

## Drag-On "Get It Right"

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Featuring: DMX

Def myself man, fuck that

Drag-On, niggas act on  
Messin? with the team, it's gon be a sad song  
X will bring the day and the night  
?Cause we get it right, hit it right, get it right, spit it  
right

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, ain't 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  
Smother yo' ass with too good a pillow  
Hear my shit is brillo  
Manic depressive and my head hurts

Since there's a dead thirst I'll wet 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 ain't 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  
Ain't 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

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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 book  
bag  
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

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