

# F.B.I.

## 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 indictedMotherfuck 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 penetentiary, 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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