

# Tonight

## Drag On

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Drag-on (Swizz)]  
(Uh) Yeah, Yeah!  
Swizz! (Drag dash On)  
Yo, where we at?  
(Uh) No shit, Double R niggas (Uh)  
Ya know who dis is (No shit)  
Yo! Back! Yo! (Yeah!) Who dat slim kid, slight grin, ice right gain  
If the son right here nigga strikes lightning  
N' cause light wind  
My cue is only wit' two  
Me n' my nigga  
Me n' my bitch  
Me n' my wrist slapped around my bare skin  
Come risk it  
Dare niggas to run up on us  
All wit some future shit, I got bullets that turn corners  
Like--Errr.. still up on ya  
Cause mah hammers got scanners  
That'll make ya hit the Down Down like Country Grammar  
Got clips that'll like dirty y'up in em  
I wear size 34 dirty denim  
N' I'll dirty ya' denim  
Hit ya wit the slow flow  
Like Nat King Cole  
Even though I spit hazard rappin'  
Fasta' than a rapper's eva seen  
You pass it while they grab it  
Prob'ly got it but don't have it  
Rippin' fake styles since ya promos  
C'mon, homo!  
Dawg I rope a dolo  
Yo' styles so so def

Like Jermaine I got bats  
 Would(Would) ya get ya rocks? Yo! (Yeah yeah yeah!)(Woo!)  
 (It's on fire t'night (Uh)) Yeah!  
 (Call the fire department,)Yeah Yeah!  
 (It's gettin' hot t'night)Yeah!  
 (All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night)Yeah Yeah Yeah!  
 (Gettin' th-th-this mother fucker all night tonight)  
 Yeah Yeah Yeah! C'mon! Woo!Woo!  
 (It's on fire t'night(Uh)) Yeah! Uh!  
 (Call the fire department)Yeah Yeah!  
 (It's gettin' hot t'night)Yeah!  
 (All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night)Yeah Yeah Yeah!  
 (Gettin' th-th-this mother fucker all night tonight)Yo YoYo, how the fuck ya think y'all boots niggas cells  
 Ya cell's jus' like my two-way pager, low sale  
 Ya'll, fuck a cell phone! I've got a NYNEX  
 That'll reach out n' touch ya nigga back spineless  
 (Yeah uh, C'mon man!)  
 I fill these streets wit more cracks on the ground  
 Than cracks on the growl  
 E pills is for da crackheads down  
 Down keep ya crackin' a smile  
 While ya police tryin' to crack down on crack viles(Uh)  
 Ya'll can't stop that nigga Drag(Uh)  
 That's born a crack child(Uh)  
 Crack toes, I crack ya' back  
 Kids that look up to me  
 Life ain't what it's cracked up to be  
 But ya neva' catch me leavin' n' bitchin'  
 I jus' keep da stashed box under reachable distance  
 Like right here  
 Gonna lift you like right there  
 Run about yo night air  
 Should've had the straps on  
 Fuckin' with da dash-on(Flame On!)  
 Gonna give a honey hard dash  
 Gimme ya cash(Flame On! Yeah... yeah!)  
 Whut, uh? (Y-y-y-y-yo!) Uh uh(Woo!) Yeah Yeah!  
 (It's on fire t'night(Uh)) (Yeah!)  
 (Call the fire department)(Yeah Yeah!)  
 (It's gettin' hot t'night)Yeah! What?  
 (All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night(Yeah,)) C'mon!  
 (Gettin' th-th-this mother fucker all night tonight(Aw yeah, Woo!))Whut, uh?  
 (It's on fire t'night)C'mon! (Yeah!)  
 (Call the fire department)(Uh Uh!)  
 (It's gettin' hot t'night)Yeah!

(All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night)  
 (Yeah!)C'mon!(Nigga!)  
 (Uh! Gettin' th-th-this mother fucker all night tonight)  
 (Aw yeah!) Nigga!(It's on fire t'night(Uh)) (Yeah!)  
 (Call the fire department)(Yeah Yeah!)  
 (It's gettin' hot t'night)Yeah! Uh uh  
 (All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night(Yeah,Uh,Yeah!))  
 (Gettin' th-th-this mother fucker all night tonight(Aw yeah!))Ya'll say I'm skinny like a cue-tip  
 But I stay wit bitches like Janet Jackson  
 Like cutey n' bitchin'  
 I've got a bad mommie  
 Hittin' ass niggas  
 I've got a black tommy  
 Cook yo skin like salami  
 'Cause ya niggas talk baloney  
 N' prob'ly swanned out  
 I tell a guard to pull a maf out n' smack ya mouth  
 Type da get out my TT and be outtie  
 N' throw the mass bout  
 Ski in the hockey n' pee in yo' lobby  
 See, it aint nuttin but Drag but can route  
 To the point I gotta throw my pants out  
 I've got t' shake da ants out  
 Loins, bees in my sleeves, with that can out  
 And I aint gon' throw em  
 I gon' walk up on em n' hand em out  
 Slight trick, I keep my bitch in Philly  
 But ya niggas came to feel me  
 Down n' dane in a frenzy  
 N' a TT for yo billy  
 Ya niggas betta come out n' hit me  
 Cause I'ma drop top, naw niggas don't pop it  
 Down ya niggas can't stop it, so stop it(Woo!)  
 (It's on fire t'night) Uh  
 (Call the fire department)Yeah, Yeah  
 (Yeah!)( it's gettin' hot t'night)Uh!  
 (All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night  
 (Uh Yeah!)) C'mon!  
 (Gettin' th-th-this mother fucker all night tonight)  
 (Aw yeah, Woo!))Whut? (Uh!)(Woo woo!)  
 (It's on fire t'night)(C'mon!)  
 (Call the fire department)(Uh)  
 (It's gettin' hot t'night)(Yeah!)  
 (All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night)(Uh! Yeah!)  
 (Gettin' th-th-this motherfucker all night tonight)

(Wooooo!)(Drag, Dash, On)  
(Flame, Flame, On)  
(Ryde or, Die, Records)  
(Ruff, Ryder, Records)(Bounce!)  
(It's on fire t'night)Yeah(Uh) Yeah  
(Call the fire department)(Oh...)  
(It's gettin' hot t'night)(...My, Uh!)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night)(Uh! Yeah!)  
(Gettin' th-th-this motherfucker all night tonight)(N' you nigga)(Woo!)  
(It's on fire t'night (Drag, Dash, On))(Yeah)  
(Call the fire department,(Flame, Flame, On)  
(It's gettin' hot t'night)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night)(Drag, Dash, On)  
(Gettin' th-th-this motherfucker all night tonight)(Flame, Dash, On)(Woo, Woo)(It's on fire t'night (Woo, woo,  
woo))  
(Call the fire department,(woo, woo, woo) it's gettin' hot t'night)  
(Woo, woo, woo)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night)  
(Woo, woo, woo)  
(Gettin' th-th-this motherfucker all night tonight)  
(Woo, woo, woo)(It's on fire t'night)  
(Call the fire department,(Yeah) it's gettin' hot t'night)  
(All my thugs in the cells gettin' right t'night)  
(Gettin' th-th-this motherfucker all night tonight)  
(Wooooo!)

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