

# Drag On, Tell Your Friends

[Drag talking]

Yah, I'm back niggaz

Ha Ha y'all don't think the kid gonna come back y'all crazy

[Drag]

I rock a Burberry hood, my hood is very hood

My gat is solid metal, my bat is heavy wood

Drag is under rated, my coke is heavy weighted

Y'all wanna be a blood, well that's wut I'ma soak your face in

Coughin up blood, I soften up thugs I make a nigga show me love or throw me slugs

I'm in the club with groupies, and groups of threes

So getting ran up on the block by a group of Dee's

I've been shot three movies, my deal comin soon

I'm past sellin crack I got pills comin soon

And I'm not no dancer, my moms got cancer

So I aint celebrating shit, until these doctors get the answer

Prolly never get a Grammy never get an Oscar

But I got a twelve foot fish tank with Piranhas and Oscar's

I aint gonna ask who shot ya, nine times out of the ten I know who did

I know your bitch, get at 'em Kiss

[Chorus: repeat X2]

Tell your friends, I'ma tell your friends (my friends)

We can be friends, on the weekends (be friends)

You know the ladies love gangstas with paper (weekend)

[Jadakiss]

Fall back respect, learn how to love a nigga

You only alive, on strength of another nigga

I've been nice all my F'in life

A big house I only slept in twice

Rhymes so dope, that it should be kept in rice

The mistakes I've made, shall be corrected in my second life

Nigga I be in the booth relaxed, I seduced the track

And beat it up like I produced the track

So another line bout a gun motherfucker

And I'ma pass one to you, blast one through you

You don't got adrenaline, ass run through you

I run through cash, cash run through you

I could do the job myself, only way I prolly ever be broke if I rob myself

I don't know wuts worse a hate or a fag

Double R D-Block daddy, Jada and Drag

[Chorus: repeat X2]

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We can be friends, on the weekends (be friends)

You know the ladies love gangstas with paper (weekend)

[Drag]

I was hated by many, loved by few

But respected by all, so fuck all y'all

Y'all doubted my skills, I never relied on this deal

I don't give a fuck what y'all feel, foreal foreal

This rap shit is nothing but fake love, alotta fake hugs

I rather go do a jook's , to feed my thugs

Cuz I could look through a nigga, like a glass shield

See he aint real, my flow is like acid pills or pcp

I got a house my walls is plush, my floor is plush

Drugs by the barrel, in case it all get flushed

Spring is back, along with Drag

I juss coped a light jacket and the longest Jag

I'm who you nigga love to hate, but glad I'm back

Y'all heard X is retiring, but Drag is back

[Chorus: repeat X3]

Tell your friends, I'ma tell your friends (my friends)  
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You know the ladies love gangstas with paper (weekend)