

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 straigh 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]