

Worth Goin' Fed Fo

Plies

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Plenty of money to blow
Got whips, twenty-eights
And jewelry to show
Ain't a hoe I can't fuck I got hoes galore
(Just don't know if this shit worth goin fed fo)

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Soon as a nigga get knocked the streets call him dumb
When the shit hits the fan everybody run
I don't know a nigga yet who did this shit and won
Money mean nothin to you if you ain't got a bond
The streets dead now cause everybody gettin hung
Lawyers sittin back suckin all a niggas funds
Say it ain't cool when the rabbit got the gun
The shit a game to these crackas and they havin fun
Nigga you thought wouldn't tell them be the first one
It don't take nothin but one fuck up and a nigga done
Visitation room that ain't how I wanna see my son
But I don't think about none of this shit when I'm stuntin

I don't know if twenty-five years worth two years of ballin
That's a big pill to take and I ain't tryin to swallow it
Fuck around and get jammed all this shit fallin
Take the streets from a nigga then a nigga starvin
Tried to let it go, then money kept callin
Streets been good to me got a nigga flossin
Same shit a nigga love be the shit that cost him
Money make niggas hate, turn niggas salty
Go to prison now, gone take me from my shorty
Bout time I get out he gone be off in college
Game fucked up now cause all these niggas talkin
I'm a street nigga I ain't got too many options

Nigga always told me to get in this shit and get out
But he ain't tell me about all the laws and all the drama
You back to square one after a nigga break in yo house
It's hard to come up shit when you gotta keep burnin out
It's cars, jewlery, and hoes what's it's all about
I don't know it lil' daddy I just want a nice amount
Just gave my lil cousin eleven years for an ounce
You broke and fuckin wit these hoes they gone ask you to bounce
And niggas buyin shit now they can't even pronounce
Done fucked up so much money, shit can't even count
Hope I don't wake up one mornin wit them crackas in my house
Wit guns drawed on me wit enditement papers out

[Hook]