

# 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]