

# C'mon C'mon

Drag-On

(Verse 1)

(uh yeah yeah yeah c'mon c'mon)  
When ya'll niggaz run on my block  
You gonna get it  
And that bitch you trying to pop  
I done hit it  
You still trying to find my style  
You gonna get lost  
And those that think they could touch  
Gonna get torched  
Make a flow to my gun  
That'll go off  
I'll do a hundred in the wind  
On the turnpike  
All you hear is wind wind wind  
That's a dirt bike  
And you can put them up and shut em up  
'cause when we get it up we hit em up  
Hoes ain't good enough  
My fires gonna make dust  
Now who the one doing the talking?  
Ya'll niggaz gonna split a coffin  
And you can call that fifty-fifty  
Break it down to the nitty gritty  
Now what you see is whatcha gonna get  
That's 5'8, dead weight, tone straight, your face  
Now let me see you get away  
Bob and weave back  
Since when a nigga breathe through his back?  
Now when it come to my shit  
Better leave that

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Hook: Your hoe don't wanna be mine?  
Better save your daughter  
Your coke compared to mine?  
Is baking soda  
Ya'll niggaz wanna war?  
Better send your soldiers  
My life is on the line  
For the new world order!

(Repeat once)

(Verse 2)

Soon I'ma flow over  
Like (what) like water  
When niggaz be drowning  
Ya'll look smaller  
I don't give a fuck what they might call ya  
It could Mo or Cristal  
I'll pour ya  
I be dealing with the hype shit  
I keep a tight clip  
But only thing my bullet might slip

Growing up in these here streets  
Is gritty  
You don't do a lot of talking  
In the city  
It's pat pat pat  
No pity  
Then woo woo woo woo  
Those sirens  
When Drag dash on  
Is hiding  
Cause we don't do a lot of running  
I keep firing  
And as long as they payin  
A few is dying  
I don't care if it's plastic or iron  
Cause the money in my pocket  
I'll fold ya  
And if your niggaz ain't tell you  
They shoulda told ya

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Hook: Repeat twice

When my niggaz swing the sword off  
Get your shit blown off  
Cause if ya'll niggaz looking for a fist fight  
Shit you gonna die tonight  
Cause when we swing them things  
You gonna see the light  
I don't care if it's heaven or hell  
They both bright  
Ya'll niggaz got beef with Drag-On?  
C'mon,C'mon,C'mon,C'mon, C'mon  
Ya'll niggaz is getting to close  
Back up, Back up, Back up, Back up, Back up  
Ya'll niggaz gonna make my gun go  
Blaka,Blaka,Blaka,Blaka,Blaka  
Ruff Ryders gonna make sure you don't come back  
The only nigga that's allowed to come back  
Is a nigga that smoke the crack  
When it comes to our g-stacks  
We want that  
Now let me see you count that  
We don't want no ones back  
Them ten's and twenty's  
Is all but a simple money  
And I'ma burn like I'm on hot sand  
With my shoes off  
Make sure nobody make a move  
Til the cruise is off  
And in this game i win  
And you lost  
And the only way you gonna catch me  
Is on the cover on of the new Source

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Hook: repeat four times till end