

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 sidiers

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)