Federal

Sparkyboy

Don't cha' know?
Yeah, it's another one of those potentate, dope, laid back
Mob style, sippin' yac, top of the line rhyme
Fuckin' em' like that therapy, don't cha' know?
Fuckin' em' like that there beats, don't cha' know?
Yeah, it's another one of those potentate, dope, laid back
Mob style, sippin' yac, top of the line rhyme
Fuckin' em' like that therapy
Fuckin' em' like that there beats, I'm just a hustler
I'm goin' federal, justice ain't no damn miracle
Fuckin' em' up like that, puttin' in work something terrible
So before you mention to step to me
You better get up on my history
I'm known to the world as Mr. Flamboyant
Killin' motherfuckers off crucial
Sittin' em' down mutual
Spittin' that ol' playa, gangsta shit
Tryin' to maintain a strong grip
V-Town, California where I was born and raised since
1979 I been a hustler on the go
Pop pos wanna harass
Me and my Keesh I needed cash
Rocks wasn't groovin' at the time
So way we got out money was cuttin' grass
Leader not a follower, became a hill side baller
Put together a group called the C L I C K
And I was the shot caller, I'm goin' federal
I'm just a hustler, I'm just a hustler don't cha' know
I'm just a hustler, I'm just a hustler don't cha' know
Why don't cha' get up on this mic
And spit some of that ol' gangsta shit back at em' man, would ya?
I'm on the last nickels, they only made like four of
Front row seats at the fights
Takin' long, expensive flights
I love playin' hully gully
'Cause I ain't nothin' nice on them dice
So before you gamble against a hustler
I advise you to think twice
Napoleon, macaroni, we serve hot bellied pig

96, 6 big screen television I bought for my kid
Livin' kind of comfortable
40 comin' through with the real number
From blocks and blocks away you can here the boom, blam, bumble
Full tank of petro, up the metro, I'm like federal
Hoes wanna get sexual cause they see me on a pedestal
Nibblin' on my jock, like my big, ol' black tool is edible
Tellin' you man these heifers now days is incredible
Dishin' them one time scouts
Through dark alleys, takin' other routes
Hoppin' over barb wire fences, ditches, puddles, crickets
Mobbin' and squadin' hoggin' and guardin' bitches, check it out
Takin' and shapin' and makin' a bunch of riches
Yeah man, you can call me federal
Yeah man, these motherfucker be ridin' around here
In these bootsy ass cars and what not man
Takin' these penitentiary chances
And they ain't even got they grin on
Ya aughta be like my boy 40, while he Mr. Flamboyant

I got boys from my team with the up-most respect for me
For real lunatics that's willin' to kill for me
Way too much love in my organization, I can't afford to take no loss
MC's be seelin' them wolf tickets, but I be serious as fuck boss
It's all part of the rap game and that's the way it should be goin'
E-40 tellin' em' like it is, shootin' the gift that I be flowin'
Might as well go on and admit it, it's who you know
Not how damn good you are
Everybody and their mama wanna rap fast but I'm the superstar
E-40 why don't you slow it up a lil' something and go and speak on it
Man I just be spittin' this shit to keep these suckers timid
Well what about them ones that don't be recognizin' ya game
Must be stuck on something either that or they're lame
Funny style pop or rock, naw that ain't my forte
I'm sellin' a bunch of units underground without any airplay
Folks be wantin' to hear this type of shit when they roll
Man I'll never sell my soul
Motherfuckers you didn't know, I'm federal
Uh, E, you still fuckin' em up like, E
It's been like three years in this motherfucker
Hell yeah, you know a hog like me had to put the peas in the pod
Let these motherfuckers know what's goin' down in the rap game
You know what I'm sayin', yeah
I'm a money hungry motherfucker, you know what I'm sayin'
All about my scratch, artillery, fire arms and gats and shit

You know like that, that's right
But you know it's still some folks out there
That try to put bad names out there for you and what not
What cha' gotta say about that, to those type of niggas
Oh, you know what I'm sayin', I got some good shit for them
You know what I'm sayin
I'll just get to spittin that ol' shit for they ass
Then I'll just come through with some mo' shit like this here
Ya want me to drop that shit, check it out
You can't stop me man, I'm takin' money to the bank
Didn't have to pull no licks, 'cause I'm makin' hits
You can't stop me man, I'm takin' money to the bank
Didn't have to pull no licks, 'cause I'm makin' hits, ha
40, I'm goin' federal
Young Bucksy, he's goin' federal
Suga-T, she's goin' federal
Now D-Shot, he's goin' federal
Little Booch, he's goin' federal
Levitti, he's goin' federal
The Head Point, he's goin' federal
Studio Time, he's goin' federal
Can't forget Legit, he's goin' federal
The whole damn click, is goin' federal
Celly Cel, he's goin' federal
Cavio, he's goin' federal
Def Daddy, he's goin' federal
Rap Dogg, he's goin' federal
Mr. Flamboyant, oh right that's me
California livin', can't fuck with me
Yeah motherfucker, that's what's really goin' on

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