

Tell Your Friends

Drag-On

[Drag talking]

Yah, I'm back niggaz

Ha Ha why'all don't think the kid gonna come back why'all crazy

[Drag]

I rock a Burberry hood, my hood is very hood

My gat is solid metal, my bat is heavy wood

Drag is under rated, my coke is heavy weighted

Why'all want to be a blood, well that's wut I'ma soak your face in

Coughin' up blood, I soften up thugs I make a nigga show me love or throw me slugs

I'm in the club with groupies, and groups of threes So getting ran up on the block by a group of Dee's

I've been shot three movies, my deal comin soon I'm past sellin crack I got pills comin soon

And I'm not no dancer, my moms got cancer

So I ain't celebrating shit, until these doctors get the answer

Prolly never get a Grammy never get an Oscar But I got a twelve foot fish tank with Piranhas and Oscar's

I ain't gonna ask who shot ya, nine times out of the ten I know who did

I know your bitch, get at 'em Kiss

[Chorus: x 2]

Tell your friends, I'm a tell your friends (my friends)

We can be friends, on the weekends (be friends)

You know the ladies love gangstas with paper (weekend)

Especially when your team wining like the Lakers

[Jadakiss]

Fall back respect, learn how to love a nigga

You only alive, on strength of another nigga

I've been nice all my F'in life

A big house I only slept in twice

Rhymes so dope, that it should be kept in rice

The mistakes I've made, shall be corrected in my second life

Nigga I be in the booth relaxed, I seduced the track

And beat it up like I produced the track

So another line bout a gun motherfucker

And I'm a pass one to you, blast one through you

You don't got adrenaline, ass run through you

I run through cash, cash run through you

I could do the job myself, only way I prolly ever be broke if I rob myself

I don't know whats worse a hate or a fag

Double are D-Block daddy, Jada and Drag

[Chorus: x 2]

[Drag]

I was hated by many, loved by few

But respected by all, so fuck all why'all

Why'all doubted my skills, I never relied on this deal

I don't give a fuck what why'all feel, foreal foreal

This rap shit is nothing but fake love, alotta fake hugs
I rather go do a jook's , to feed my thugs
'Cause I could look through a nigga, like a glass shield
See he ain't real, my flow is like acid pills or pcpc I'm like Morgan Freeman
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The way I make tracks lean on me
I got a house my walls is plush, my floor is plush
Drugs by the barrel, in case it all get flushed
Spring is back, along with Drag

I just coped a light jacket and the longest Jag
I'm who you nigga love to hate, but glad I'm back
Why'all heard X is retiring, but Drag is back

Tell your friends, I'ma tell your friends (my friends)
We can be friends, on the weekends (be friends)
You know the ladies love gangstas with paper (weekend)