

## **Drag-On**

# **"Weed, Hoes, Dough"**

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I'm pushin' for the single yo, c'mon  
Yo, lock the door, uh huh  
Ya heard, uh, uh  
C'mon, yeah  
Ya'll know who it is, or should I say what it is  
Uh, uh

All Drag do is fuck bitches and drain his body  
Kickin' bitches out the bed and sleep next to a shottie  
A bitch'll never get me pump, I make niggas pump IV  
I'm the type to follow the cops wit a midget drivin' me

Make them think the car drivin' itself and I'm in the  
passenger seat  
Signal lights, stash box, a package of D  
Drag dash, I'm happy to be  
On this rap shit is like a jacket to me  
I wear it with cracks in my sleeves

So I keep it on, don't never take my jacket off 'cuz my  
shit be gone  
What are you, lost your mind?  
It took my time to cut these dimes  
So I could dump drug a few minds, so don't make me  
bust a few nines

Dip the T T in polish watch the shoe shine  
Slip in the Tunnel with a banger in my boot line  
All it takes is the finger to make a sour sit, linger  
Double R is hard, the rest of ya'll is R & B singers

Weed  
That's what we smokin' up  
Hoes  
That's what we pokin' up  
Dough  
That's what we foldin' up  
That's all we know about

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I got more bullets in my clip than chocolate got in chip  
I got more bitches suckin' dick than niggas smokin'  
niks  
I got more shit up in my whip than most niggas got in  
cribs  
I got more, blocks of raw while ya'll tryin' to stop wars

Coward nigga lock your doors  
I'll come through with the locksmith and pop it  
With the glock 4 and show ya'll what a mouth's for

I got black steel, blue steel, wheels, I mean wheelchair

'Cuz Drag is real fair, it's all real here  
I own more buildings on my block, than real estate,  
Philly ave  
Hit ten niggas I'm tryin' to see mils like Billy Gates  
'Cuz me in Philly rollin' dutches  
Me and Eve, stuck off the trees, got her laughin' off  
bitches' weaves

Double R, pop niggas, make niggas bleed  
Fiends come to me my top rock's been asleep  
Seven foot bouncers 'bout to be six feet, under me  
Now that's a foot left, you shouldn't have took that step

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I know ya'll wish ya'll woulda, shoulda, coulda  
Didda, getta, gotta, guns we cock it then pop it  
Make 'em holler and swallow  
Niggas stop it, catch it, all up in his jacket

I'm not a stingy nigga, I'll let a nigga have it  
Hate chips that go away, lookin' like white coke  
Sit in the sun long, come back like French toast  
Hair was up, now is down, eyes are black, now is brown

Used to frown, now you smile, nigga must have left you  
now

Went from bikes to the car, from the cars to the boat  
Went from keys to the coke, went from coke to the  
dope  
Went from cracks to the raps, went from bats to the  
gats  
Went from slums to the stats, been to London and back

Me change 'cuz I rap, I can't do it  
I went from muggin' ya'll to payin' niggas to do it  
It's all the same stupid  
I got cake on cake 'cuz I went from pow to pow  
Wit my family, two R's, Ryde or Die

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