

# Drag 'Em

Lil' Wayne

Young Money, Gudda Gudda  
Let's get it!

You know that yopper yop, it really yop  
And when your body drop, I skip and hop (Hop)  
Red laser beam (Yeah), put your face on beam (Yeah)  
All this syrup, all these trees, call me maple leaf  
Hollygrove, nigga, solid gold, nigga  
Ice, ice, baby chilling, hockey froze, nigga  
Play your role, nigga, play your role, bitches  
I'm in the ceiling looking like a pot of gold, bitches  
You know that yopper yop (Yeah), it really yop (Yeah)  
I got he street sweeper (Yeah), and need a mop (Need a mug)  
I'm not a peacekeeper (No), I'm really not (Yeah, yeah)  
I told a heat seeker, it's getting hot (Yeah)

New baguettes is on my neck, it's from the goat what you expect, whoa  
I ain't fly crippling but I'm fly, diamonds jet blue  
Look at how we crept through, dollars like Creflo  
I can let the TEC go, turn him to a vegetable  
Mula game, next to blow up, here to ball, we said before  
We about to set it, I install the blaze and set the fire  
Pressure, that's what we applying  
Add some more, make some diamonds  
There's a time for everything and you can't time perfect timing  
Coke from Medellin, you won't find nothing purer  
Now just steps on the brick, all white like the Fuhrer  
Middle fingers up to the judge and the jury  
If I ever gotta face 'em, do my time, don't make a statement  
It's omerta up to the grave  
My bro make sure all my kids gravy (That's right)  
Young Money the army, better yet the navy  
We gon' drag him from the river, dump his body in junkyards  
With the note around his neck reading "Bitch, you should've paid me"

Drag him from the river, dump his body in junkyard  
Leave a note around his neck that say "I told you not to flex", ooh  
Emerald baguettes, they just explode on my Pateks, ooh  
Stripper made a mess, I just exploded on her chest, ooh  
Drag him from the river, dump his body in junkyard  
Leave a note around his neck, I take his throat up out his neck, ooh  
Get it off your chest, ooh, I will never front, no  
Chilling on a jet, ooh, I never connect, no  
Drag him from the river, dump his body in junkyard  
Leave a note around his neck that say his ho and mama next  
Leave a note around his neck that say "I told you not to flex"  
Leave a note around his neck then take that gold from 'round his neck

I drag him from the river, dump his body in junkyard  
Leave a note around his neck, say the goat around this bitch  
Leave a note around his neck, I take his throat up out his neck, ooh  
You be talking out your neck, then bitch we going at your neck, yeah

One time for all the fans out there, for all the fans worldwide!  
You know the love is felt!  
Lil Wayne, No Ceilings 3, Young Money!