

Drag On "Off Da Chain"

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Uhh
Step up
Drag-On
Uhh

Look, look, look, look
I don't mean to sound blunt, can I hit 'em up
I ain't the one to play, baby, he did to her
I ain't the one to get the kitty cat kitten smashed
You, Drag, quick to bare men, huh
Yeah, I told, I did when I did it, huh

How many of y'all, mommies, y'all think I can fit in my
car
Only two wit a GT, no body guard
Not a wide body, keep the chick body wide
Brought me everything brought my shoes I mean that
Keep the pretty mommies like Angie Martinez

Yo, my people, yo, we out where the party at?
Break a chick then I'm like where the car key's at? Park
me back
Left for the shit like can I hold that?
Let the cat get one more dance before I get in the
pants
She come up "where the dough at"?
And that's right here

Look, look, look at shorty, right there
Wit that blond hair whippin' wit the night airs, yeah
You know Drag hit the pipe there, yeah
All I did was ask her she said, "Yeah"

No fair, it was too easy, it was too sleezy
Either you wet, or this rubber too greasy
That's how I like it make dog feel squeezy
Any number you wanna call you can reach me
I'm like an apartment you can lease me

Y'all might as well call me a policeman
The way I keep the puss locked in my present
Passenger seat, I keep somethin' decent

Drop the top and let her do the breezin'
But I'm not hearin' it
I leave you wit a question mark and you on your period

You, off da chain daddy
You, awfully freaky boy
You wanna do it from the front daddy?
Ooo, well I like it from the back boy

You wanna do it from the side daddy?
Get on top Ruff Ryde boy
You, off da chain daddy
You, awfully freaky boy, come on

When you want me, come get me I'll be easy daddy
But, but wait I'm on fire, you so freaky boy
Don't hold back got contact
Get Ruff and ready daddy
I can't wait got me ache, so Drag come on

Look, look, look, look
Yo, mommie wanna get wit this?
With y'all I play it safe, I wear a red hat like Limp Bizkit
I don't even put it back I just put it right on the tip
Jump right on the hips

Everybody wanna count Drag-On chips
Instead of chunk chuggas count the own chips
Cab? please I might know you in my whip
But don't it come wit that shit got a passenger seat
(Ha, ha)

Mommie wanna fight, we can thump, we can thump
Then I throw my hammer like pumps and a bump
Love how ya look to the dome to the dome
Gotta big truck we can poppin' the trunk

Mommie wanna ask me, why I'm so quick to slide a
chick?
Listen it might sound stupid
But the reason why this star and handsome cat keep ya
pants on
'Cause the sides to big, ya feel me?
You don't really wanna try this kid, ya feel me?
'Cause you know I got shots to give, ya feel me?

Look at the ass on honey, look, look at shorty
She know I keep the cash money like Woo-Woodie
Duck dodge you know Double R give a chick a Ruff
Ryde
When she come home

We got ya wind dome pullin' off right outside
In my ride
(In my ride)

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Look, look, look, look, look at shorty mean booty
Yeah, I keep 'em in the kitchen so I keep on skates like
Tootie
And I love it when they through it in my face
In the night the groupie
But they still wanna do me, chick could have fooled me

How the hell, you a professional the first time?
You ain't come yet? O, well I came to win
You gonna come when I come back again
I'm back again

I tell you like Schwarzenegger, I'll be back to pound ya
back
Now mommie, tell me, how you like the sound of that?
Like when I hit it like
(Hmm)
Now did I hit it right
(Yeah)

When I flip her over then I truck her like
(Damn)
Well, that's too tight
So the I flip her back over tear a back boner
Mommie might need a back doner

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