

# Fed-X, Dopegame

[Verse 1:]

I'm outta this world here comes the future I send my goons to shoot ya  
While I'm two seatin' Porsche coupin' still ballin' like I'm loopin'  
The traveller the globe trotter there goes ya girl I got here  
She want me to swing down and let here ride but I told her I'll holla  
She put the cash in my passenger seat, I had the bank in  
Ten thousand, nothin' but Ben Franklins  
I'm still browsin' big rims through the ghetto housin'  
I'm givin' money to the kids and call it hood allowance  
And I don't feel right unless I'm countin'  
Big face green paper while ya cheques is bouncin'  
And these kicks ain't right unless they thirty-two ounces  
The people callin' me the king they all beggin' to crown him  
I'm on the run gettin' chased by the bounty they all tryna surround me  
But I escaped and shaked a case in they county  
Plus my enemies was tryna down me, it was a wild night  
I had to paint 'em the same color as my brake lights

[HOOK:]

We love countin' money we earn  
We got money to burn  
The gun'll leave you in the dirt wid the worms  
Now ya carried by six and ya whole family's sick  
Throwin roaches on the coffin as you sink in the earth

[x2]

[Verse 2:]

She told me that she haven't gave head in years  
Fed-X Fifty States was an amazin' kid  
Had sex in the red Lex blowin' my wig  
I'm at the light, rims shine bright so they bite  
It's buck fifty I hold the key to ya city  
Ya mayor's paid off and ya block is mine  
Ya coke won't move cause ya work's paralyzed  
Stepped on to many times and ya coppin' it skyhigh  
I'm flossin', ya chick need to tick wid me  
Sent a message to the bar she wanna sex wid me  
But it ain't my fault ya goodies I bagged 'em  
I move swift on a bad bitch I'm more like a magnet  
I pimped 'em, put 'em on the track and all  
Internet escort dog I cyber ball  
It's Fed-X Fifty States and you can get it for sure  
In the pen or even clapped in court motherfucka

[HOOK x2]

[Verse 3:]

In eighty-five all I remember was cash and cars  
They used to call my pops Chief and my unc's was a star  
A little kid my age said he needed a job  
So I put him on the roof and told him look for the cops  
Richmond Steelers, this is the blues my god  
Killers born everyday alotta soldiers done died  
They used to get they shoe shined by grey head old time  
Who used to talk about the streets but never fucked wid the crime  
Yeh they cameras on me the pictures they takin' 'um  
The first time I shipped a kick I had funny feelin'  
They watchin', I check my watch so I could clock 'em  
I'm movin' fast paced but I be damned if I catch a case  
So many races out there workin' for me  
This is business on top of business in my hood I'm known as Lil D  
I got them pretty feet under the couper  
Still movin' through the streets tryna fill my looter

[HOOK x2]