

# We All Can Get It On

Drag-On

Strike the match  
Flame-on motherfuckers

My gun, I aim lower  
My words is a flame thrower  
Watch me end y'all with something,  
That'll make your skin crawl  
I'm only yae' tall, kay y'all? But I lay down law  
And I lay down y'all, so y'all better praise(a) the lord  
No room to breath. Knowin shh  
And the shit I spit be red and orange  
And y'all going to have to call it in like bomb threats  
'cause I'm fire but, when I wet y'all your gonna be drenched  
Laid up with ten, cause when I pull it out  
I pull in shouts like blow!  
Damn that shit was loud! See the crowd?  
They all seek cover when they see that black rubber  
Because this cat here, got no sisters or no brothers  
It was one alone  
Covered with shellack ready to die black  
Lets talk about guns, and how y'all don't bust none  
These niggas here, y'all doing lest busting lot of ducking  
Maybe a lot of fucking, cause all y'all bust is nuts  
Just give me room, nobody move, or y'all gonna hear the boom

[Chorus]  
If y'all can get it on, then we can get it on  
We all can get it on  
We all can get it on  
We all can get it on  
Flame on mutherfuckers  
Flame on mutherfuckers

Ya niggaz packin gats and stones, frontin' on your man's phone  
Ya niggaz missed the ride, cause this nigga make ya moan  
'Cause when I pull out its like AIDS, I make sure its full blown  
And before the grief (kiss kiss), kiss him on both cheeks  
Let him think there's peace  
And give him something to remember  
Corpse stiff, hands cold, and body temperature December  
Sneakers off, closed casket, blew his cheek off  
By the way be careful who you speak of  
'Cause I by the wall in the back, guaranteed and all that  
While y'all in all black  
When I leave the place, drop the reef, in his moms lap  
Motherfuckers soon as y'all think your beef is sweet  
I'm gonna lay in the streets  
And let y'all niggaz throw quarters on me  
Can you spare change for your life?  
Change for what? that's when I pop up  
With something long, and put something in his ass like a thong  
I don't know what you thought  
I'm gonna do you like I do a Newport  
In seconds kid, smoke it to Brownsville and step on it

[Chorus]

I'm straight housing shit  
Yeah, ya niggas is ballers  
But I'm the nigga bouncin' it  
If Ruff Ryders is announcing it  
Ya know we get down for it, want every ounce of it  
I don't care if it's counterfeit, since this is music  
How we sound with it?  
Don't forget, we bust rhymes for it  
Skip town for it, get under the ground for it  
So nigga, don't ignore it  
Unless your ass is deaf  
This is gonna be your last breath  
Your last S. and S. check  
With your hands crossed over your chest  
I don't give a fuck  
What ever I gotta take care, I get it done  
If its money, I owe nobody  
Except a few hot ones  
And if your eighteen and under, this here's your last test  
And I'm gonna teach you in the class  
With the past tense, lil bastards  
See is for class or for casket. So get your books up  
And if your doe is low, that see better mean for Cook Up  
Don't tell me that you shook up  
You know I keep my stacks tall  
So that you gotta look up, and maybe we can hook up  
But you know what? Then you woke up  
Some body smoked you smoke up  
You know what that mean  
You broke, and you 'bout to get broke up

[Chorus]