

The Hood

Drag-On

Shit, this shit right here...is for the thugs in the street
Do yall here me?
Shit, and this shit right here...will get you mugged in the street

[Beanie Seagal]

Beanie Segal hit hard, and I'll wire ya jaw
Trademark niggas eyes, give them perminant scars
Twist backwards, never catch me rollin' cigars
Only cock and blow dro out of perservative jars
On the block serving like I never heard of the law
Cops hit the spot fuck it, mad bro to bar
Fuck crack, flip powder, I aint takin' a loss
Plus if I get snatched, it's less time for the song
I was been known to stroll the block, hold the glock
Blow dro, pick up doe, reload the spot
I'm the shit with crushed ice and some arm and hammer
I'm the reason why smokers steal car antenna's
I get bricks, so you know I make big nicks
The size of Chiclets, that make you pricks sick
While you try to profit, i just flip quick
Ya niggas know my flow be sick, my doe be quick

[NuChild]

Now when you wake up
I'm wiping the cold out your eys with the barrel of the gun
Holding your son, smoking Branson
Blowing smoke in your face, I want the ransom and some
His shit'll get the opposite of handsome
I mean I got to come clean
I've done bagged up and served everything you've seen in the feds magazine
I'm what y'all haven't seen
I swallow kerosene and piss out gassoline
Strike a match and burn the fucking scene
I'm no joker - I could blow you into smoke
And make your man a second hand smoker.
I'm so vulgar - I'm sendin' niggas straight back to their maker
Broke, with a PlayStation for a CD player, see me player?
I don't even play that shit
I just spit and have the whole hood sayin' my shit
Yall got a bible? Well pray in that shit
While I smoke a scripture, load up the guns then come to rip ya

[InfraRed]

This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Gun up in your mouth, hands around your throat
Choke nigga choke, I'm dope
Roll me up and smoke, on contact
Niggas react, and play me back
For doe, I'll murder ever nigga not on this track
I spit back, at any nigga claimin' he teflon
The best on, be the next nigga get stepped on
A sick dude, type to ask God "You wanna battle?"
"I could care less, send me hell I like to travel"
After waxin' him, I wax you
Smack you, clap you, and that's two
Niggas I left lookin' like statues

I have to, bring it to these cowards that talk hard
Some jail shit? Never even walked through a junk yard
I thump hard
Make a nigga yell for crew quick
A true bitch, eat a nigga up like a chew-stick
Too rich, is what I plan to be in the 9-9
Its all mine, Fagots ride bench when it's crunch time
So bump mine, make a nigga lean off the opium
You Ethiopian
Willie niggas, yeah we scopin 'em, and ropin 'em
Do a nigga Rosewood style
Hangin' by his weak picture, callin' his moms and his child

[Mysonne]

Its Mysonne, lefty, gun up in the right palm
Poppin' niggas in their sleep so they die calm
Kill or be killed, that's the shit that I'm on
Its desparoto style, shooting at them side arm
I'm gone, see I'm dope like heroin
And my guns got scopes, so they zero in
Here on in, know I fear no men
And mutherfuck shootin' five, here go ten
Know that if you start a problem, there's no end
You tough? Fight death and be a hero then
Niggas call me Poppiseed, I'll pop your seed
And move bricks on the block that's too hot to breath
I'm a real type of nigga, that cock and squeeze
Y'all them second guess fagots, that cock and freeze
So I fuck with real niggas, like The Lox and D
And yall niggas got problems, just watch and see

[Drag-On]

I'm the kid with the unlaced boots, but'll lace you
Leave a hole in your facial, the size of a bagel
All my bullets hit, never graze you
If you never was shit, I'ma promise you this
I'ma front page you, I'ma young'n
The first one there, and the last one to get to running
Unless you tell me the cops coming
'cause I like to feel assed out, so when they trap me I blast out
I'm quiet my gun gotta bad mouth
I wake up with the mad south
You know how many chinks and jews
Drag's done dragged out, on a cash route?
'cause when I walk in, stop the talking
I don't give a fuck if it's a nigga with a walkman
I'ma put him in a coffin
Soon as I step in
I'm runnin' up on the nigga with the thick lens
I'm tryin to get the benz with the thick rims
Double R, soon half of us'll goto jail
The best studio, 16 bars to post bail