

Drag On "Pop It"

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Featuring: Icepick Jay

Yo, who want it with us? Y'all niggas not fuckin' wit us
Y'all hoppin' Nimrods, we holdin' on up under the truck
We caked out, we all got cars so when we wake up in
the mornin'
We race out but first blow the place out

It gets outrageous, to all my thug niggas
Throw your sets up and spit y'all razors
I hop in to spin out, I'm 'The opposite of H2O'
So in the year 2000 the lights woulda never went out

Plus I rock ice, it drips on my boot, I shake it off
'Cuz I'm fire, so every few seconds, I take it off
I'm lightweight, I let y'all throw them dumbbells
I just throw back them dumb dumb shells to make y'all
run well

I shoot dummies, blast backs
Money gassed up while I'ma open this tank, yo pass me
the shank
I blackout, swipe 'em like a credit card 'til I max out
And that's just to let y'all know that Drag is back now

Now all my motherfuckin' peoples say yeah, yeah
Now all my motherfuckin' thugs say yeah, yeah
Now all my motherfuckin' ladies say yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah throw your hands in the air, c'mon

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Y'all keep pushin' that wack shit out there, y'all unable
Drag's like jumper cables, negative and a positive
Y'all ain't gon' feel shit 'til y'all get a lot of this
I don't care about y'all hatin' niggas, my moms is part
of this

She looks at herself and says I got all this

'Cuz I drop them hits that make y'all chumps don't drop
shit
Drag straps up when he get up in his women
Put somethin' long in the booty, have 'em switchin'
different

I snatch niggas wife to show 'em the light
Give 'em dick then I'm hittin' the switch
And while she snorin', she don't know I'm gone by the
mornin'
Back to the corner 'til that blue van come up, my hands
is cuffed

Whose fingers stay numb from rollin' up?
Who finger fucks chicks 'til they throwin' up?
Whose fingerprints cops keep showin' up?
'Cuz who that kid always ride and is throwin' truck

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Yo, yo, I just take a strong pull and strike the match on
niggas
I spit lit candles and drop hot wax on niggas
My middle name Jason that means I'm capable of
throwin' a mass on
And ax niggas, y'all better ask niggas

First name Mel, I mean that's what them checks say
When they come in the mail, make bank tellers cum on
theyself
Count it fast ma, we all professionals here, how's it feel
knowin'
I'm walkin' outta here with what you get in a year

I'm rude to a bitch but y'all niggas get out the street
Act like you don't see this black jeep and get some flat
feet
Y'all rock gators, we straight problems
We rock our Timbs half O's, laces like our dogs got 'em

Fuck it, for 2 minutes let 'em play wit a new pair
I got enough spares to flood the block with footwear
Pockets like a blimp, shit it's been a good year

Where my ruff ryders, we still in here

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