I be the D-R-A-G dash ya niggas foot slim cuz bullets make your feet fast we throw babies in the trash Drag don't play with little gats crib like McDonalds nuttin but Big Macs and quarter pounds bitch place your order now stay in line I only fuck with broke niggas that stright depend on crime you straight pussy so fuck your ass cap cuz in jail they'll put your cap where your ass at you ass black projects thats where Drag at yea ya got heart but if I don't got my gun thats where ya gonna get stabbed at boy as a young I never grabbed that toy Drag was taught to grab that and ask "where the cash at"

you think we shoot his pocket sides deuce decuce and 25's you ain't takin' em' nigga you threatenin' lives I ain't frontin motherfucker I don't shoot no legs I'm tryna see if your brains really look like eggs or is it just that commercial your brain on drugs now it's a total different look from these shotgun slugs to get rich it could take less than two days I'm like them little beepers halfs and bullets two-ways fuck vests my shit go throught toupèès I'ma thug in New York and when I'm on your set we the apartment where they filmed good times at bitch what the fuck I'ma thug nigga

I'ma thug in da streetz and I know what to do if you fuckin with me I'ma fuck with you I don't give a fuck now I'm doing my thing like a motherfucking dog I'm doing my thang

weight on my back
hate in my heart
blood in my eye
foot on the gas
blunt in my mouth
lovin the ride
hand on the gun
ear to the street
back to the wall
mind on my money while I'm clappin at ya'll

I got niggas in jail
crack in the hood
hustle in south
fiends and customers
that run in your house
I got family ties
I'm handy with knives
I live my life in the ghetto
nose candy and nines
I'm deeper than most
sleep wit it close
wake wit a demon
have visions of the whole
world shaking and screaming

I was born to be a leader but if the game was dirty I was born to be a cheater you talking to me greasy I was going to get the heater

you tell me what you know about blow gettin dough and straight warrin' with a meaner frontin in a Benz or I was soarin' in a Bima

lyin in the cut the gun is straight running like a tire on the trucks if he is real or a liar put the plyer to his nuts or the fire to his guts

cuz niggas is too soft
that heat make niggas cool off
fuck ice I'm tryna cop the crew lofts

So we can be back in effect I throw the barrel to the back of your neck and hop back in the vette (corvette)

cuz everybody is a felon with loot
cuz they say rap is like dust

and we the only ones sellin' the juice

I'ma thug in da streetz and I know what to do if you fuckin with me I'ma fuck with you I don't give a fuck now I'm doing my thing like a motherfucking dog I'm doing my thang

bitches is so sick
they throw up
so scared they don't even
come around in places that I show up
go ahead nigga put your dough up
me against who nigga grow up
bitches choke can't even get their flow up
I ain't got no fear bout you bitches in da industry
actin all confused don't know who you supposed to be
chickens lost steady worryin' bout
who's dick is tossed
stop stallin betta get this thing before it's gone

but I ain't mad
cuz I ain't gon' pass it on
callin' askin can you get on my shit
cuz your cash is gone
you won't get no sales off of me
bitch please
pitbull run with dogs
I don't like fleas

I'ma thug in da streetz and I know what to do if you fuckin with me I'ma fuck with you I don't give a fuck now I'm doing my thing like a motherfucking dog I'm doing my thang