

**Bernard Butler****"Drag Em 'N' Tha River"**

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[Yella]

You fake cheerleadin' bitch! You want a nigga like me  
to beware, ha?

I'ma show you some spokes right now, you bitch you

[Tec-9]

Take them braids out his head Yella

[Chorus-Yella & Tec-9]

I'ma drag him from tha river dump his body in Chuck's  
yard

Leavin' a note around his neck readin' BAD ASS YELLA  
BOY

Ooooooh he wants some? Ain't that cold?

YOU A HOE MYSTIKAL

YOU A HOE MYSTIKAL

See I'm from the 3 and I don't give a fuck

And I know you thought I wouldn't be back but you can't  
keep me down

Don't forget about the U and the Cash Money Clowns

[1st Verse-Yella]

I'm from the 3 and I don't give a fuck, for the record

Once again it's Mystikal with the Chuck's

I'm back up on the scene with the 2 like a Viper

Get in so much war I think I straighter than a sniper

Mystikal you bitch, are you ready for the drama?

Told your hoe ass people hoe don't run I'll kill Mama

If I catch ya wit your draws down I'ma do ya

Once upon a time I up the roof and gimme the cruiser

[Chorus]

[2nd Verse-Yella]

I be the jack of all trades don't make me splizit, your  
fuckin' head

The queen I mean the King , I mean he learned many  
trades

Comin' to get'cha round the pen, ready to unwrap your

braids  
Gay blade, now what'cha wanna do? My nuts you can  
chew  
Because they told me you wanted to battle  
Told em you better scaddattle  
You ain't bout no B-1 Doctor show, don't make me bust  
you up  
Braids that'll fly up from the roundhouse socks, that  
roll-o  
Now go in my shirt you hoe, blunts up in my polo

[Chorus]

[3rd Verse-Yella]

Stop playin' with me, stop playin' with me bitch, stop  
playin' with me  
I'm like the B.G.'z I'm gat totin'  
By this time it's the bulldog barrel smokin'  
I hope they catch and chop ya down, tear ya ass apart  
Thrash all the swine touch down your brains on the  
ground  
I gots the gat spell it backwards,  
that's what I do up on that ass ya bitch I'm not an actor  
I'm comin' dumpin' on ya fake punk wannabe  
I warned ya too many times to watch the bloody  
tragedy  
I got the diamonds to the bauds, twinkle up your golds  
Now spin the bin, in the turtleneck polo cuz I don't care  
Fuck what you sayin' about beware  
I'm tired of tellin' you that I'm a donkey nigga,  
Stop playin'

[Chorus]

[4th Verse-Yella]

I'm in the front room, in the whirlaround, the brown  
table  
Are you able? Capable? All of a sudden, um...  
I had to pop em, I had to pop em  
I top em all and respect is what I need  
Hollow tips in the clips just to make your ass bleed  
I'ma drop this pussy with the braids off see  
I'ma dump his body in Chuck's yard, UNLV  
I told this Mr. Cheerleader not to fuck with me  
I told ya to keep my fuckin' name out ya fuckin' mouth  
You didn't do it now it's time to take your ass out

[Chorus]

[5th Verse-Yella]

I gets lowdown and dirty with the dirty 30  
Because I'm in your neighborhood plus my nose dirty  
I'm into Chuck's house, deliverin' the bad luck  
As I spin the bin with speed, it's too late to duck  
I'm like Jim Harbaugh, puffin' on a hot Marlboro  
I'm strictly with that asshole and comin' to down ya far  
Why did I ask would I please leave ya alone ya see?  
I caught my enemies slippin' gettin' groceries  
I waits behind the mailbox like an old drunkard,  
As Archie Bunker, comfortable? You bitch you  
You see I walk by, I ride by, I drive by too  
I got's to hang a 45 and a AP-9 too

[Chorus] (4X)

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