

Drag-On, We Don't Give A Fuck

(feat. Fiend)

[Drag-On]

Yeah, yeah, Volume Three
Real disrespectful on the one Unc', uh-huh
I ain't got no more respect for these niggaz, uh-uh
Icepick, where the fuck your knife at?

Now who the fuck wanna ryde with this gangsta nigga, thug nigga
.38 snub busters, slugs rush ya
I should be in anger management class, the way I'm aimin a mac
That's how I let off frustration pertainin my past
Murder ya block, then Drag's wavin at cabs
Feds is on cars that's why they give him On-Star
Straight blood, when I walk in, throw on the red light bulbs
Then I throw my pinky ring on and writin up the club
I'm all real, y'all slight thugs, I'm just like
them Arabs, fuck a gat, I use a knife
Keep my dick sucked like, straws in soda
Y'all know the deal like, cards and poker, huh?
I'm a monster on the street, I'll play all strips
I'll beat down lyrics and stomp out beats and dump out clips
If I ain't got it I crack knuckles on jaws, stab a couple on tour
Y'all faggots never knuckled up before, bitch

[Chorus x2: Fiend]

We don't give a fuck about none a y'all (none a y'all)
I'm talkin bout all y'all (all y'all)
Don't make me grab the thing and get to runnin y'all (runnin y'all)
Every single motherfuckin one of y'all (one of y'all)

[Drag-On]

Listen up..
I bought a yellow banana six cause the way I peel off
Tommy gun banana clip, if you thinkin I'm soft
This'll silence yo' ass quick, put a apple on the tip
Then go sip, apple martinis and laugh about this shit
Niggaz wanna look at my chest, nigga watch your eyes
cause, Drag'll give you his change and give you a surprise
Cause when I ride, I put a heart in them niggaz and get 'em live
then let my toast, put the ghost in niggaz and watch it rise
Yeah I look out for my niggaz, but I'm not a town hero
When I walk, I set fire to the floor like ground zero
I'm the reason niggaz jumpin out of buildings, shit
They better let that hard ground kill 'em then they run down sizzlin
Got a hundred hidden guns in the wall where I live
So the only way I'm fightin for the wall is they comin to my crib
Double-R motherfucker, we runnin this shit
Cause every time we put in our guns y'all runnin and shit, bitch

[Chorus]

[Drag-On]

Listen, I wasn't born with stats, but I might stand while y'all was young
I used to be on the cheese line cause I was born to be a rat
My race is like a pizza pie, y'all can get a slice
And it won't be just them Arabs runnin around with they face wrapped
So if you a thug - throw these slugs!
And not at my vest, throw it at my mug
Cause my niggaz'll get y'all back, love is love
Cause we all family and nigga blood is blood
I never back down, I put backs on grounds
that'll make your mother pull out that all-black gown
Man FUCK this track, listen to how I sound

That's your block, that's your city, that's your town?
BLADOOOOW! It's mines now
Cause I ain't drop a album in two years, it's time now
Cause I know y'all all laughin, playin your John Madden
'til me and my niggaz kick open the door like [BOOM]

[Chorus x2]