

# Fed-X, Custom

(feat. The Jacka and Rydah J. Klyde)

[Verse 1: Fed-X]

Fifty States!, yo

Guess who the dude the girls love him

Fed-X Fifty States I'm so custom

I'm like a Benz whip S-Class sports car

Hard top drop automatic road bar

Like a Continental R I'm rare

They call me another country so come catch me there

I'm international London and Spain

Jamaica, to the Philippines luxury planes

Did some time in Panama learned the laundering game

Plus my lawyer got an Einstein brain

Bubbled up on the stocks got it locked in the Ukraine for real

What would it take for Fifty to make a mil?

Not much, Fed Fifty States Warbucks

Debiassi if you know me the million dollar man

With the million dollar plan I got my gun in hand

I'm on the, run for real but my dogs don't squeal

It's the Mob

[HOOK:]

Sorry I'm mad at you

You can come and walk in my shoes, in my shoes

That's what I had to do

Now everybody's singin' the blues, the blues

[Verse 2: Jacka & Rydah]

Smoke a lotta weed hardly ever get upset

You's a fly motherfucka if you got this in the deck

Baby all up on me slidin' slidin' up my neck

Ended up gettin' sucked started of wid a peck

Started off with the Burberry check on the Air Force

Who care's if ya head's hard, just gimme some neck

Gettin' way higher than you suckas expect

We the fuckin' Mob Figaz wid them treal ass reps boy

[Rydah J. Klyde:]

And all we want is our issue, don't make us have to pull out pistols

He's tryna be good he's in the hood wid no lights on

Now I pick the size of my chrome I hope these bitches fit on

You know niggas ain't neh' had nuttin' ain't know how to act

I swing eights wid no Ls and all my shit don't rack

Got the latest gats Air Force Ones wid the gator strap

danglin off the back and niggas hate us for that

And I love it, shit we need worldwide coverage

Swisher Sweet smokers Philly smokers Backwood, Dutches

Eastcoast Mid-West DownSouth hustlers

Mob Figaz baby we don't fuck wid suckas

Nigga have you ever grind can you roll wid the punches

If ya, dyin' to shine you'll be dead in some months if

I gotta put you on uhuhuhuh on and

Nigga where was you when I was hustlin' in the stormin'

[HOOK x2]