

Drag On "Niggas Die 4 Me"

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Featuring: DMX

Uh, let's go
Whoo, drag-On baby
Come on

My niggas is the niggas that'll ride with me
My niggas is the niggas gettin' high with me
My niggas is the niggas that'll die with me
And we can get it on

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Rigga niggas wanna see the dog nigga bite
But this kid Drag strike a light
Fuck five mics, my fire burn the wire
'Cause we the niggas that plug, wrap 'em in the rug

Flames mini blowin' on my hands like dust
Chicks wanna slurp? I guarantee I'll make ya burp
Just push yo' teeth to the curb and hum a word
Some nerve, cats think they can touch a torch

You don't know I buy my gun just for me to toss
Fuck what it costs, I don't care what kind of drop you
pushin'
I put my fifteen to your top and dump bullets
Yeah, I see y'all cowards like to wear vests

Well, I'ma aim a little higher, like for your neck
I puff lye, I'ma lift blunts 'til my arm look like Popeye
'Til the day is bye-bye 'til then 300G fly by, rented
So foggy windows look tinted

We just be lookin' at your Roley at dem hot shows
So go 'head boy, get drunk, pop that Mo'
Until I pull ya to the side, see the nine kid?
And since you got that nice watch, you know what time
it is

'Cause Drag's clock say 7:30
So sudden move and you gon' be left somewhere real
dirty, dirty
Double R, a camp where it's all champs
And if y'all want to stop fire, open up a damn

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Bet'cha niggas wonder
Why Drag always spit fire? Why I always pop shit?
About how I burn niggas 'til they chocolate
'Cause I'm the 'Opposite of H2O', now ya know

Fix your wrinkled face, my iron press more than clothes
And girls, I love 'em when I meet 'em, might eat 'em
But when they act up, it's like Turner Tina
Don't me get the burner

Catch me in the low key Pontiac Sun sippin' Con-gac
Y'all know how that affects blacks, so you know I clash
that
No way, I'ma blow all these gats and crack stacks
I'ma lil' nigga so you know I run fast

But don't do much of it do a lot of gun bustin'
'Cause when I let off a clip, I get a kick
Outta seeing niggas run, eyes open, hopin' they don't
trip
Hear the echoes blocks away

Type of bricklayers that hear shots today and give your
blocks away
Run up on papi, hey, drop the yay
And if he don't stall this world be popped tomorrow
Drag-On speaks with a stutter, but I rhyme well

So like a dead snitch it's hard to tell, dirty dirty, niggas,
word
This is to my grimy grimy, niggas, word
This is to my RR, niggas, word
Yeah, 'cause we Double R, nigga, you heard? Come on

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