

# Drag-On, We All Can Get It On

[whispered]

Strike the match

Flame-on motherfuckers

My gun, I aim lower

My words is a flame thrower

Watch me end yall with something,

that'll make your skin crawl

Im only yae' tall, kay y'all? But I lay down law

And I lay down y'all, so y'all better praise(a) the lord

No room to breath. Knowin shh

And the shit I spit be red and orange

And yall going to have to call it in like bomb threats

Cuz I'm fire but, when I wet yall your gonna be drenched

Laid up with ten, cause when I pull it out

I pull in shouts like BLOW!

Damn that shit was loud! See the crowd?

They all seek cover when they see that black rubber

Because this cat here, got no sisters or no brothers

It was one alone

Covered with shellack ready to die black

Lets talk about guns, and how y'all don't bust none

Thease niggas here, y'all doing lest busting lot of ducking

Maybe a lot of fucking, cause all y'all bust is nuts

Just give me room, nobody move, or yall gonna hear the boom

If yall can get it on, then we can get it on

We all can get it on... [x3]

FLAME-ON MUTHERFUCKERS [x2]

Ya niggaz packin gats and stones, frontin on your man's phone

Ya niggaz missed the ride, cause this nigga make ya moan

Cause when I pull out its like AIDS, I make sure its full blown

And before the grief (kiss kiss), kiss him on both cheeks

Let him think theres peace

And give him something to remember

Corpse stiff, hands cold, and body temperature December

Sneakers off, closed casket, blew his cheek off

By the way be careful who you speak of

Cuz I by the wall in the back, guaranteed and all that

While y'all in all black

When I leave the place, drop the reef, in his moms lap

Motherfuckers... soon as y'all think your beef is sweet

I'm gonna lay in the streets

and let y'all niggaz throw quarters on me

Can you spare change for your life?

Change for what? Thats when I pop up

With something long, and put something in his ass like a thong

I dont know what you thought

I'm gonna do you like I do a Newport

In sec-onds kid, smoke it to Brownsville and step on it

[Hook]

I'm straigh housing shit

Yeah, ya niggas is ballers

But I'm the nigga bouncin' it

if Ruff Ryders is announcing it

Ya know we get down for it, want every ounce of it

I don't care if it's counterfeit, since this is music

how we sound with it?

Dont forget, we bust rhymes for it

skip town for it, get under the ground for it

So nigga, dont ignore it

Unless your ass is deaf  
this is gonna be your last breath  
Your last S. and S. check  
with your hands crossed over your chest  
I dont give a fuck  
what ever I gotta take care, I get it done  
If its money, I owe nobody  
Except a few hot ones  
And if your 18 and under, this here's your last test  
And I'm gonna teach you in the class  
with the past tense, lil bastards  
C is for class or for casket. So get your books up  
And if your doe is low, that C better mean for Cook Up  
Dont tell me that you shook up  
You know I keep my stacks tall  
So that you gotta look up, and maybe we can hook up  
But you know what? Then you woke up  
Some body smoked you smoke up  
You know what that mean  
You broke, and you 'bout to get broke up

[Hook: out]