

# We Got That

Drag-On

C'mon (The Ruff Ryders)  
Flame on (Double are, baby)  
Flame on, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon

Aiyyo, y'all niggas take too long wrapping them up in duct tape  
Me, I just make sure they stomp like crush grapes  
I make the hardest shed a tear  
Give 'em a gun, if I had two right here  
Two over there, fuck playin' fair!  
y'all niggas like loose-leaf paper, easy to tear  
Drag just burn that up and get it outta here  
y'all think y'all goin' from heaven to hell?  
y'all ain't goin' nowhere  
But in the same town on the same dirty ground  
And I don't care how you livin' it up  
I even got dead niggas shiverin' up  
You can bet I come diggin' you up  
Them niggas bust guns just to make niggas run by  
Me? I squeeze mine with one eye and one closed and focus  
The one open is at the tip of the nose  
When it blows, y'all so-called-pimps die hoes  
Don't bite rhymes or flows, just air mark  
Snap with a finger, have y'all wanted in dead park

Anything that's dealin' with dough, we got that  
Cock back, hold in position for combat  
Stand clear, all y'all cowards have been warned  
Duck, nigga, run for your life, we airborne

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Yo, yo, aiyyo, who the fuck you think spit mean?  
Same bitch that tried to put Irv Gotti teams  
Since I had a snotty scream  
Was taught to die in a red beam  
Never ask when I need cash  
I'm a customer, I snatch your cream  
Soldier, cross-over, knock on my door  
Wit' Jahovah, huh, know the population's over  
I'm causing early retirements  
'cause you blast last when I'm firing  
Dyin' in the blood you lyin' in  
Went from the full house to the raw house  
To niggas tryin' to rip my draws out  
Try it now, nigga, blow your jaw out  
You don't want my gun to go pow-pow  
Well, I'ma have your face the same color  
As a tongue of a chow-chow, nigga  
These ain't water pistols- they shoot many missiles  
And when I set 'em off, they scar your bones to the grissle  
Only I knew how it was gonna come  
Put up in your baby-mom, for your only son  
I'm takin' e'eryone

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Uh, I'm psychologically fucked up, know the truth  
See, I's sick, throwin' up Henny and ?Gook?  
POOF! Me gone, I pray for the death of my mother  
Until I woked up and hugged her, and told her that I loved her  
Sick sin, my ink pen stay in the ring  
Crown me king, I spit through the eyes of a fiend  
Golden ice, I stole for the love of my wife  
Then she ran out and dumped me, and po-po pump me  
Came home, of course as the king of my throne  
Back to Roley's, back to smokin' bones with cole  
My demo was better than a lot of y'all records  
Bed rocked your ass, calm down, so let the gun go  
I murdered some quick for dough  
Hit 'em up fast, watched them die extra slow  
I lock shop when I come through with the blue tops  
Smokin' a oo-whop, with all glocks cocked

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See now, there it go  
y'all got it  
The East Coast West Coast collabo  
Warren G doin' it with my niggas from The Ruff Ryders  
Eve, my nigga Drag-On  
Yeah, that's how we doin' it, like that for y'all  
In the '99