

# Drag 'Em To The River

\$uicideboy\$

You did good, \$lick  
[?] shit back in '96 (What)  
Northside in this bitch  
Lil Wetto  
Southside in this bitch (What)  
East-side, 59, motherfucker  
West Bank in this bitch  
[?] respect me  
East-side 59 (Ay)

Heard that boy talking shit, I'ma murk his ass (Fuck 'em)  
Said he got guns, I don't believe his ass (Fucker)  
Pew-pew-pew-pew-pew, I ain't talkin' mass (Shh)  
Said he gon' kill who? Ha, I need a laugh (Haha)

Ay, big dog \$lick \$loth, northside killer  
Heartbreak kid, young wet Ben Stiller  
How the fuck you chart on Billboard but I'm still fuckin' richer  
I went platinum with no billboard, no video, no pictures

Can give a fuck 'bout these plaques or these critiques and bitches  
I'm just grindin' for my fam, give my girl what she wishes (ay)  
Y'all fuck boys just buyin' toys, don't pass on my litmus  
I done went broke, made it back tenfold, that's God as my witness

"Ay cut throat, let 'em know", still a savage motherfucker  
Solja rag in that rolls, lookin' like juve in that hummer  
Number one stunner, I'm off St. Bernard with Ruby  
Went to Carrollton with my shirt off screamin' out "Bitch, who gon' shoot me  
?"  
I grab the Uzi, I hit the huey  
Eatin' a ten piece in a Benz, just another fuckin' Tuesday  
Bitch, I'm too grey  
I mean three grey  
Fucking the game with no foreplay  
P.D. say they fuckin' with me, reminded them what a whore would say (Uh-Uh)

Still fuck them hoes  
Still coming down off them drugs from three years ago (Sheesh)  
Still hoardin' most of my money, can't shake feeling broke (Damn)  
Who the fuck you know blew a 'mil up their nose?

Yeah, they heard, I found God like I still won't shoot  
Baddest motherfuckin' crackers, there ain't no dispute  
Fuck this whole industry, even the no names too (Fuck 'em)  
Let me just tell you that I hate you, there's no need to assume (Grey, grey)

Feel like year 2000 and I'm Aaron Brooks  
Take that fent, that brown, and show you how to cook  
You brought the whole gang down and I ain't even shook (Pussy)  
And I'll just stop right now 'cause I don't need a hook

I'm a 5'9 soldier, New Orleans stunner  
Dodgin' NOPD they always out and about in the summer  
I don't fuck with no New Orleans hoes, but I did when I was younger  
Now I'm flyin' 'em in from out of state pick 'em up in a camo hummer  
Still off that St. Bernard exit down by the lake

Still pullin' up at Russell's just to hand out free eighths  
Still whippin' a big body, ain't slammin' brakes 'cause I'm late  
Still courtside at the Pelican's game but they won't say my name

Blanco Leopardo, I'm the 7th ward lord  
The chopper never jams, but I still use it as a sword  
Sneakin' into cemeteries like I pre-ordered death  
I fucked my ex on a grave, a hand popped out, grabbed her neck

Yeah, my pimping done started a fuckin' zombie outbreak (Yeah)  
Told the devil not to wait up because I'ma be out late  
Watch out for the sniper shootin' cars when you're drivin' through the East  
Ballys on my feet, down here you either swim or you sink

East Bank born and raised but I've been all over (East Bank)  
Catch me uptown at the fly, I don't think I ever been there sober  
Catch me downtown on the stoop, I'm usually there in October  
Crossin' town in the Cullinan, I know it look like a Rover (Uh)

Who that? Who that? I ride around with no tint  
Get the gat, get the gat, under the seat is a MAC-10  
I hear pop pop pop pop, and I wake up sweatin' bullets  
So I moved down da bayou where it ain't so fucking humid

Yeah, I'm going through it  
All these motherfuckers want something from me  
These bitches see I got money, that's why they gon' try and fuck me (Haha, b  
itch)  
They want a kid in they tummy but I wrap it up like a mummy  
These fucking greasy-ass hoes, I keep it clean bitch don't touch me (Ew)

So many blood suckers out here, slay 'em all like I'm Buffy  
What you want from me baby? Why you bein' so fussy?  
Why don't you go down to Harrah's and see if you get lucky?  
If you see my granny, ask her about me, she'll say she love me

I hope it down for my people, make sure my family ain't broke  
I put on for my city, I'm 504 'til I croak  
I wanna die in New Orleans, yeah, this shit ain't a joke (Hey, hey, hey, hey  
, hey)  
Just cremate my body and then lace the blunt before you smoke

Yeah  
Fuck  
Northside  
East  
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