

Unlord

"Drag Em 'n' Tha River"

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[yella]

You fake cheerleadin bitch! you want a nigga like me to
beware, ha?

Ima show you some spokes right now, you bitch you

[tec-9]

Take them braids out his head yella

[chorus-yella & tec-9]

Ima drag him from tha river dump his body in chucks
yard

Leavin a note around his neck readin bad ass yella boy

Ooooooh he wants some? aint that cold?

You a hoe mystikal

You a hoe mystikal

See Im from the 3 and I don't give a fuck

And I know you thought I wouldn't be back but you can't
keep me down

Don't forget about the u and the cash money clowns

[1st verse-yella]

Im from the 3 and I don't give a fuck, for the record

Once again it's mystikal with the chucks

Im back up on the scene with the 2 like a viper

Get in so much war I think I straighter than a sniper

Mystikal you bitch, are you ready for the drama?

Told your hoe ass people hoe don't run I'll kill mama

If I catch ya wit your draws down ima do ya

Once upon a time I up the roof and gimme the cruiser

[chorus]

[2nd verse-yella]

I be the jack of all trades don't make me splizit, your
fuckin head

The queen I mean the king , I mean he learned many
trades

Comin to getcha round the pen, ready to unwrap your
braids

Gay blade, now whatcha wanna do? my nuts you can
chew
Because they told me you wanted to battle
Told em you better scaddattle
You aint bout no b-1 doctor show, don't make me bust
you up
Braids thatll fly up from the roundhouse socks, that
roll-o
Now go in my shirt you hoe, blunts up in my polo

[chorus]

[3rd verse-yella]

Stop playin with me, stop playin with me bitch, stop
playin with me
Im like the b.g.z Im gat totin
By this time it's the bulldog barrel smokin
I hope they catch and chop ya down, tear ya ass apart
Thrash all the swine touch down your brains on the
ground
I gots the gat spell it backwards,
That's what I do up on that ass ya bitch Im not an actor
Im comin dumpin on ya fake punk wannabe
I warned ya too many times to watch the bloody
tragedy
I got the diamonds to the bauds, twinkle up your golds
Now spin the bin, in the turtleneck polo cuz I don't care
Fuck what you sayin about beware
Im tired of tellin you that Im a donkey nigga,
Stop playin

[chorus]

[4th verse-yella]

Im in the front room, in the whirlaround, the brown
table
Are you able? capable? all of a sudden, um...
I had to pop em, I had to pop em
I top em all and respect is what I need
Hollow tips in the clips just to make your ass bleed
Ima drop this pussy with the braids off see
Ima dump his body in chucks yard, unlv
I told this mr. cheerleader not to fuck with me
I told ya to keep my fuckin name out ya fuckin mouth
You didn't do it now it's time to take your ass out

[chorus]

[5th verse-yella]

I gets lowdown and dirty with the dirty 30
Because Im in your neighborhood plus my nose dirty
Im into chucks house, deliverin the bad luck
As I spin the bin with speed, it's too late to duck
Im like jim harbaugh, puffin on a hot marlboro
Im strictly with that asshole and comin to down ya far
Why did I ask would I please leave ya alone ya see?
I caught my enemies slippin gettin groceries
I waits behind the mailbox like an old drunkard,
As archie bunker, comfortable? you bitch you
You see I walk by, I ride by, I drive by too
I gots to hang a 45 and a ap-9 too

[chorus] (4x)

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