the hearse, then dumped in the dirt  
I live eternal, cuz if Drag pass away  
I'ma come back with wraps on my face, blastin an eighth  
February 8th, that's the day  
You better cop like it's crack, or get masking taped til you suffocate  
Bitches, y'all gettin your feelings hurt  
2000 I aint fuckin no more, I'm makin bitches jerk til I squirt  
All my bitches work, like upside down from the poles  
Lift that skirt, give this dick what it's worth  
Double R, see the icicles on the chest  
Hungry niggas come snatchin, I throw bullets run catch em  
Ruff Ryder scene Drag the fire  
But we could take it swingin them irons til the bangs is flyin

HOOK 2X