

Draconis

"Get It Right"

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HOOK: DMX

Drag-On, niggas act on

Messin wit the team it's gon be a sad song

X, will bring the day and the night

'cause we get it right, get it right, get it right, spit it
right

[DMX]

Moves is made, niggas is paid, that's just how it is

When my time is up I'ma be out but I'ma try to live

I'm eatin day by day, aint nothin sweet about it

Act like you don't know what I'm sayin then you read
about it

Built for war like a armadillo

Smokin yo' ass put two through the pilllow

Hear my shit through windows

Manic depressive and my head hurts

Soon as the dead thirst I'll whet him first

Now wait a minute it gets worse

I can't control what I own inside

So I take it out on the soul of that kid that died

Spit fire, cross niggas like barbecues

Mobbin crews, strippin niggas, robbin crews

And put him speechless, when I made him eat this

Hollow tip and you can follow grip

You be like Kim and aint gon swallow shit

Don't know the half, couldn't know the math

To understand the wrath of a man split in half

But he got what he wanted, shot for three hundred

Shit is tight and a nigga that's right gots to run it

Aint no question, that's how I get down

Niggas know gimme yo' dough and yo' hoe, and here
take these fo'

Hot things I got things that make niggas spin

Put niggas in the wind, where you never see niggas
again

Bless a nigga with fifties the thin types

And a straight blast that'll put pinstripes across your
windpipe

HOOK 2X

[Drag-On]

Drag opposite water more than a spot order
My flows cause fire then bring holes
Takes more than a pump to out this little punk
'less that pump is a twelve, and I get popped, still I burn
to hell
Call the police and whatever they don't seize
And put in they mouth, and catch freeze, tell em throw
Drag some keys
Don't care how many oyeas I gotta make believe
If you nervous, you don't deserve it poppi please
Cats stealin gats y'all probably will get hit
Well I'm the future let's see y'all copy this, stopping this
Since a tiny kid like, "mommy buy me this"
Since she always told me no, started stealin on some
grimy shit
Like look at that, now look at that slide it in my bookbag
I'm who, parents point they fingers at, "get from that
hoodrat"
And put it back, fuck tough, while y'all cook crack
I'm cocaine, throw me in the pot, I rise to the top
With your 5.0, go 'head, look ma, I got four more pegs
Stil put them holes in yo' head, til it's mushy like dough
bread
'cause that vest only protects that chest
And if I decide to get ice, don't get to fascinated
Or it's my bullet, your brain, mashed potatoes
Double R got me comin hard on you haters
'cause we the streets black and y'all belong beneath
that

HOOK 2X

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