

Scenario 2000

Drag-On

[Swizz Beatz]

See y'all don't understand us you know
Ruff Ryders is a family
Ruff Ryders
Ruff Ryders
Ruff Ryders
Lets go
Swizz Beatz

[DMX]

This is the darkest shit, sparkest shit
Hitting wit the hardest Shit, cause before we started shit
Wit kids I knew my friends all turned against me
Said fuck it, bought me a dog ever since me and my dog has been like this
He got my back I got his, scheming on mad niggas
That's how we do bids
It's about time to start another, robbing spree
Cause yo, my way is highway, robbery, chump
When I was up north, since 16 I was sending niggas home in a coffin
Living like a orphan, you bad nigga?
I'll be back to see if you'll be still here
You know my style I'll put yo fucking man, in a wheelchair
He'll never walk again, on the strength of me
Thats how I left him G, scared to death of me
Cannot run, hit wit the hot one
From the shotgun, cats was close, wondered how we got done

[Eve]

Yo yo, E-V-E
My dogz believe in me
Petty thugz hide yo cake, never teasing me
I show love to, all my bitches hustling one's, tussle wit thieves
Making moves, second to none, I locked it, uh
Made a sudden move you got bit
Flooded wit the double R, real street shit
The blond hair bandit, you got guns, hand it
Turn my face when I bust a cannon
Cause I don't wear sunblock
Ask Drag if the fire is hot
shit pop shells, fall three feet, roll over and stop
We warn niggas that we coming then we hold up the blocks
scorn niggas like their mothers then we wet up their socks
red dye, escaping on the red eye ,sea shores then hide out
buy out bars till we see fall
Believe in this game, we beat y'all, you got money?
Keep y'all's, for us be tearing trying to hide, then our fire
Beat y'all's

[JadaKiss]

And you can come see me if you trying to make a gram tonight
Cause I can get it for you raw, gray, tan or white
Fuck rap yo, I'd rather be planning a flight
Somewhere hot on a wave runner, tanning wit dikes
Blowing the haze, while all of em giving me brains
One at a time, y'all start from the front of the line
everybody wanna contact me and get wit me
but still end up being mad Cause i charge fifty

and as for you sucker, you can keep those rapz
and Screw your awards, my son can't eat those plaques
I never was shit but some things i never forget
like if you spend three your guaranteed to make back six
Drove the Benz off the lot and just dusted her off
Tints, rims, stashed, tick the governor off
Even the cats that be hating still be loving the dogs
Cause they know that the double R's coming for war
What

[Styles]

If you ain't ready to die, then why should you live?
Cause when I start busting the guns , you hiding the kids
And the Pieer's still riding on clips, surviving wit bricks
We beefing on the 4th you got to die on the 5th
Like I wasn't hustling dope or robbing the blocks
Starving or not, carving the cheek, palming the glock
I figure which nigga could I watch wit a watch
I like to knock off my crack then I pull off a heist
Put it together, double it twice, this shit is my life
Catch me wit a 45, hot pair of Nikes
And three red dice, like, give me the bank or gimmie yo face
Gimmie a shank It's Holiday ugh
the hoopties in the front but the truckers a mile away
niggas wanna ride tomorrow when they prolly die today
cause the P'll hollow the guns
Holla at sons if you feel a nigga holla back
then you swallow the ones

[Sheek]

(uh, uh, uh)

Y'all dem bust in them crowd niggas and hit whoever
When you should aim for them niggas that took yo leather
They right there, but you scared that they gon bust
Cause they crazy, but them crazy niggas bleed like us
See I'm one shot through the heart like Cupid
Y'all niggas might be crazy, but y'all not stupid
its 99 im killings you women and kids
fuck scar-face watch me, i'm more action to see
than them motherfuckers that y'all see on T.V.
and fuck what you heard this how sheek get down
comes wit guns, shit i'm rhyiming wit one on me now
you never know what clown goin ta walk into the studio
talking shit and its gonna be more than the amster blow
I pour gas on your skin and watch your shit detach
lit and book of matches now that's when you have met your match
and the worst thing for you is to have a gun when i'm thirsty
ill turn niggas more holy man, than Eddie Murphy
i got more bricks than that city do with jersey
Yo i got call cops niggas, I got autops niggas, that'll bust you and slide
And some ol 6-drop niggas
Revolver Pop niggas, easy Ox niggas
Get knocked, say we smoked detox niggas
Drug program, hit the streets we cop 56 mo grams
Y'all niggas ain't messing wit scrams
And that's

[Drag-On]

(come on, come on, come on,)

Boy, whats the difference between fire and water?
You whether drown or die off torture, cause yo skins of ya
And watch ya burn off fat, dog I'm off the thermostat
Could put a comb to my mouth and give yo bitch a perm wit that

Keep shells in the envelopes Cause I'll mail out bullets
More blood that a riot on a jailhouse footage
Buck 40, buy the extra 20 wit the semi, when it hit you
You gon do a 360 pretty swiftly
when i burn you to a crisp you gonna be cruncher than chips
wit mah hand all up in the bag munching on the shit
bit by bit clip by clip and every block by block
is brick on brick I got knots on knots
Cause I got things that'll pop yo top
And double R spot yo block wit 16 shots and watch y'all drop
And ain't nobody getting up, (un)less they in the wheelchair
Sitting up or spitting up, either way I don't give a fuck