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Drag-On "If You Know"

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Intro: [Sheek] Yo I might get drunk [Jadakiss] Jeckel and Hyde Roll these with lemons [Sheek] I'm tellin' y'all Niggas Swizz Beatz

Chorus: [All] If you know, like we know, like they know L.O.X. is the best If you know, like we know, like they know Swizz Beatz is the best If you know, like we know, like they know Ruff Ryders is the best If you know, like we know, like they know We'll bring it to their chest

Verse 1: [Sheek a.k.a Louch] Yo if I can't make money Then you can't either If I didn't have to rap I have blown in the freezer [Styles a.k.a Holiday] If I can't rock Nikes or Tim's with double soles I have the 9 in the pound And leave your ass full of holes [Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood] If I didn't push a Benz And I didn't push a Lex Then the Ambulance will come And they be pushin' on your chest [Swizz Beatz]

If I couldn't hit the studio and make another record For my double R Niggas I'll lay y'all on stretchers

[Sheek a.k.a Louch] Now I might get drunk Or I might get high But my game stay Trump And my style stay fly [Styles a.k.a Holiday] I might hit a dime Or I might hit a duece And when I wanna go to war Is when you wanna call a truce [Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood] I might buy 'em cooked Dough I might buy 'em raw And I might tap your chin Or I might cross your jaw [Swizz Beatz] Now I might go 18's I might go 20's I might use dumdums Cause y'all Niggas dummies

Chorus:

Verse 2: [Sheek a.k.a Louch] Ayo, me without weight Is like Harlem without 8 [lada a.k.a Kisseastwood] Yeah, me with no funds Is like Queens with no dunns [Styles a.k.a Holiday] And me with no beef Is like Brooklyn with no guns [Swizz Beatz] Man and me with no beats Is like Cali with no blunts [Sheek a.k.a Louch] First I got head from her Then I hit her from the back Then she told me that she hustled So I hit her with a pack [Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood] Yeah, screw how many mics you got

How much ice you got My bullets'll make you icy-hot [Styles a.k.a Holiday] Y'all, all my Niggas killas We don't talk on the phone And give a way better message When we come in your home

[Swizz Beatz] Yo, catch me Down-South When I'm pumpin' up things and my name ain't Rover Don't jump on my rings [Sheek a.k.a Louch] Man, you gotta have your hustle right When you up in the game [Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood] You gotta have your lawyor money For you firm-aly change [Styles a.k.a Holiday] And don't you leave out the house Without bringer your things [Swizz Beatz] We gonna Ruff Ryde, Nigga >From here to the bank

Interlude:

[Sheek a.k.a Louch] What you greaseball cocksuckers thought it was over This double R, Nigga, L.O.X. We are the streets When the kennels is open the dogs is biting, bitch Shits real

Verse 3: [Drag-on] Yo, yo, yo, yo I might pull up in a V, that cost more than a buck Then turn around and burn it Cause you thought it was plush [Eve] Anytime I get on fire I get a car to match And tell any rapper you name You gard it black [Drag-On] When I bust my hammer I nail my Nigga We the Ruff Ryder family All hail, my Niggas [Eve] And I might ride, I might die That's up to the Lord And my Niggas might come home That's up to the ? [Drag-On] Yo, If money make you feel good I'm happy with lead

Joe Pesci-style Kickin' Niggas after they dead [Eve] Picture the litter Hold the 4-5th for my Niggas Writin' the venom Ass look right in the dinner [Drag-On] ?Dockin'? you pay Word from me you clockin' the Yay I hustle for real Let you hold the block for a day [Eve] Pull it in your brain And give you a hot idea You wanna low Here's a casket you can hide out there

Chorus: til fade

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