

# 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 swollenLike 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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