

Farrakhan (feat. Vince Staples)

Joey Fatts

[Intro: Farrakhan]

Now, now, you, you

Preachers and leaders

You, you, administrators

You teachers

You leaders, you, are the worst[Hook 1: Joey Fatts (Farrakhan)]

Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag

I want all beef, get toe-tagged

Don't do pigs, motherfuck crash

Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan...

(You generation of young black men and women...)

Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag

I want all beef, get toe-tagged

Don't do pigs, motherfuck crash

Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan

Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan

(You can't feel it?)[Verse 1: Vince Staples]

Read up on ISIS the other day

Read up on violence, my phone on silent

Can't call my bluff or anybody, k?

Anybody get touched any kind of way

Anyway, read up on ISIS they trippin'

I ain't worried about it I'm cripin'

All my automatics extended

Don't be coming around with that come around

Kill everybody, no witness

Bandana brown like my pigment

Yeah my alma mater like bunch of quarters

I gun it down, I gun it down

I'm black, proud, and my mac loud

Five powers to the people

Walk up get down through the peep hole

Coke game, cold case, nigga eat chrome

(Coldchain!)[Hook 2: Joey Fatts (Farrakhan)]

Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag

I want all beef, get toe-tagged

Don't do pigs, motherfuck crash

Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan...

(When you talk to young people, you can't feel that you're missing them?)

Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag
I want all beef, get toe-tagged
Don't do pigs, motherfuck crash
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan
Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan
(And we don't want to hear your compromising...)[Verse 2: Joey Fatts]

Feeling god body
When I'm walking around here with that shotty
I don't need a chronic, you gonna get that business if you try me
Bitch I'm radical, yeah, I'm radical, the automatics blow
Since the Regan era niggas serve and front that Texico
(They hate what they can't control
We don't fuck with no patrol
Take it back to fifty-four
Boy I'm sticking to them codes)
My fist high, my clique ready
Hood look like Katrina when they broke the levees
My gun cocked, my hand steady
Or I'm out the window in a black Chevy[Hook 3: Joey Fatts (Farrakhan)]

Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag
I want all beef, get toe-tagged
Don't do pigs, motherfuck crash
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan...
(Your day of using our people is over and it will never come back)

Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag
I want all beef, get toe-tagged
Don't do pigs, motherfuck crash
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan
Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan

(You have bought into the enemy and you want to lead your people, not to God, not to Jesus, but you want to lead them into the path of their open enemy that God has come to separate them from)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>