

Ryde Or Die

Drag-On

Yo, if you gonna sleep on something
Might as well be a bed
And if your gonna crack a nigga
Might as well be a head
'Cause if you targeting the LOX you might as well target a box
That you gonna sleep in for years all covered with rocks
'Cause I think not I pop shots I double what y'all got
Ya hot shots and got blocks ya punta muchacha
I'm the days of school I mother fucking rule
I drive my chain and cork ya and keep it cool
That's the ice B. I'm pricrless. The iciest
And I don't gotta wear fatigues to blow out your chest
My bullets thump when I lace this fly shit pump
And baby I be on it yearly ain't no poppin' the trunk
But if I, pop the trunk its to hear your rag
Shit just wipe down my windows, on the side of my jag
Must I brag, my shit paid for, yours tagged
And every chick you grab, Sheek been done bagged

Yo, I hope you ain't tongue kissing your spouse
'Cause I be fuckin' her in her mouth
Type of cat that fuck at your house
Too slick? Mean she be suckin' my dick
And before you know it, I'mma have her suckin' my dick
Jada, if I kiss you now, you die later
Been nice, since niggaz was watchin' movies on beta
Ready to clap, everybody giving me dap
And belive it or not, we be the ones setting the trap
Listen to y'all shit. Then listen to our shit
Ain't nothing y'all cowards could do, got this
That's the reason now, y'all players ain't got shit
'Cause every time I turn around, y'all on the lox dick
For those that's narrow, I just smack them with the barrel
Give it to them after night, like Kains cousin Harold

[Chorus]

The Ruff Rifers (what?)
The Ruff Riders
The Ruff Rifers (what?)
The Ruff Riders
The Ruff Rifers (what?)
The Ruff Riders
The Ruff Rifers (what?)
The Ruff Riders

Fuck you and your son
Ya know when its done
Show me the money, I show you a gun
Mother fucker!
SB'll spin corner while I party with dun
I clap you I clap him, and that's rule number one
Suckin' my dick
And I don't give a fuck what you spit
Who you are, where you from, and who the fuck you can get
'Cause I sell records, and I got a jail record
Ya niggas ain't sayin' shit till y'all bare weapons
And even when your dead, you can still fuck and get it

I ride about and smack you, cock back and clap you
Styles be ya favorite rappers favorite rapper

Ain't no surprise niggas, only run with recognized niggas
Baby girl, want the world? Sugar pie niggas
No tops, take em in all shape and size niggas
No lie, prefer them ready do or die niggas
What, what you want
Cutie starin' at me like "Damn, where you from?"
You be comin' at me, like "Can I get some?"
Lick your lips from this brown sugar
Suck me like a thumb if you want till I cum

I be the D are, A G, dash O N
Slash often comma makin' niggas orphan
They call me Drag-On. I'm hot scortchin'
Keep the block roastin'
Like dutch when the flame comes a toastin'
In my eyes you can see what summers holdin'
Realize, any guy, broad day, rider
I burn to a degree of 130 my gun dirty
'Cause I got one burby, so you better run hurry
Or catch one early
You wrong, tryin' to touch me
What type of shit you on?
You better throw your boots on, and your un-flameable suits on
'Cause I'm comin' through in a Yukon
Black tinted with gats in it
Catch you while you smokin', send your casket with a sack in it
Gats only half of it
'Cause y'all are half ass yo
'Cause we one whole and y'all niggas, is one slash two
My gun blast you
Tryin out the flames. Are your firemen?
And catch one hell of a back draft,
'Cause my fire reach higher than

Its my, survival instinct that keeps my head above the water (what)
Every day I show another how I love a slaughter (what)
Plug your daughter
With more holes than swiss cheese (come on)
Attack the bitch and stop for the leach (come on)
With these, I shoot the breeze
And its thought, enough keys from the cubans to build a fucking fort (what)
I'm caught up in something that I can't control
Trying to get a hold of a bank role and stroll
Catch bodies like a cold. And stay sick (uh)
So face it, make me chase it, I take your life and erase it (what)
Waste it, in the fucking streets
'Cause It ain't worth shit (come on)
The undertaker take your ass under the earth (come on)
Quicker, I love money, but the scam is hot (uh)
So I snatch up my man and hit the gambling spot (uh)
20 grand is got, one shot and you got less
What use to his chest, is a mess under his fucking vest.