

## 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]