

Feds In Town

UGK

A bad day for the niggaz in my click
I just got had a call from a bitch at the PA P.D. that's on my dick
It's seems the drug situation is so tow up
And poes down the fuckin T-X had to show up
I got shit on the scene so 99 can't hassle me
Now, they got the muthafuckin feds to come and wrestle me
And throw my game in a suplex
They got my 2 best workers on secret and there's no rest
Word on the streets is that they're rollin
In Dynasties...I-ROCs...and Caravans and muthafuckas are swollen
Like paper stacks and a rubberband
Goin all out of tact on the local bird slaggin brothaman
And be servin as slow as fuck
Cause my niggaz are nervous
and if they even think they see five-o, they duck!
So now, instead of rollin thick, niggaz is happy with a frown
Cause, the motherfuckin feds in town

Yes, the shit is silly, I put up my 9 milli for a switch-blade
I don't need no shit with these bitch-made
No more clownin in this town bro
No high-cappin in the clubs, I got to play them on a down-low
I took my tags off my buick and yall know I didn't love that
Rollin on some white balls and hubcaps
And even though I got long nails
No more French manicures bitch, YOU GOTS TO DO YOUR OWN NAILS!!
I told my niggaz to make sure that all their shit was tight
Cause they're gonna be on y'all ass every day and night
Tryin to run all kind of game
So, put y'all motherfuckin cars and yall cribs in yall momma's name
I took my jewelry to the pawn shop and sold it
Brought the money to my baby's momma and I told her to hold it
Cause Lil Bun might not see Big Bun up in his face
If I catch a fuckin case -- when the feds in town

God damn, it's been two motherfuckin months
Since I took my Rolex from under my sleeve
These hoes act like they ain't go never leave!
That shit is funky like a black skunk
Fuck all this waitin man, it's time to get this motherfucker back up!
I let them motherfuckers slack up, reorganize my click
Got the birds, and reopen my lab back up
And told my boys, "If a nigga looks crazy, blasts his ass in the eye,
Don't give him a chance to identify!"
And show his badge, I'm sorry to inform you
If your girl is pregnant, you ain't gon live to see your child be born
I'm blastin laws at random, cause I believe it's time to hand them
Close to the dopeman - God damn em
I'm sick of hiding like a bitch in the closet
So, y'all hoes can't find me
Y'all better try to blind me
And remind me of the jail time
CAUSE IN MY YARD IS A BIG ASS - I GOT YALE SIGN!!!
It's time for TONY MONTANA stacks
I got niggaz on the corner holdin big ass bags and cans of crack
The land of Texas with that rock up
So, if y'all thinkin about checkin

My fools run in with your glock up
Cause, I'm a blast my nine to my last clip
To my last love
Before you take me for my damn drugs
So, we can have it all night, fight
Cause bitch, I'm ready to die from my tight lights
when the feds in town