

# Drag On "Drag Shit"

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Featuring: Styles

I make my block move like earthquakes, they call me  
Sandman  
'Cuz while I smoke this up, I got coke to cut  
Leavin' niggas so doped up, they chokin' off they throw  
up  
Can't even see straight, leanin' like they need V8

Nigga call A G eighth, jail I can't see me in  
A year's too long it's only shorter you got three in  
I run with niggas on the run from 25  
Y'all only heard me for 18 months, already I wanna  
spray shit up

Keep braggin' about your cars I'ma see drama before it  
happens  
When I roll up hard, you wonder what the fuck cab I'm  
in  
'Cuz I can pop up and peel back and all I can promise is  
peel caps  
With holes, like the bullets was damn near pose

I see your Lex duped out, your sunroof's out  
Now look at me droppin' three in your dome two to your  
mouth  
Leave a nigga head blowin' his horn, with his signals on  
Don't lie before a snitch call cops I'm fall blocks

See I spit hard 'cuz I know that's what y'all want  
Y'all ain't said it first, I'm droppin' with a odor out my  
trunk  
Now what the hell is that, you smell that?  
All you see is a shoelace teared up from the back

Like I'm fishtailin' a AC  
And who I sound like? C'mon dog my voice drown mics  
But nigga don't compare, stop talkin' and come here  
You know where I be at, BX and nigga bring that  
I already got mine, the only difference I pop mine  
nigga

Ruff Ryder nigga, carry the pound  
Get engaged with these bullets, then marry the ground  
Drag dash on the fire is real  
We don't talk about guns, we will pop our steel

You don't sound like us, get down like us  
Make a nigga mom frown like us, we Ruff Ryde  
Till I say enough died, I'ma still bust mine  
Finished with the pound, then I'm startin' with the nine

I don't sound close to niggas, niggas runnin' around  
Rollercoasting niggas, I make post of niggas  
When I put the toast to niggas  
Let me see y'all niggas run, 'cuz when I tote float  
niggas  
And deep throat niggas

Spit flame, drop of a dime, drop of a quarter  
I'm the real reason why niggas rush the border  
They don't plea 'bout they freedom, they just wanna  
see him  
So I can speak words to tease 'em, and mislead 'em

To have 'em smuggle me guns, smuggle me drugs  
Fuckin' with thugs, cuttin' niggas up just out of love  
Drag buy guns in New York, hell naw  
I got Cubans send me Cuban cigars for these bars

So fuck y'all 'cuz all I could tell y'all the rest is no tax  
I'm fire so y'all could never be no macks  
Last nigga touched that couldn't get his skin back  
Came in in all white, left out in all black

When I pop mine, my bullets ignore stop signs  
So when you feel a burnin' sensation, know it's clock  
time  
You know like 2 to 6, or 3 to 9  
9 to 12 and under that, ain't nothin' but shells

Pick 'em up, throw 'em right at myself  
Tell a kid this is for every bad month that daddy sent to  
hell  
Those that wanna be like, shoulda just been Mike  
And when you see me in the streets, we could do it like  
Nike

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