

Drag-On "It's a Party"

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[Intro: Drag-On]

Hey, yeah, uh
It's a party over there, nah
It's a party over here, yeah
Fuck that bullshit...

[Drag-On:]

I ain't no Peter Piper, but I'll pay Peter to pipe ya
Cause they got me by the balls; and I can't risk it all
Up in the Jamaican spot, biscuit out and friskin all
Rudebwoy don't make me bloodclaat lick off
Me not the one you wan' take off, see and
Don't be brave, show me the safe and you'll be safe,
see and
Cooperative... shit smart man
Blaow blaow! Shoulda been like that from the start man
Custom made truck, pop the trunk it's all wires
23-inch, all rims, no tires
Gritty motherfucker, Feds can't touch us
Got 'em all conceited, the way we leave 'em stuck up
Nigga, I +R&B+ niggaz like Usher
That stand for 'Rob & Bang' niggaz once the R rush ya
My heart ain't pumpin, no pressure
The way we run up on you niggaz like your parents, and
undress ya

[Chorus: x2]

It don't matter what I go through
Double-R's my, life
And when shit just, ain't, lookin good
I'm a make it be, all right

[Drag-On:]

I'm only out for the cream, y'all wanna know the
scheme? (yup)
Here's a tip, the tip of my gun head holds a beam
Roll with the team, with the spinnin rims so it seems
Like I'm movin slow when I speed
Stomach's so empty my chest starvin
Y'all could be the great Batman but I stick niggaz up so
I be the best +Robin+
I don't respect the D's, make 'em call they sergeant

They call me Margarine; slide out the gutter, like butter
I see your stones glistenin, that don't mean nothin to
me
I be at your home visitin and you ain't gon' like my
company
Standin on your doormat and I'm not +Welcome+
I buy bullets but I don't sell 'em, I just make sure niggaz
felt 'em
Certain niggaz gotta feel 'em (yeah) at least I don't
steal
Long as he come up out his shit, at least I won't peel
May be bad but life ain't all good
Long as niggaz got that thing out and e'ything's
understood
It's all hood

[Chorus]

[Drag-On:]

I do my robberies like a book of matches, I light shit
Might strike twice in one night, 'til my fire is lit
If I don't got a gun I'm wirin shit - fuck it
I don't look at ice admirin and shit, I'm thinkin how to
make you up it
And is it worth it? Shit, my pockets is hurtin
And the only way I can sooth the pain is duke chain
I ask myself, is that platinum?
Shit, the way I feel right now I'll take gold if I have to
I don't give a fuck about this party so don't make me do
it
Don't make me make this DJ lower this goddamn music
Everybody runnin to they car cause you slumped over
the bar
Look at everybody, havin a good time, don't make me
go that far
I got a nigga on each corner with a good reach on ya
And I don't got the heat on me, so one move and they
gon' leap on ya
My clique keep the fumes strong like ammonia
Cause we go hard, Double-R's the squad, the street
owners

[Chorus]

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