

Funkmaster Flex

"Call Me Drag-On - Drag-On"

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[Funk Flex]

Ah this shit is ugly right here
Be clear baby! Drag-On, Ruff Ryders
Shout out to Uncle Ray
New York City are you fuckin ready?!!

[Drag-On]

We gon smoke trees like them legalize it
Here's a pipe quick, pinch a inch or die quick
Seen? Long as it's Funkmaster Flex
Me don't care if me flunk or pass the test
The pump will take a chunk out ya chest
Or rip out ya vest, which blood clot fi test
Read my basketball files
They say I call my nine my tech-nical fouls
Clubs hand check us now
Chicks hand fuck us now
That's why niggas like fuck us now
I tell a nigga it's not likely that my four is missin
So just lay down and audition for your mortician
Make you give that cash up
I'll get all twenty of X dogs to get up at ya
Trust me them pits'll catch ya
Make you spit up ketchup, extra
Layin right next to
Somebody doorstep messed up, chest up
Before this shit I was a rapper
'cause while my face was masked up
Y'all niggas was wrapped up, act up!

[HOOK]

D-R-A-G dash O-N
Call me Drag-On I'm hot scorchin {*both lines 4X*}

(Who Dat, Who Dat, How we ride)

[Drag-On]

You can see the tears in the eyes of men die
You can see them fuck with fire all the men fry
Seen? Ain't that right Flex, go head dawg show 'em off
Show 'em how them twenties look washed and Armor
Allied

I give dicks to chicks that make them give they mom a
call
Cause I always stand tall like my brain was in my balls
Look, what the blood clot, love the chicks that ???
Wanna see me on they period can't be seriously
The last nigga that asked me my name I gave him a
blunt
And told him Drag-On and pass it on
I'm 140 so I wear my gun sporty
Switch 'em like a pair of Timbs and never wear 'em
again
Me killin batty bwoy, make him a ??? from a dred
naughty boy
You don't run around wit the shotty boy
It's not a cause
Let me see, when they comin who can stop a Ruff Ryder
In the BX pumpin' a lot of noise

[Funk Flex]
Blounce shout DJ Twin, Rockwilder
Shut ya fuckin face
Y'all mean nothin to me!
Y'all ain't got it the way I fuckin got it, yknahmean?
Be clear! I'm the king of this shit right here nigga!
Fix your fuckin face!
Matter fact peel your fuckin pocket, BITCH!

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