

Mia X

"Bring Da Drama (Feat. Big Ed, Mr. Serv-On)"

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F/ Big Ed, Fiend, Mr. Serv-On

[Big Ed]

My initial's explosive (BOOM!), left my enemies' corpse exposed

Cats when they told ya, now D-Body did the work and I'm loaded

I bust for niggas that down, gat to gat combat military tactics

So watch your set, cause the gat's a constant threat
Bet that I won't have a problem with cueing my killers
I got G's in the hood, and warriorettes slicing they some peelers

Rip the skin off your back, from your neck to your ass crack

Nigga it ain't my body, can't believe that you asked that
T-R-U tatted on my abdomen, been a killer since the eights age of ten

Got the crowds jumping

So what you wanna do, what ya thank

I have skunks that'll match your carcass saying damn that nigga stank

AR fifteens spitting shells like a elephant

Apologies are relevant, haters start protecting put out hits

Cause this is Ed a.k.a. Assassin

Me and my sister Mia X, we just counting cheddar laughing

[Chorus: Fiend, (Big Ed), & {Mia X}]

Bring da drama, (If you got it on ya mind)

Bring da drama, {If you caught slinging ours

Bring da drama, (If you wanna top my click)

Bring da drama, {Find that ass in a ditch

Bring da drama nigga, (If you got it on ya mind)

Bring da drama, {If you caught slinging ours

Bring da drama, (If you wanna top my click)

Bring da drama, {Find that ass in a ditch
Bring da drama nigga

[Mr. Serv-On]

Some bomb ass click for the latest, hey the greatest

I bring da drama, safe by ya mama
When you leave the house, this is what I been about
Banging and slanging, taking yours and making it
mine
Bringing in choke lines, it's my year
Strike fear in ya place when I hit the face
Bow down, bow down just in case I feel like causing
problems at your way
Mama don't shake, know I'ma stay
Lay in rest your baby done took em' to the chest
And I be the culprit
The baddest motherfucker south of Army Southern
Fuck ya life, done passed the light, that's all you saw
Now you down, 1 to the 2 to the 3 fuck the numbers
It's a bloody summer, gun runner
Son of a bitch quick to slit your throat
I like some oats at the same time drink the blood of a
goat
Now please let me lay happy as hell in the smoke
And let these motherfuckers choke
Off the lyrical, count em' days
Call the paramedics, it's an emergency
I done brung the fucking drama, ya heard me, Serv-On

[Mia X]

I close shop on the block, now
Tow, what you wanna do, I'm coming through
Hell naw, it them bitches now bitch get off me, biggest
Mama Mia
Lady Smith & Wesson nine milli heater, wreckin' em'
Always got insubordinate say no you ain't no friend of
Mia
You cannot see this ghetto diva, get rich either
So she wants to be a, but she's neither
Get her there, her central plans have been deviated
Tell em' why, her ho styles have yet to be appreciated
She's been waiting to see the fire from a real ho
No doubt who brings the noise like them bitches in a
jailhouse
From el jay, or even worse a setback on a cold day
Those who play I hate, let it be known that I regulate
Will steal ya fate after just one rhyme
And chick ya left a buck jump after second line it's my
time
So I bust without hesitance, every word man is
evidence
Niggas clear the way cause ya lyrically impotent
Soft and mama likes it hard no doubt
I ride with the tank takes shots for the south
So bring the drama nigga

[Fiend & (Mia X)]

Bring da drama, (Find that ass in a ditch) Bring da
drama nigga

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