

# Drag On, We In Here

Yeah you know how we do it, Funk Flex, Big Kap, Def Jam  
The Tunnel, Ruff Ryders, Let's go baby

[Chorus]

Ruff Ryders (We in here!)  
Ruff Ryders (We stayin here!)  
Ruff Ryders (Ain't goin nowhere,  
Ain't hidin nowhere, ain't runnin nowhere)

[Drag-On]

Ya'll laughin, when we comin, we checkin the cabinets  
Body parts we baggin, we ain't comin for the crack  
We come to crack backs and ? over niggaz hair dew  
Spit rays, pop off C's and graze niggaz fades  
I creep in a Mustang, bust my heat in the rain  
Till they get a rust stain  
Y'all niggaz heard of me, probably wanna murder me  
I'll pull up on ya block and turn your white teeth burgundy  
Let's see some surgery

[EVE]

Watch the first lady as she rides  
Rougher than the rest of them bitches  
What it take for cats to hush they mouth  
This one official  
Come on clown prove it's still an issue  
Streets is ours, have ya homies weepin cause they miss you  
Thought it was a game when I said the dogs would get you  
Heard you f\*\*ked up cause E-V-E bit you  
Flex knows what the real is  
That's why he deal wit  
Ruff Ryders baby droppin bombs nigga feel this

[Chorus]

Ruff Ryders (We in here!)  
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[Styles]

Why ya'll braggin, I'm over here choppin and baggin  
And I don't want the drop coupe so I'm choppin the wagon  
Dark navy blue six speed, six air-bags  
Even if this shit crash, feel like Six Flags  
And ya'll niggaz cant block my shells  
When I'm in jail the C.O. don't lock my cell  
Before any rap group, we was the L.O.X. crooks  
I'll slap a hundred dollars on the whole blocks books  
And know the block shook, when I walk by  
Niggaz just like you they rather not look  
I inspired y'all niggaz to flow  
I'ma always get money so I admire ya'll niggas that blow  
Ask ya self who the nicest out right now  
Put your ice up lets get on the mic right now  
Clown, I'm the top cat where it stops at  
Where lightning and thunder at  
And y'all niggaz is under that

[Jadakiss]

If you runnin with the P. you gonna get your turn  
Tuck my gun while its hot to feel my dick hair burn  
Might come through the spot where the shottie and what  
Body to block and hot wanna the Bacardi wit rocks  
I aint never drive a bike but I ride on the back

Rob wit a gat, shit I still ride wit my craps  
If you wanna go to war we can tally it up  
Escalate and venally it up, what?

[Chorus]  
Ruff Ryders (We in here!)  
Ruff Ryders (We stayin here!)  
Ruff Ryders (Ain't goin no where,  
Ain't hidin no where, ain't runnin no where)

[Sheek]  
If you like Sheek, you hold heat and no one know  
Bust yo' gun and leave the body where no one go  
I pack some shit for any type of situation  
Only time I don't pack heat is on vacation  
Ands that's the blow dryer next to the Playstation  
I'm big but I use shit to kill you quick  
And I don't wrestle unless chicks do bad on my dick  
Flex know I bring somethin hot to the spot

[DMX]  
What would you rather have the 10 you found or the 5 you earned  
Became a man at 6 cause at 5 you learned  
Don't take nothin for granted except death  
Man of the house cause you the last nigga left  
see how it's going dizzy with the shit so we can blast a rhyme  
Hope the Lord got your soul cause your ass is mine  
Every time you turn around niggas know that I be right there  
East turned to West coast, cravin for the nightmare  
Don't give a f\*\*k about what you sling  
Cause you ain't slingin that shit, or bringin that shit  
Up the hill, but you still singin that shit  
Talkin shit like you know what its like to walk this shit  
Get on some stalkin shit  
So you know what niggaz rule New York and shit  
I'm just thinkin all the business and how to handle ya'll niggaz  
All the families that I got lightin candles for niggaz  
Breathin revelence, grandmothers fallen out and need the sedatives  
Mom huggin the casket wishin that she raised a better kid

[Swizz Beatz]  
Y'all niggaz actors  
I'll put your face where your muthaf\*\*kin back was  
Im tired of y'all niggaz actors  
Y'all know what y'all gonna get  
And y'all niggaz know damn well who y'all f\*\*kin wit  
Little slim nigga like me, big gun like this  
And my gun bust and gun never miss  
I'm the nigga that make ya miss Christmas  
When we go to court you know shit dismissed

[Chorus] x4  
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