Feds In Town

Ugk

A bad day for the niggaz in my click
I just got had a call from a bitch
At the P.A.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 meAnd throw my game in a suplex
They got my two best workers
On secret and there's no rest
Word on the streets is that they're rollin'
In Dynasties [unverified] I-ROCs [unverified]
And Caravans and muthafuckas are swolenLike 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 townYes, 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 y'all know I didn't love that
Rollin' on some white balls and hubcapsAnd 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 nightTryin' to run all kind of game, so, put y'all motherfuckin' cars
And y'all cribs in y'all 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 [unverified] when the feds in townGod 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 upI 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 youIf 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 closetSo, 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 crackThe 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 loveBefore 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

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