

Spit These Bars

Drag-On

(Swizz Beatz)

Double R

Right Now

We ain't playin' wit y'all

We ain't playin' wit y'all

Stop playin' Drag

(Verse 1)-Drag-On

A-yo I spit these bars to make ya head shake

Fuck bitches 'til the bed break

Let's see how much lead you can take

Never let a nigga pay for what I give away

We can all share

Clip to my waist it's all spare

So run dammit, run

When I bust my gun

I miss none

Put y'all in critical condition

I'm the talk of the town when it comes to fuckin' bitches

Or layin' niggas down

Drag bust the most rounds

While y'all niggas dibble and dabble

The shit I pull up wit

It'll feel like it grabs you

We ain't fuckin' I had you

Shit I know Drag'll be glad to

If I had to

Soon as she in the bathroom

I'm in her ass too

Gotta six shot shooter

That'll pop thru ya

Glock ruger

In case I call my block movers

State troopers on my ass

Shit let me see them touch 160 on the dash

My Z look pretty when it's fast

I bet 50 I'ma juice the city before I pass

And if you wanna catch fire better step on the gas

The opposite of H2O

Wanna be a hero

When the fires on

Y'all won't even see ya moms

Even if she was screamin' at the top of her lungs

Niggas either burn to the bone or leave the shit alone

In case of a fire never take the elevator
Walk 2 flights hold ya breath and take the steps (Uhh)

(Hook)-Swizz Beats
Do my ladies run this uhh-huh
Yes they do run this mutha-uhh-huh
Do my ballers run this uhh-huh
Yes they do run this mutha-uhh-huh
Do my mamis run this uhh-huh
Yes they do run this mutha-uhh-huh
Do my dogs run this uhh-huh
Yes they do run this mutha-uhh-huh

(Verse 2)-Drag-On
A-yo I only fuck bitches that's flexible
Ankle touch neck sex incredible
When Drag about to spark cats
Ain't no bargain wit that
When my gun spit it say "Where The Target At?"
Cuz I'm fire so I speaks wit heat
So let me walk that walk
Cuz like a teacher I'ma talk wit chalk
That'll outline y'all like a fresh pair of Nikes
Stay wit those
Even if I'm bare toed you see the stripe
I leave blood stains on sponges
Cum stains on comforters
I leave rooms foggy
'Til where y'all can't find me
Keep a bad mami
Twisting up the green scent
Like tangerine face out of a magazine
Like ebony
On the block I pump the ivory
Never pay for show
I only fuck wit those that never ate before
That means no food, no cars and just skip bail
The only thing on they plate is no more than fish scale
The blow you only know about is the air outside
I have nightmares before I sleep I pray y'all fry
For a pie I lay out guys
Cuz what I keeps layin' on my dresser
Keeps layin' niggas on top of stretchers
Lightweight but I give off pressure in all measures
Never chase treasures
Flame niggas for pleasure
Red/Gold vest
Bullets go thru tef
Got better double R
2 letter (Nigga)

(Hook) 2x's

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>