

Drag-On f/ Fiend

"Trouble"

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[Intro: Drag-On]

HAHHHHHH! Uhh, yeah

It's your boy Drag-On, and I'm back

You feel me? C'mon

[Chorus: Fiend]

{Uh-ohhhhhhh!} (You're in trouble)

(You done messed with them boys, now you're in trouble)

Yeah, back up back up, get him get him, back up back up, HIT HIM

Back up back up, get him get him, back up back up, HIT HIM

[Drag-On]

Y'all boys in trouble, fuckin with that boy Drag

The way my bullets fly I got jet lag

Y'all second guess Drag but I'm keepin up the R

I ain't talkin 'bout when I'm fat when I'm squeezin out the car

I'm talkin 'bout, me, mashin the corner

But your block broke, y'all still goin half on a quarter

Big boy, y'all ain't makin no noise

Nature raised me a thug y'all, gangsta's by choice; I'm back boy

Get used to my poise, get used to my pain, get used to my name

I don't even cop automatics cause I don't usually aim

Fuck with them country boys that's why I got the country swang

Stand a bunch of beef, that's why I keep a bunch of thangs

I eat your face like a lunch box

And let my ox munch on it, then let my gun cock

Listen cap daddies, haha; I got a big mac patty

Gotta put you in the back of that big black Caddy - feel me?

[Chorus] - 2X

[Drag-On]

Y'all askin for trouble, y'all done brung the wrong nigga
back
My chrome on me homie, go on nigga act
Y'all ain't seein no real money, I spend 20 I make back
60
Y'all spend 40 and make back 50 - y'all some real
dummies
I see y'all still remember Drag when he was real
bummy
Now I'm real rich, now ain't that real funny (haha)
I'm still real hood and y'all ain't no real gangstas
Y'all don't think I'm still real? I'll show you a real banger
So gon' get your bounce boy, gon' flip your ounce boy
Live as long as you don't come up short up on the block
boy
Woulda thought I was Baby the way I give you these
+Hot Boys+
Cops can't stop this boy - I have 'em all like WHAT

[Chorus] - 2X w/ ad libs

[Drag-On]

Y'all up in a heap of trouble, you dig it you get the
shovel
Got flip it then get it double
You count it and hit the club and pop the bubble
Look at shorty lookin sporty with the fitted cap (OH)
Soon as her man leave I'ma get at that (WHOA)
I'ma take her to the crib, you can't get her back (NO)
And if her man start problems we gon' finish that
Your man just saw me hug ya
Now look what you done did, you done got him in
trouble
Sit back (c'mon!)

[Chorus] - 2X

{Uh-ohhhhhhh!}

{Uh-ohhhhhhh!}

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