

# Drag On, Click, Click, Clack

[Verse 1]

Yo you never heard Drag release shit on wax  
Cuz this kid do more than crack backs and pump crack  
I'm young but I've been stop playin with crayons  
I'ma be around for eons put niggas where the bums pee on  
This aint basketball three on three  
It's one ready to leave and the other fifteen comin rapidly  
They still couldn't find a book of matches to match me  
Buildings is still burnin down still couldn't catch me  
I'm real flashy, I cop the Benz and crash it on the same day  
And be back on the subway  
Y'all act like bitches what y'all thought the 4-4 play?  
I don't even know my father heard he did time on a Broadway  
You might be him, so get the fuck out the hallway  
Drag hate a sometime nigga I bring it always  
Cuz I'm as hot as the gun niggas pop from roofs  
Where the birds at now, act like you aint heard that

[P Killer Trackz]{Hook}

Ride, ride, and gimme your gat so I can air out the place  
Click, click, clack  
Die, die, tilt ya back and the last thing you heard was  
Click, click, clack  
Drag, drag, gimme a stack I put the cannon in your face  
Click, click, clack  
On, on, hot as a match you wanna a fire left the barrel that was  
Click, click, clack

[Verse 2]

Ayo niggas think they real well I'ma pop em with two  
He got balls, well I'ma tell his moms he died playin pool  
Cuz he was in too deep, so I cracked him over the table like G.O.D.  
Dumped his body ASAP  
Who the only nigga who that could come through with a Benz two door  
But look like a Ford and pull off at your whore  
Leave a nigga huntin for the draws, wantin to score  
It's so he can't play ???? I throw hundreds out the door  
Bet you be the first to pick it up for sure  
Cuz I'ma nigga that take from the poor and give to the poor  
Now you never heard that shit before  
I probably send your kids to job corps  
So what the fuck you got a ride for  
And pump crack, I just bag the bitch up your block you know I be back  
And I promise I'll throw y'all more stacks  
Cuz Drag never run low on raps, never run low on cash  
But I put a nigga below fast

Hook

[Verse 3]

And dirty bitches I'm tired of grabbin long hair  
Fuckin y'all from the rear, I'ma stop fuckin all year  
Until y'all buy me a spare, I never seen the dun here  
But if they invent it, I wanna put a thousand in it  
Never could be a faggot, but if me and you locked for 30 years  
In the same pit, guess who gon be the bitch  
You guessed it, now shut the fuck up and respect it in here  
Clean my necklace, I do anything when a man is holdin  
I pop a hole through me just to put a hole through him  
And put a hole through my shoulder, straight to his throat  
And make him choke up, blood all over, leave him by his Rover  
I tie 20 niggas up and have enough rope  
Won't stop tying til I get the leftover coke  
Cuz I circle your block like the cops

The only thing that I'ma do that they not is fire illegal shots

Hook