

C'mon C'mon

Drag-On

(Verse 1)

(uh yeah yeah yeah c'mon c'mon)
When ya'll niggaz run on my block
You gonna get it
And that bitch you trying to pop
I done hit it
You still trying to find my style
You gonna get lost
And those that think they could touch
Gonna get torched
Make a flow to my gun
That'll go off
I'll do a hundred in the wind
On the turnpike
All you hear is wind wind wind
That's a dirt bike
And you can put them up and shut em up
'cause when we get it up we hit em up
Hoes ain't good enough
My fires gonna make dust
Now who the one doing the talking?
Ya'll niggaz gonna split a coffin
And you can call that fifty-fifty
Break it down to the nitty gritty
Now what you see is whatcha gonna get
That's 5'8, dead weight, tone straight, your face
Now let me see you get away
Bob and weave back
Since when a nigga breathe through his back?
Now when it come to my shit
Better leave that

C'mon C'mon

Hook: Your hoe don't wanna be mine?
Better save your daughter
Your coke compared to mine?
Is baking soda
Ya'll niggaz wanna war?
Better send your soldiers
My life is on the line
For the new world order!

(Repeat once)

(Verse 2)

Soon I'ma flow over
Like (what) like water
When niggaz be drowning
Ya'll look smaller
I don't give a fuck what they might call ya
It could Mo or Cristal
I'll pour ya
I be dealing with the hype shit
I keep a tight clip
But only thing my bullet might slip

Growing up in these here streets
Is gritty
You don't do a lot of talking
In the city
It's pat pat pat
No pity
Then woo woo woo woo
Those sirens
When Drag dash on
Is hiding
Cause we don't do a lot of running
I keep firing
And as long as they payin
A few is dying
I don't care if it's plastic or iron
Cause the money in my pocket
I'll fold ya
And if your niggaz ain't tell you
They shoulda told ya

C'mon C'mon

Hook: Repeat twice

When my niggaz swing the sword off
Get your shit blown off
Cause if ya'll niggaz looking for a fist fight
Shit you gonna die tonight
Cause when we swing them things
You gonna see the light
I don't care if it's heaven or hell
They both bright
Ya'll niggaz got beef with Drag-On?
C'mon,C'mon,C'mon,C'mon, C'mon
Ya'll niggaz is getting to close
Back up, Back up, Back up, Back up, Back up
Ya'll niggaz gonna make my gun go
Blaka,Blaka,Blaka,Blaka,Blaka
Ruff Ryders gonna make sure you don't come back
The only nigga that's allowed to come back
Is a nigga that smoke the crack
When it comes to our g-stacks
We want that
Now let me see you count that
We don't want no ones back
Them ten's and twenty's
Is all but a simple money
And I'ma burn like I'm on hot sand
With my shoes off
Make sure nobody make a move
Til the cruise is off
And in this game i win
And you lost
And the only way you gonna catch me
Is on the cover on of the new Source

C'mon C'mon

Hook: repeat four times till end