

# Down Bottom

Drag-On

[Featuring Drag On Juvenile]

Drag On:

Ha Ha Ha

Oh Damn

Now bop to this

Oh Yeah

Ya'll know what this is

Flame on

Juvenile

Drag on

Flame on

And now Swizz Swizz Beatz yeah

Verse 1

Me and my niggas done licked shots

Even done hit cops

Bet ya'll niggas can't wait till my shit drop

Treat you like your moma given' lip to pop

Nigga you don't want my paper drop

Cause that means I'm empty

And your full of it

Check what the bullet did

Missiles gonna hit you get you

Rip through tissue

Should have never rhymed this cause I miss you

I make plus cash

Ya'll little niggas can't fuck wit Drag

Got the chain out

So it's bust and grab  
Nigga fuck that  
You better bust back  
'fore ya nigga ask back where the vest at  
Rock like a girl but you can't trust cash  
Spit like a fire but you can't touch black  
All you can do is cuss back  
And read back how you bust gats  
Nigga we don't need that  
I don't care about your feed back  
Ya'll niggas don't feed Drag  
Tell a motherfucker pull out  
Bust a bullet out  
In ya safe house  
Nigga where the keys at  
Nigga where the stash at  
Nigga where the weed at  
Nigga pass that 'fore I pull my trigger  
Mater fact where the ass at  
Cause I got the Ruff Ryders  
And I ain't talkin bout my niggas  
Nigga we can go hoe for hoe  
Toe to toe  
Blow for blow  
And when you fell your nose crack  
That mean I broke that  
I'm fittin to PO-PO wit a flame thrower like I told yo' befo' ya know  
You can't handle it  
You can put me on wax but my fire burn candles  
And who that nigga Ruff Rydin'  
Drag-on  
Ya'll niggas and south siders

Chorus

(Drag-on:)

Do ya'll niggas bust ya'll guns

(Voices:)

Hell yeah we bust our guns

(Drag-on:)

Do you fuck them 'till they cum

(Voices:)

Damn right we make them cum

(Drag-on:)

It's for the north

(Voices:)

Head South, Head East, Head West

(Drag-on:)

Ruff Ryders gonna show ya'll niggas who rides the best

(Repeat)

Verse 2

(Juvenile:)

In the late night

We be cockin high givin' you stage fright

Yo' head might explode

When I bust with the lead pipe

And I say right

Juvenile hey tight

Stay hype

Now page mike and make sure he got all the yeah aight

I'm tired of niggas be thinkin that you usein' me

Runnin with them petty ass niggas lookin' like fools to me

I'm workin wit some change ha

And ain't afraid to put 50 up on ya brain ha

You 'bout warin' over ya people I'm the same ha  
Look I'ma have some body sayin' that's the shame game  
But if them people come they ain't gonna give no names ha  
Playin' with the number one son don't play no games ha  
Come outside don't see nothin' but camoflage and bricks  
Yo' get some boys strapped with (ban)danas tryin knock off yo' shit  
Ya stankin' bitch  
I Ruff Ryde your ass then  
Cashin' for money  
Juve ain't gettin nothin'  
Ha, Ha, Ha that shit is funny

(Repat Chorus 2x)

Verse 3

(Drag-on:)

When my niggas get knocked we gonna bail them out  
When it come to my gun my shells is out  
you better get the message cause I done mailed it out  
I'ma bang like a hammer and I'ma nail us out  
East west the right  
this for my niggas up north  
My guns made in China so you better dust off  
Cause when they getcha you gonna be ketchup  
I always got cheddar  
I never ass bet ya'  
And I won't even sweat ya'  
We roll much larger and better  
My dough is never low  
But if Drag is down on his last  
I'ma reach in my sweater bet my baretta  
Make a nigga feel heat in cold weather

Can't stand a nigga hype  
Throw me his bitch  
Bitch come to my shit  
You betta come get her  
Be like a dog with a bone I run with her  
Ya'll make me so tired  
Ya'll niggas still rappin' like ya'll don't know my flows fire  
Ya'll ain't got ya'll boots  
ain't got ya'll suits probably got a gun that ain't never shoot  
When they come you better hope they don't name you  
Cause like two sticks rubbin' I'll flame you  
Don't try to be me cause I ain't you  
'fore I have your spirits with the angels  
My shorty keep a gun on the ankles  
Wana fuck watch out she will bang you  
Cause I taught her well  
Ya'll players better haul to hell  
But you niggas couldn't borrow a belt  
Who evers wit you is gonna jail  
Is you niggas bustin' guns or you ain't bustin' none ha  
You want to fuck'em till they cum ha  
Drag-on Juvenile double up what you want ha

(Repeat chorus 4x)