

Pop It

Drag-On

Yo, who want it with us? Y'all niggas not fuckin' wit' us
Y'all hoppin' nimrods; We holdin' on up under the truck
We caked out; we all got cars so when we wake up in the mornin'
We race out; but first blow the place out
It gets outrageous; to all my thug niggas, throw your sets up
And spit y'all razors
I hop in to spin out; I'm the opposite of H2O
So in the year two thousand, the lights would a never went out
Plus I rock ice, it drips on my boot; I shake it off
'Cause I'm fire, so every few seconds I take it off
I'm lightweight; I let y'all throw them dumbbells
I just throw back them dumb dumb shells to make y'all run well
I shoot dummies, blast backs
Money gassed up while I'm a open this tank
Yo, pass me the shank
I blackout, swipe 'em like a credit card till I max out
And that's just to let y'all know that Drag is back now

[Chorus: x2]

Now all my motherfuckin' peoples say yeah, yeah
Now all my motherfuckin' thugs say yeah, yeah
Now all my motherfuckin' ladies say yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, throw your hands in the air, c'mon

Y'all keep pushin' that whack shit out there; y'all unable
Drag's like jumper cables, negative and a positive
Y'all ain't gon' feel shit till y'all get a lot of this
I don't care about y'all hatin' niggas; my moms is part of this
She looks at herself and says I got all this
'Cause I drop them hits that make y'all chumps don't drop shit
Drag straps up when he get up in his women
Put somethin' long in the booty have 'em switchin' different
I snatch niggas wife to show 'em the light
Give 'em dick, then I'm hittin' the switch
And while she snorin', she don't know I'm gone by the mornin'
Back to the corner till that blue van come up; my hands is cuffed, uh
Whose fingers stay numb from rollin' up
Who finger fucks chicks till they throwin' up
Whose fingerprints cops keep showin' up
'Cause who that kid always ride and is throwin' truck

[Chorus x 2]

Yo, yo, I just take a strong pull and strike the match on niggas
I spit lit candles and drop hot wax on niggas
My middle name Jason
That means I'm capable of throwin' a mass on and axe niggas
Y'all better ask niggas
First name: Mel
I mean that's what them checks say
When they come in the mail, make bank tellers cum on they self
Count it fast, ma; we all professionals here
How's it feel knowin' I'm walkin' outta here
With what you get in a year?
I'm rude to a bitch, but y'all niggas get out the street
Act like you don't see this black jeep, and get some flat feet
Y'all rock gators; we straight problems

We rock our Timbs half O's, laces like our dogs got 'em
Fuck it, for two minutes, let 'em play wit' a new pair
I got enough spares to flood the block with footwear
Pockets like a blimp; shit, it's been a good year
Where my Ruff Ryders?
We still in here

[Chorus x 4]