

Ruff Ryders

"Weed, Hoes, Dough - Featuring Drag-On"

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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
Y'all know who it is, or should I say what it is
Uh, uh

[Verse 1]

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, stashbox, 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 'cause
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 bootline
All it takes is the finger to make a sour sit, linger
Double R is hard, the rest of y'all is R & B singers

CHORUS 2X:

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

[Verse 2]

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 y'all 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 y'all what a mouth's for
I got black steel, blue steel, wheels, I mean wheelchair
'cause 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
'cause 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

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

I know y'all wish y'all 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 'cause I rap, I can't do it
I went from muggin y'all to payin niggas to do it
It's all the same stupid
I got cake on cake, 'cause I went from pow to pow
Wit my family, two R's, Ryde or Die

CHORUS

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