

Get It Right

Drag-On

[Chorus]

Drag-On, n****s act on
Messin' wit' the team - it's gon' be a sad song
X will bring the day and the night
'Cause we get it right, get it right, get it right, spit it right

[DMX]

Moves is made, n****s is paid - that's just how it is
When my time is up, I'm a be out, but I'm a try to live
I'm eatin' day by day; ain't nothin' sweet about it
Act like you don't know what I'm sayin' then you read about it
Built for war like a armadillo
Smokin' yo' a**; put two through the pillow
Hear my s*** through windows
Manic depressive, and my head hurts
Soon as the dead thirst, I'll wet him first
Now wait a minute; it gets worse
I can't control what I own inside
So I take it out on the soul of that kid that died
Spit fire, cross n****s like barbecues
Mobbin' crews, strippin' n****s, robbin' crews
And put him speechless when I made him eat this
Hollow tip, and you can follow grip
You be like Kim and ain't gon' swallow s***
Don't know the half, couldn't know the math
To understand the wrath of a man split in half
But he got what he wanted; shot for three hundred
S*** is tight, and a n**** that's right gots to run it
Ain't no question; that's how I get down
N****s know gimme yo' dough and yo' ho, and, here, take these fo'
Hot things; I got things that make n****s spin
Put n****s in the wind where you never see n****s again
Bless a n**** with fifties - the thin types
And a straight blast that'll put pinstripes across your windpipe

[Chorus x 2]

[Drag-On]

Drag opposite water more than a spot order
My flows cause fire then bring holes
Takes more than a pump to out this little punk
'Less that pump is a twelve, and I get popped, still I burn to Hell
Call the police, and whatever they don't seize
And put in they mouth, and catch freeze; tell 'em throw Drag some keys
Don't care how many oyeas I gotta make believe
If you nervous, you don't deserve it poppi, please
Cats stealin' gats; y'all probably will get hit
Well, I'm the future; let's see y'all copy this, stopping this
Since a tiny kid like, "mommy, buy me this."
Since she always told me no, started stealin' on some grimy s***
Like look at that, now look at that slide - it in my book bag
I'm who parents point they fingers at, "get from that hood rat."
And put it back; f*** tough while y'all cook crack
I'm cocaine; throw me in the pot, I rise to the top
With your 5.0, go 'head, look ma, I got four more pegs
Still put them holes in yo' head, till it's mushy like dough bread
'Cause that vest only protects that chest

And if I decide to get ice, don't get to fascinated
Or it's my bullet, your brain, mashed potatoes
Double R got me comin' hard on you haters
'Cause we the streets black, and y'all belong beneath that

[Chorus x 2]