

Fed-X, Bossman

(feat. C-Bo)

[Fed-X & (C-Bo):]

(I can't lie me and Fedy gettin' so much dough)

(In the heart, of ya city gettin' so much blow)

(Yeh I'ma pump until my heart stop)

(and any nigga step in my way in this game)

(I'ma stomp him til his heart stop)

Guess who the dude the girls love him

Fed-X Fifty States I'm so custom

I'm like I'm made by, buck skin leather

You couldn't fuck with me if we was runnin' trains together

(The car zip the streets is locked ice I'm flossin')

(Twenties spin stickin' out the side of the Aston)

We bossmen standin' by cars when the rims still spin

When we stop motherfuckas still grin cause we stars

(In the spot but I stay on the back)

(DEA's hot and way into crack)

(They pop up my spot'll spray in the back)

(Wid my nigga Fifty States)

H-twos on magic johnson's pushin' fifty cakes

It's the takeover Mob Figaz M.O.B.

Fifty States & Major Pain fly the cokes and weed

Hop, smack shit wid the potpourri

I pull down coppin' kicks and move the coca leaves

(Blow a brick, go wit ya wish)

(Shit I only copped the four dog go with the fifth)

(And you can catch me outta bounds wid all ya dough on my wrist)

(And everytime I see ya bitch yeh she blow me a kiss)

(And I ain't gon' fuck wid her less she blowin' some dick)

(I'm a gangsta, straight laced and never flips)

(Swang to the five hundred on twenties that's sittin' stunnit)

(Anything over a hunet muh'fucka run it)

I'm on the road handlin' business meet the crew at ten

Luxury Leer jets imagine the places I've been I push up

Sunset Ave. or one two fifth or was it

MLK or South Beach strip

doin' ninety down Canal the red lable I swerved in

Parked at Popeye's and bounced out on Bourbon or was it

One four five or Foothill Boogie

Any block that I'm on dog I'm totin' a fully

cause I be skippin' in my Guc' Force Ones Louis Adidas

In the same sweatsuit homes they just can't beat us

These are classic, takin' pictures posin' old school

Took the strings out his shoes girls say that he's so cool

A rude dude, California thumbs up,

Come here thinkin' surfboards and you'll get gun fucked

Plus my click roll fifty deep so call ya dunns up

And it cost money to war so get ya funds up dog, Fifty States nigga

(We stars, holla)