

## Ready For War

Drag-On

[Styles Paniro]

Yo, yo, I could keep my eyes closed still reading the signs  
Young niggas think they hungry then you feed 'em a nine  
Might kidnap they ass, start feedin' 'em swine  
So I don't feel bad when I gut 'em like a pig  
Beat him down, stomp him out, cut him like he big  
You hear the attitude, I say fuck being humble  
You act like a animal, you stuck in the jungle  
Niggas don't care if I'm poor or rich  
So I don't care about these niggas, and the law, and shit  
And I'll probably get shot for being a wild nigga  
You'll probably get shot for being a foul nigga  
Let's talk about slugs and the drugs we deal  
Boys fight, men kill, get they money and chill  
Real recognize real, I ain't sayin' a word  
Doing eighty in the M, that means I'm stayin' in third  
With a bitch playin' shottie AK in the third

[Sheek Louch]

Don't worry 'bout what I make, worry 'bout can you escape  
'Cause when I bust my guns, bring more action than roll take  
Nickel your hallway, I got aim from far  
Y'all can't see me like the tints on the president's car  
I know niggas don't like me, and my friends want to flip  
That's why I'm on some extra all about Sheek shit  
Your money: Sheek shit  
Your bitch: Sheek shit  
Only thing I'm gonna share is these bullets here  
Bitch ass that's for frontin'  
Now don't say I never gave you nothin'  
I'm greedy, go 'head, don't say I never saved you somethin'  
Pack gun nigga but don't want no stack  
I drink straight liquor till I forget where I'm at  
I don't play no games, nigga, drugs my 'cupation  
In a building hustlin', that's Sheek's Playstation  
Motherfuckers want to ride by and ice grill  
Change that to ice, dick  
Show me, motherfucker, that you can kill

[Chorus:]

Seventeen shots in a clip, twenty-eight grams in an ounce  
Everybody bounce, twenty-six inch hues on a truck  
Thirty-six O's in a key, everybody free  
Murder One felons with the glocks, twenty-four hours on the block  
Bodies gettin' dropped, five thousand niggas actin' live  
Five thousand niggas gotta die, everybody better ride

[Jadakiss]

Y'all niggas better find out who's your man  
It don't work in the hood, you could fool your fans  
Few bullets in your jeans soon to ruin your plans  
Then I show up at the wake and boo-hoo at your fam  
If you're like me, you never'll fail  
Live by the three rules you make it, or be dead, or in jail  
And I ain't really got much, but I'm up on cats  
And Kiss don't just spit, I throw up on tracks  
Double R now, bitch, you see the princess cut

I'm in a two thousand big boy, the tense is up  
Y'all niggas is soft, catch me with the semi  
Underneath the Fendi, sweater, skully, and scarf  
Make sure you don't say nothing to Jay  
And keep your dirt, I don't smoke nothin' but hays  
I'm a do this the old way, get it while I can get it  
As much as I can get, then I'm a go my own way

[Drag-On]

Hey yo, I keep my guns like laundry  
I dump a load, make niggas fold, watch 'em die, and let 'em drip dry  
Gon' spill pints from niggas, my rapid fire put niggas in black attire  
Stuffed in the hearse, then dumped in the dirt  
I live eternal, 'cause if Drag pass away  
I'm a come back with wraps on my face, blastin' an eighth  
February eighth, that's the day  
You better cop like it's crack, or get masking taped till you suffocate  
Bitches, y'all gettin' your feelings hurt  
Two thousand, I ain't fuckin' no more  
I'm makin' bitches jerk till I squirt  
All my bitches work, like upside down from the poles  
Lift that skirt, give this dick what it's worth  
Double R, see the icicles on the chest  
Hungry niggas come snatchin'  
I throw bullets, run catch 'em  
Ruff Ryder scene Drag the fire  
But we could take it swingin' them irons till the bangs is flyin'

[Chorus: x2]