

Drag-On "U Had Me"

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[Melissa Jiminez]

Now I just don't know what I'm gonna do
Boy you had me going all out for you
My heart's so weak
But I think it's best for us to be apart
And situations getting out of hand
Wish I could understand
And let you back into my heart
It's best for us to be apart

I'm just a Bronx gangsta

I made a mistake I admit I fucked the plan up

[Drag-On]

I spotted you in Atlanta, I ain't gonna fuck that man up

Plus, ma I admit it, I fucked up

I ain't gonna run up in his spot with a bunch of country
grammars

I ain't realize what I had until he looked up

I'm just a Bronx thug so I give off tough love, but

Ma, you gotta respect this

I wasn't raised with affection, I was raised in with
weapons, what

Give me a second chance

Let's start this music over, let's get this second dance

I just wanna just hold you fuck somewhere with hand in
hand

Let's escape from so but I don't wanna control you

I'm tired of being on the blocks and put pumping hand
in hand

I'm going from girl to girl and you going from man to
man

Let's get on a flight and lay somewhere

Where I can put sand in your hair

Sitting under chandeliers like yeah

Your man is here

[Melissa Jiminez]

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[Eve]

Yeah it was crazy, how I used to be a baby
Making plans for a long life, huh
Went from your shorty to your lady
Reminiscing on them long nights, ha
Giggle when I think back, yo
You remember how we used to act, uh
If you was riding so was I where the fuck they at
The best of friends had each other's back
We started growing, shit started changing
You wanted space so I let you go
But we was with it for a minute, we just being patient,
ha
But we still fucked around and let nobody know
We tried to get it back it just wasn't working
The more I stuck by the more it kept hurting
Had to face it, we just different now
Damn, my love I miss you now
You living you, I'm living me, that's how the shit go
down

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[Drag-On]

Ok ma, I'm fucking up
I ain't trying to put you in touch but
You say you think my style is stucking it up what
And ya only smoke blunts for me
Good company, you gave the pussy wait save some for
me
I whip creamed ya then licked cleaned ya
Freaky sex with a whip like slavery
And when we get in the streets you hold my nine
Light skinned round eyes mixed your some blonde hair
Seem seem! And you got the keys to my Beamer
Treat me like a chair, sit your behind here
Even lovers when we SIP together
Matter fact let's GET together, yeah
Then SPIT together

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