

# Drag-On, C'mon C'mon

Uh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
C'mon C'mon  
What what what  
C'mon (Come bitch)  
C'mon C'mon  
(Come bitch)

When y'all niggas run on my block  
You gon get it  
And that bitch you tryin to pop (I done hit that)  
I done hit it  
You still tryin to find my style?  
You gon get lost  
And those that think they can touch  
Gon get taught  
Sure we can flow till my gun  
Had to go off (blahhh)  
I do a hundred in the wind  
On the turnpike  
All you hear is we-we-ween  
That's a dirt bike  
And you can put em up or shut em up  
Cuz when we get em up we hit em up  
Hoes ain't good enough  
My fire's gonna make dust  
Now who the one do the talkin? (who dat?)  
Y'all niggas gonna split a coffin  
You can call that 50/50  
Break it down to the nitty-gritty (uh-huh)  
Now what you see is  
Whatcha gon get  
That's .58, dead weight, chrome straight, your face  
Now let me see ya get em up  
Bob and weave back  
Since when, a nigga be through his pack?  
Now when it come down to my shit  
Betta leave that  
C'mon C'mon

[Chorus: Drag-On & Various x2]

Your hoe don't wanna be mine?  
Better save your daughter  
Your coke compared to mine  
Is baking soda  
Y'all niggas want a war?  
Better send yo' soldiers  
My life is on the line  
For the New World Order

Soon I'm gonna flow over  
(Like what?) Like water (C'mon)  
When niggas be drownin  
They look smaller  
I don't give a fuck what they might call ya  
It can be Moe or Cristal  
I'll pour ya  
I'm done with the hype shit  
I keep a tight grip (my gun)  
But only then (what's that?)  
A bullet might slip  
Growin up in these here streets

Is gritty  
We don't do a lot of talkin  
In this city  
It's down to pap pap pap  
No pity (my gun)  
Then woo-woo woo-woo (police)  
Go sirens  
While Drag-dash-On  
Is hidin  
Cuz we don't do a lot of runnin  
I keep firin  
And as long as they payin  
A few's dyin  
I don't care if it's plastic or iron  
It's like the money in my pocket  
I'll fold ya  
And if your niggas ain't tell you  
I shoulda told ya  
C'mon, C'mon

[Chorus x2]

When my niggas swing this sawed off (blahhh)  
Get ya shit blown off (uh-huh)  
Cuz if y'all niggas looking for a fist fight  
Shit, well not tonight  
Cuz when we swing them things (lights out)  
You gon see the light  
I don't care if it's heaven or hell  
They won't bite  
Y'all niggas got beef with Drag-On?  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon  
Y'all niggas is gettin too close  
Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up  
Y'all niggas gonna make my gun go  
Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka!!  
Ruff Ryder gonna make sure y'all don't  
Come back  
The only nigga that's allowed to come back  
Is a nigga that smoke the crack  
And when it come down to our G-stacks  
We want that  
Now let me see you count that (my money)  
We don't want no ones back (my money)  
Them tens and twenties  
Is how I like to see my money  
And I'ma run like I'm on hot sand (hot sand)  
With my shoes off (hot shit)  
Make sure nobody make a move  
Till the crew's off  
And I mean this game I wins  
And you lost  
And the only way they gonna catch me  
Is on the cover of the new Source  
C'mon C'mon

[Chorus x4]