

# Tonight

## Drag-On

Drag-on(Swizz)  
(Uh) Yeah, Yeah!  
Swizz! (Drag thes On)  
Yo, where we at?  
(Uh) No shit, Double R niggas (Uh)  
Ya know who dis is (No shit)  
Yo! Back! Yo! (Yeah!)  
Who thet slim kid, slight grin, ice right gain  
If the son right here nigga strikes lightning  
N' cause light wind  
My cue is only wit' two  
Me and my nigga  
Me and my bitch  
Me and my wrist slapped around my bare skin  
Come risk it  
Dare ya niggas to run up on us  
All wit some future shit, I got bullets that turn corners  
Like--Errr.. still up on ya  
Cause my hammers got scanners  
That'll make ya hit the Down Down like "Country Grammar"  
Got clips that'll like dirty y'up in em  
I wear size 34 Dirty Denim and I'll dirty ya' denim  
Hit ya wit the slow flow  
Like Nat King Cole  
Even though I spit hazard rappin'  
Faster than a rapper's eva seen  
You pass it while they grab it  
Probably got it but don't have it  
Usin the same styles since ya promos  
C'mon, homo!  
Dawg I rope a dolo  
Yo' styles so so def  
Like Jermaine I got bats  
Would(Would) ya get ya rocks? Yo!(Yeah yeah yeah!)  
(Woo!)  
(It's on fire tonight (Uh)) Yeah!  
(Call the fire department,)Yeah Yeah!  
(It's gettin hot tonight)Yeah!  
(All my thugs in the cells getty right tonight)Yeah Yeah Yeah!  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight)  
Yeah Yeah Yeah! C'mon! Woo!  
Woo!  
(It's on fire tonight(Uh)) Yeah! Uh!  
(Call the fire department)Yeah Yeah!  
(It's gettin hot tonight)Yeah!  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight)Yeah Yeah Yeah!  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight)Yo Yo  
Yo, how the fuck ya think y'all boost niggas sales  
Ya cell's just like my two-way pager, low sale  
Y'all, fuck a cell phone! I've got a NYNEX  
That'll reach out and touch ya nigga back spineless  
(Yeah uh, C'mon man!)  
I fill these streets wit more cracks on the ground  
Than cracks on the growl  
E pills is for them crackheads down  
Down keep ya crackin a smile  
While ya police tryin to crack down on crack vials(Uh)

Y'all can't stop that nigga Drag(Uh)  
Who's born a crack child(Uh)  
Crack toes, I crack ya' back  
Kids that look up to me  
Life ain't what it's cracked up to be  
But ya never catch me weavin and bitchin  
I just keep the stashed box under reachable distance  
Like right here  
Gonna lift you like right there  
Run about your night airs  
Should've had the straps on  
Fuckin with the thesh-on(Flame On!)  
Make ya do a hundred yard thesh  
Gimme ya cash(Flame On! Yeah... yeah!)  
What, uh? (Y-y-y-y-yo!) Uh uh  
What, uh?  
(It's on fire tonight)C'mon! (Yeah!)  
(Call the fire department)(Uh Uh!)  
(It's gettin hot tonight)Yeah!  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight)  
(Yeah!)C'mon!(Nigga!)  
(Uh! Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight)  
(Aw yeah!) Nigga!  
(It's on fire tonight(Uh)) (Yeah!)  
(Call the fire department)(Yeah Yeah!)  
(It's gettin hot tonight)Yeah! Uh uh  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight(Yeah,Uh,Yeah!))  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight(Aw yeah!))  
Y'all say I'm skinny like a Q-tip  
But I stay wit bitches like Janet Jackson  
Like cutie you bitchin?  
I've got a bad mami  
Hatin ass niggas  
I've got a black tommy  
Cook yo skin like salami  
'Cause ya niggas talk baloney  
N' probably swanned out  
I tell a guard to pull a maf out and smack ya mouth  
Type the get out my TT and be outtie  
N' throw the matchbox  
Ski in the hockey and pee in yo' lobby  
See, it ain't nuttin to Drag to camp out  
To the point I gotta throw my pants out  
After I shake the ants out  
Loins, bees in my sleeves, with that can out  
And I ain't gon' throw em  
I gon' walk up on em and hand em out  
Slight trick, I keep my bitch infli  
But ya niggas came to feel me  
Got my theme in a frenzy  
N' a TT for yo bentley  
Ya niggas betta come on and hit me  
Cause I'ma drop top, come niggas come pop it  
Dump like ya niggas can't stop it, so stop it  
(Woo!)  
(It's on fire tonight) Uh  
(Call the fire department)Yeah, Yeah  
(Yeah!)( it's gettin hot tonight)Uh!  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight  
(Uh Yeah!)) C'mon!  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight)  
(Aw yeah, Woo!))What? (Uh!)  
(Woo woo!)

(It's on fire tonight) (C'mon!)  
(Call the fire department) (Uh)  
(It's gettin hot tonight) (Yeah!)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight) (Uh! Yeah!)  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight)  
(Woaaa!)  
(Drag, Dash, On)  
(Flame, Flame, On)  
(Ryde or, Die, Records)  
(Ruff, Ryder, Records)  
(Bounce!)  
(It's on fire tonight) Yeah (Uh) Yeah  
(Call the fire department) (Oh...)  
(It's gettin hot tonight) (...My, Uh!)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight) (Uh! Yeah!)  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight) (N' you nigga)  
(Woo!)  
(It's on fire tonight (Drag, Dash, On)) (Yeah)  
(Call the fire department, (Flame, Flame, On)  
(It's gettin hot tonight)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight) (Drag, Dash, On)  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight) (Flame, Dash, On)  
(Woo, Woo)  
(It's on fire tonight (Woo, woo, woo))  
(Call the fire department, (woo, woo, woo) it's gettin hot tonight)  
(Woo, woo, woo)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight)  
(Woo, woo, woo)  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight)  
(Woo, woo, woo)  
(It's on fire tonight)  
(Call the fire department, (Yeah) it's gettin hot tonight)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin right tonight)  
(Entertain this mother fucker all night tonight)  
(Woaaaaa!)