

# Weed, Hoes, Dough (feat. Drag-On)

## Ruff Ryders

I'm pushin for the single yo, c'mon

Yo lock the door, uh huh

Ya heard, uh, uh

C'mon, yeah

Y'all know who it is, or should I say what it is

Uh, uh

[Verse 1]

All Drag do is fuck bitches, and drain his body

Kickin bitches out the bed and sleep next to a shottie

A bitch'll never get me pump, I make niggas pump IV

I'm the type to follow the cops wit a midget drivin me

Make them think the car drivin itself, and I'm in the passenger seat

Signal lights, stashbox, a package of D

Drag dash, I'm happy to be

On, this rap shit is like a jacket to me

I wear it with cracks in my sleeves

So I keep it on, don't never take my jacket off cuz my shit be gone

What are you, lost your mind?

It took my time to cut these dimes

So I could dump drug a few minds, so don't make me bust a few nines

Dip the T T in polish watch the shoe shine

Slip in the Tunnel with a banger in my bootline

All it takes is the finger to make a sour sit, linger

Double R is hard, the rest of y'all is R & B singers

CHORUS 2X:

WEED

That's what we smokin up

HOES

That's what we pokin up

DOUGH

That's what we foldin up

That's all we know about

[Verse 2]

I got more bullets in my clip, than chocolate got in chip

I got more bitches suckin dick, than niggas smokin niks

I got more shit up in my whip, than most niggas got in cribs

I got more, blocks of raw while y'all tryin to stop wars

Coward nigga lock your doors

I'll come through with the locksmith and pop it

With the glock 4 and show y'all what a mouth's for

I got black steel, blue steel, wheels, I mean wheelchair

Cuz Drag is real fair, it's all real here

I own more buildings on my block, than real estate, philly ave  
Hit ten niggas I'm tryin to see mils like Billy Gates  
Cuz me in Philly rollin dutches  
Me and Eve, stuck off the trees, got her laughin off bitches' weaves  
Double R, pop niggas, make niggas bleed  
Fiends come to me my top rock's been asleep  
Seven foot bouncers bout to be six feet, under me  
Now that's a foot left, you shouldn't have took that step

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

I know y'all wish y'all woulda, shoulda, coulda  
Didda, getta, gotta, guns we cock it then pop it  
Make 'em holler and swallow  
Niggas stop it, catch it, all up in his jacket  
I'm not a stingy nigga, I'll let a nigga have it  
Hate chips that go away, lookin like white coke  
Sit in the sun long, come back like french toast  
Hair was up, now is down, eyes are black, now is brown  
Used to frown, now you smile, nigga must have left you now  
Went from bikes to the car, from the cars to the boat  
Went from keys to the coke, went from coke to the dope  
Went from cracks to the raps, went from bats to the gats  
Went from slums to the stats, been to London and back  
Me change cuz I rap, I can't do it  
I went from muggin y'all to payin niggas to do it  
It's all the same stupid  
I got cake on cake, cuz I went from pow to pow  
Wit my family, two R's, Ryde or Die

CHORUS

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>