Thug In The Street

Eve

{Drag-On}
I be the D-R-A-G dash ya niggas foot slim
'cause 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
'cause 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"
{Sheek}
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 toup

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