

# Drag On, Ruff Ryder's Anthem (Remix)

This thing right here is for my peoples in the streets (Uh huh)  
and this thing right here and get your ass off your feet (Come On)

Drag-On

They call me Drag-On,  
its time to bomb,  
I'll burn'em all  
Till they all say  
turn em off '  
cause these chicks  
I'ma run em all  
Chickenheads know I be the colonel  
'cause I burn eternal  
mixes wit they infernal  
So be careful 'fore I burn you  
You better learn dude,  
yeah I heard you  
But I'ma hurt you,  
but you don't know  
my verses too is a virtue  
Ruff Ryders be the team,  
which means a lot cream,  
lot of schemes  
Lot of beams  
to make your stock drop,  
right on the seams  
Nigga here is too hot  
and too much  
for you to touch  
Better tell your man 'cause I'm too tough  
inaudibly too dust do you bust  
'cause we do you can ask people  
But quietly  
but they don't believe until they leave violently  
Is you buying us  
'cause niggas that purchase is under the dirt kid  
They call me Drag-On;  
I'm the youngest buck at bunkers  
Collabo' wit my dogs from Yonkers  
but this Bronx bombers  
Spitting flame so you better  
wear your armor  
Flame on!

Chorus: DMX (repeat 2X)

My dogs gon' stop; your dogs gon' drop  
And then we go, shut'em down open up shop  
First we had em like ohh,  
now they like no  
What baby that's how Ruff Ryders roll

Jadakiss  
When I pop up,  
I lock shop up,  
pull the drop up  
Park a block up,  
hit the alarm,  
put the top up  
Stash the 'dro in my sock  
then pull my sock up  
And keep the burner  
but if it's hot put my glock up

You know what I'm about  
Sliding off  
get my cock sucked  
Or writing rhymes  
watching Scarface in the hot tub  
What you wanna bet  
when I pull it out  
if you don't shout  
Then every bullet'll go  
in and out  
Who you know besides 'Kiss  
take a piss in the bottle of Cris  
Then give it to a modeling bitch  
And you like your watch plain  
I'ma flood mine  
Alligator bloodline  
trained to fine coke and write one time

#### Styles

Ya'll niggas ain't hearing me out  
til I pop up appear in your house  
Clearing it out, holiday style  
Everybody acting violent and wild  
Snatch the wife silence the child  
That's how we move,  
kill me my man kill you  
That's how you lose,  
I Ruff Ryde  
I don't like this slide  
felt that I slipped  
Then the guns only helping the clip  
And the clip's only helping my hand  
And like who the f\*\*k is helping your man  
When I cock back and hop out the van  
Double R, get a job, play the shit in the car  
Hear the party start a fight at the bar  
Snatch ya all sell your shit for some coke  
and get the f\*\*k out the dodge

#### Eve

Guess you figure that my niggas  
Flip us pullin triggas  
who's team crowd around  
trying to flick a picture,  
get wit ya This bitch from holding it down off this quicker  
Nigga not making sense better stay up off the liquor  
Blond bomb-shell caramel, heavy spender  
Get you saying I'm they sister Hush ya mouth 'fore I hit ya  
Stick it in wise guys fake thugs and bullshitters  
Take you for a ride cover up your eye then I get ya  
Used to be shyder, now I'ma Ruff Ryder  
Big niggas play me close, when they used to ride by a  
Snatching up your figure fronting know you dig us  
Haters screaming who that bitch (uhh) mind your (uhh) business nigga

#### Chorus

#### DMX

Uh huh, uh, uh, uh X is gonna hit ya'll niggaz hard  
Leave ya'll niggaz scarred  
F\*\*king with the dog  
when you f\*\*king with the god  
Rip ya'll niggaz arm,  
Faggot nigga saw  
Remember me from up north,

I had you scared to cough  
My name is ringing bells,  
in penitentiary cells  
I'm making thugs rebel,  
ain't hard to tell  
You never really wanted it  
so the mic is just the fun of it  
outta sixteen shots I'ma hit,  
which one of you niggaz am I gonna get  
Thought you knew what I was gonna spit  
This time with this rhyme but by the end of it  
Ya'll niggaz is gon' be like yo X ripped it  
Did my thing as usual it's never gonna stop  
But them cats can't be for real,  
I got this shit locked  
Is that a game or a joke  
tell the name or get smoked  
Simple as that,  
simple as black,  
to the throat  
Hit'em all up to the coat,  
now you losing your life (Grrrrrr)  
A dog is a dog for life!