

## **Drag-on "Ladies 2000"**

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Uhh, my ladies, my ladies, uhh

HOOK: Who made me burn all of my numbers to  
bitches, you do  
Who made me turn in early leave on my niggas, you do  
Who do all the cooking at night in the kitchen, you do  
Whoever say pussy don't talk to me, who do  
I love these hoes, yeah I love these hoes  
They make me do the things that I don't want to  
You know let's go

[Verse 1]

I need a chick that when the drain clog, call me for  
plumbin  
Call my name when she cummin, feel my tip, touch  
tummies  
Split dutch, dump twenties  
Pat my back when I choke  
Don't ask for no totes til I say "Oh you smoke?"  
I need a chick that gon drag for Drag  
I mean she ain't gotta be smart in math  
And see my stacks startin to add  
I went from jumpin cabs, to rottin with my niggas  
And hooprags, to the Jags, no top, all glass  
And y'all chicks with long hair, take a seat right here  
So I can blow this wind through it and let my niggas see  
It's all here  
Pay for no hotels, I'm nuttin in the same chair  
Front or the rear or while I'm clutchin the gears  
I leave a chick sprung, I stop fuckin wit her  
She act like it aint nuttin to her it aint nuttin to me  
Long as I don't leave a nut in her  
Used to be rebellin til she heard on Hot 97  
Point uno but I still fuck wit you...

HOOK

[Verse 2]

I spent alotta money on this mattress  
So I can't stand a chick that give me wack sex  
I just tell em they better go home and practice  
Cuz if you frontin well you one hell of an actress

Tackle it, c'mon jump on it, throw your back in it  
Let me know it's deep enough for me to stash cracks in  
it  
And be realer she can beep when she come near me  
Keep the gun by me, don't let bullshit run by me  
And to my mamis, I speaks "Ven aqui" they come  
runnin like  
Right now I don't care if they in they car they runnin  
lights  
Intellectual type, more freaky than a hundred dikes  
Armin her dogs but she got me like I don't wanna bite  
I don't feel like goin to the studio I don't wanna write  
Don't wanna fight, don't wanna fuck nobody else wife  
No frontin boo for real all I really want is you  
But you make me do things that I don't wanna do

HOOK

[Verse 3]

Look at shorty with them things on, makin me feel like  
King Kong  
That's why I keep a monkey on my arm when I'm playin  
Donkey Kong  
Petiteness, I love Victoria, but aint no secret  
It don't take a man that's strong to move over them  
thongs  
Better yet, I'll even put it on, let me take care of this  
When I'm eatin chick, I eatin like wear this  
I love chicks with they braids pushed back  
That look like four racetracks, now chase that  
Cuz everybody wantin mine, taste of her tongue's like  
Duncan Hines  
Can't stand another brother humpin mine only we can  
bump and grind  
I don't care who was there before I laid there  
For now I play here, and if she want me too I shave  
there  
I'ma be around until there's gray hair, okay dear  
And I'ma get you these books from Barnes and Noble's  
wait here  
Then we can split shares  
Computers and street smarts, mine sharp as a dart  
While I'm climbin up the charts

HOOK 1.5X

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