

F.B.I. (2004 Remastered Version)

The Shadows

I'm wakin up in the mornin, with problems on my mind
Motherfuck the education and drug rehabilitation
I'm smokin on that weed and the green is gettin tasty
Dead feds in my closet cause they tried to chase me
November the 29th, I bust open my mommas cock
Pussy hole addicted to drinking, now I'm addicted to crack rock
So motherfuck you bitches and you snitches tryin to do me in
Police in disguises and he tries to buy Peruvians
Knockin at my fuckin door, duckin and dodgin on that floor
That thinkin got you noid, got me reachin for my forty-four
Creepin up out my window pane, I smell cops
A honkey on the block, drop to my knee, I took a shot
I seen him drop, one time this ain't the place for that
Since he's a fed, I took off his face for that
That shit that he tried to pull
You know he couldn't get away with this
Bitch I'm a time bomb time, so don't you play with this
Fuck being indicted, don't you try it that's the fuckin story
Cops roll to the cemetery, all snitches to my laboratory
I'm fittin to stir it, rock it up, so where's my silver spoon
I put my yea out on the block, and all you hear is boom
This is my set, so you can jet, or get that sweater wet
A fed is bloody, he's been wounded by a fucking tech
Rat tat to the tat tat, I'm a take him out of his memory
For ridin my nuts and tryin to stick me with delivery
Loose lips, sink ships, boy this is do or die
This is a letter from Shoestring to the F.B.I.
Backstabbers gone, so I guess you dirty cops are clean
You took a father from their family, motherfuck their dreams
Is what you said, so motherfucking bitch ass fed
I want you dead, I'm going to pump your ass full of lead
Let's make a deal, this shit is real, ill
I pack my steel, you let him go
Then we can let you live, you made that switch
And now it's time to kill you bitch
Give you an overdose of bullets, and put you in a ditch
Drug dealers and fed killers, lets get united
Boom holes on them hoes, green fuck being indicted
Motherfuck the F.B.I., bitches I'm prepared to die
up on my tip, cause I won't slang his drug supply

Jail ain't never scared me none, fuck the feds and vice cops too
Distribution of cocaine, is that all y'all can come with dude
Bitches betta think fast, find yourself a better snitch
Cause that bitch you got smoke rocks
So that mean her word ain't shit
If I get some prison time, give me mine, cause I ain't fake
Since my click don't snitch
When I get out all my connections straight
The journal keeps my name in lights, entrapment to the third degree
Before my trial can come, the newspaper want to sentence me
Bitch Bootlegs prepared to go, you'll never get this chance again
Gotta call my auntie, they want your nephew in the pen
Bitch we ain't no kin, fuck that smilin I ain't in that mood
Bring in the indictment papers, eatin all of my grandmother's food
Bitch you know that's rude, attitude is to the third degree
Send me to penitentiary, come out that bitch a straight up G
Never been a busta, always been a hustla
Sellin yea, came up bustin caps
So we could deal this dime out where I stay
Out to make my pay, and sellin yea the only way I know
Fiends around the block, soon as I open up my rock house door
Gotta make some more, I'm droppin weight on that digital scale
More popular than Taco Bell, taco shells, we're making sells
Motherfuckin bitch, I want a key, give me that uncut raw
Shit up in your jar, the best cocaine these crackheads ever saw
Your momma's eyes are big again, everytime she smokes
She plots, since I wouldn't give her no rock
She sending the federal government in my spot
Conspiracy and distribution, drop some grip so I can fight it
Free again to sell dope, bitch fuck being indicted

Songwriters

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