

Drag-On "Click, Click, Clack"

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Featuring: P Killer Trackz

Yo, you never heard Drag release shit on wax
'Cuz this kid do more than crack backs and pump crack
I'm young but I've been stop playin' with crayons
I'ma be around for eons put niggas where the bums
pee on
This ain't basketball three on three

It's one ready to leave and the other fifteen comin'
rapidly
They still couldn't find a book of matches to match me
Buildings is still burnin' down, still couldn't catch me
I'm real flashy, I cop the Benz and crash it on the same
day
And be back on the subway

Y'all act like bitches what y'all thought the 4-4 play?
I don't even know my father, heard he did time on a
broadway
You might be him, so get the fuck out the hallway
Drag hate a sometime nigga I bring it always
'Cuz I'm as hot as the gun niggas pop from roofs
Where the birds at now, act like you ain't heard that

Ride, ride, and gimme your gat so I can air out the
place
Click, click, clack
Die, die, tilt ya back and the last thing you heard was
Click, click, clack
Drag, drag, gimme a stack I put the cannon in your
face
Click, click, clack
On, on, hot as a match you wanna a fire left the barrel
that was
Click, click, clack

Ayo niggas, think they real, well, I'ma pop 'em with two
He got balls, well, I'ma tell his moms he died playin'
pool
'Cuz he was in too deep, so I cracked him over the table
like G O D

Dumped his body ASAP
Who the only nigga who that could come through with a
Benz two door
But look like a Ford and pull off at your whore

Leave a nigga huntin' for the draws, wantin' to score
It's so he can't play [unverified] I throw hundreds out
the door
Bet you be the first to pick it up for sure
'Cuz I'ma nigga that take from the poor and give to the
poor

Now you never heard that shit before

I probably send your kids to job corps
So what the fuck you got a ride for
And pump crack, I just bag the bitch up your block
You know I be back and I promise I'll throw y'all more
stacks
'Cuz Drag never run low on raps, never run low on cash
But I put a nigga below fast

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And dirty bitches I'm tired of grabbin' long hair
Fuckin' y'all from the rear, I'ma stop fuckin' all year
Until y'all buy me a spare, I never seen the dun here
But if they invent it, I wanna put a thousand in it
Never could be a faggot, but if me and you locked for
30 years
In the same pit, guess who gon' be the bitch

You guessed it, now shut the fuck up and respect it in
here
Clean my necklace, I do anything when a man is holdin'
I pop a hole through me just to put a hole through him
And put a hole through my shoulder, straight to his
throat
And make him choke up, blood all over, leave him by
his Rover

I tie 20 niggas up and have enough rope
Won't stop tying till I get the leftover coke
'Cuz I circle your block like the cops
The only thing that I'ma do that they not is fire illegal
shots

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