

Fukkk da Feds (feat. Chief Keef)

Fat Trel

I say I woke up in the mornin'
And I gave my bitch some head
Then I count that bag
I got lots of bread
Money in my bed
I got lots of bread
I got lots of bread
I got lots of bread
Last time she seen me
I was duckin' feds
Told that bitch to hide me
I know that bitch was scared
Money in my bed
Motherfuck the feds
Motherfuck the feds
Motherfuck the feds
Motherfuck the feds
I can't get locked up again
But if I got it in my hands
Click clack then I'm sprayin'
Make sure that I leave you layin'
Then shoot up your mans
Hundred grand in my pants
Don't reach for it again
Know I'ma shoot off your hands
Slutty Boyz I be with them
I be getting on feats with them
I be totin' heat with them
Then sit down and feast with them
Them bullets I leave in him
If he say that he blowin' glizzy's
I know that he freeze with them
Bitch
Slutty Boyz and Glory Boyz
That's D.C. to Drillinois
We ain't talkin' shit
We kill them boys
Cockin' guns back
Then drillin' boys

You ain't killin' boys
You killin' noise
Straight head shots
We kill them boys
Wanna get in touch
Bullets fill them boys
Smokin' loud packs
Can't hear them boys
I wake up gettin' head
TEC live under my bed
Hundred rounds double tread
I leave a nigga dead
If he fuckin' with my bread
And on my daughter head
I ain't never talked to feds
Put that on my mans
I say I woke up in the mornin'
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Then I count that bag
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Last time she seen me
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Told that bitch to hide me
I know that bitch was scared
Money in my bed
Motherfuck the feds
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Motherfuck the feds Slutty Boyz and GBE we runnin' duckin' feds
I got 30 in my pocket I probably pop at ya head doe
Yeah ho keep some stripper bitches in my bed doe
Crazy thing about this life is that I should be dead doe
But fuck it doe
I ain't never scared bitch we up now
When you get high with GBE it be no comin' down
I make your bitch eat my bitch pussy cause I run shit
Just look who I'm runnin' with
A hundred clip 3hunna shit
Fat Gleesh I keep heat and I pray you stay away
I'm in SouthEast on the couch asleep or I might be on South Beach
Either way countin' plenty cake
Steak and shrimp on my dinner plate

Rental whip just to get away
Start late finish late
But fuck that I'm success
And I'm upset cause you suspect
You got rich got locked up
Went bankrupt what's next
I know where I go get strapped up in that Tahoe
Meet me on P Street in AG I'm PabloI say I woke up in the mornin'
And I gave my bitch some head
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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