

# Feds Takin' Pictures

## Dj Drama

[Verse 1 - Young Jeezy]FEDS takin' pictures of me

Niggas still snitchin' on me

Nine hundred for the sip

What'chu think I'm smokin' homie?

Oh what'chu think I'm jokin' homie?

Blue rims, yeah the coupe's Crip walk

Certified platinum think I'd rather make hits?

Between me and you yeah I'd rather flip bricks

So tell me what's wrong with glass pots and a scale

Pose fo' them bitches like the Double XL

[Verse 2 - Wille the Kid]Homie we ball till we fall

Magic City to the law

Try'na stay out of reach of the long arm of the law

I'm calm like snowfall through preliminary hearings

They indictin' niggas for bootleggin' and raqaterin'

Proli' got me on the camera while I'm coppin' out the car lot

I'm comin' out the banks, big cribs with the cardbox

It's Willie

My future bright like a highlighter

They takin' pictures 'cause I'm fly like a skydiver

[Chorus][Verse 3 - Jim Jones]You ain't seen money

Until you seen me

Two hundred twenty for Bentley GTC

And the money ain't a thing like J. Dupri

When you ballin' 'round the country like the major league

So peace up, A-Town down

Tear ya streets up with them AK rounds

Now what'chu know about that?

I know all about that

Three birds, three nights can make a hundred thousand stacks

And man they got it on camera

The FEDS been watchin' since your boy touched Atlanta

[Verse 4 - Rick Ross]I'm the biggest mobster to ever hit the pop charts

I'm a easy target they know a nigga rock hard

Get a clean check cut slip it in my account

Write a money China white a lil' girl to wipe 'em out

I ain't wit' the rappin' boy, I'm puttin' in the work

Hit his ass wit' the the rapid, lay his ass in a church

Get some information for you informants I got the yay  
And I'm sellin' it cheaper than yesterday so what'chu say?

Boss

[Chorus][Verse 5 - Young Buck]They snappin' while we trappin', try'na find out what happened

They wanna lock me up before my album go platinum

I took my cellphone and threw it, my bank account I blew it

Gotta cut my conversations, I don't wanna do it

But who's that peepin' in my window?

It ain't no love, they tattle tellin' on they kinfolk

So if you ever been broke, yep, and turned a penny to a twenty

Let me hear ya holla if you want me come get me

[Verse 6 - T.I.]Whether you know me as T.I. or you call me T.I.P.

I know the FBB and FBI they talk about the G.I.B

And you know when I be high, when I'm in the V.I.P

I'm sure they see me as I fly through the city in that brand new G.I.V.

Young, rich, and famous wit' a pistol you can call me Cheeali

But I'm the greatest in Atlanta, they be callin' me Ali

[Outro - DJ Drama]I told y'all, I can't be stopped, smile for the camera

DJ Drama, AMG, Embassy

[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>