Ugh (Come on, uh) Uh-huh (Flame on, uh, come on, uh) Uh-uh-uh-uh (Flame on, uh, come on, uh) Yo, yo (uh, uh) Let's talk about who I am Blond bee, find me in the hood with my peoples Love y'all, hate the rest of y'all that I can see through Above that, I can't feel nothin' unless it's lethal Testin' your moves, never that, make your position fetal, uh I wanna talk about Dog nigga, L-O-X, Eve, and me Now that's the hottest thing in the streets Our beats is Swizz Cheesed up with holes in the shit Double R roll thick And ain't nothin' sweet but Drag-Eve tracks Honey Roasted Burn it 'til its been around now how the fuck that sound Yo let's talk about Platinum plaques, hangin' on my wall See me decorated, she's the one Heard 'em say it, see me celebrate it I pop shit when it's necessary, not for nothin' I use clips for them big beefs See me bustin', plow! I wanna talk about bitches I fucked I'm a dog so I can't stand no bitch that hounds I far from a clown If I'm not knocking them down, Drag's probably not around So I'm not one to claim by either one of you dames If y'all catch Drag with a mane, trust me She got my last name Here's the hook, uh Now Drag-on will show ya niggas how we lock this shit Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we rock these hits (Eve) Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris Drag (E) dash (V) on (E) Now Drag-on will show ya niggas how we lock this shit Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we rock these hits (Eve) Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris Drag (E) dash (V) on (E) Let's talk about little dick niggas Always talkin' bout what you got Rather be finger-popped Dick probably the size of a bough stuffed with rocks Fuck the cop nigga, go shoot pool, pussy plot You make me cum, I might flood the block, wet on my socks

I wanna talk about guns niggas don't bust

Y'all need to see me if y'all wanna see shells pop out

I make niggas say watch out, when I got my glock out Niggaz clock out, cause I run up in your watch house Snatch up all your rocks out Then throw your box out Ya motherfuckers better watch out

Yo, let's talk about fake ass bitches
Lying on yourself, you ain't ready for the world mama
Beggin' every second money hungry, life drama
Get your own stacks
Why you think these niggaz pussy hungry
Cause you actin' triflin'
Layin' up, takin' his money, uh

I wanna talk about live or die
Fucking with I
Niggas will fry like stripped bacon
I leave them shakin'
Keep 'em sizzlin'
Fuckin' with them you might win
But they only got six shots with a barrel that spin
And us our clip is spinning
And hittin' all their men

I wanna talk about ryde or die My dogs control confrontation In any situation Five niggas on your team Five niggas you replacing Five niggas used to gleam Five niggas left with nathan But their game that we took And now they back to chase it

I wanna talk about biting ass niggas
Let me see y'all niggas catch the flow
Go red-vest with the four-four blow
Ya niggaz gonna hit the ground for sure
Nigga let me know if you want more
If he catch you with a pound to choke, you know
Nigga never die slow, till his eyes close
Then jump on the highway, I go
Man fuck the po-po, them niggas is moving slow mo, come on
Here's the hook, uh

Now Drag-on will show ya niggas how we lock this shit Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we rock these hits (Eve)

Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris Drag (E) dash (V) on (E)

Now Drag-on will show ya niggas how we lock this shit Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we rock these hits (Eve)

Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris Drag (E) dash (V) on (E)