

# Fed-X, Fedy Cheese

(feat. Cash & 100 Proof)

[INTRO: sample]

&quot;Look what they've done to my song ohh,&quot;

&quot;Look what they've done to my song...&quot;

[Cash: talking]

Yeh, ya boy man fedy what's up?

Yeh, ha, stay feelin' the feelin'

Sit back and push off to this

[Verse 1: Cash]

My cody get the doughy we blaze it and then cough it

Waitin' but I basically Jake Plummer the offence

Like hold up wait I'm greater in the pockets now

Sendin' all my blessin' to ya section fore I lock ya down

My profit is crazy the error that I offset

Fucka we ain't talked yet until a nigga talkin' cheques

They call me Cash and I ain't never been a counterfeit

Seduce you wid the two shot semi a nigga bound to hit

I'm bound to twist up dummies and leave 'em mummy wrapped

Couple to ya importin' areas you ain't comin' back

A hundred stacks a month'll make you a millionaire

So twelve months and I bet you that I feel it playa

Don't play around wid my money I'll make a mess of ya

Separate ya body they'll be lookin' for the rest of ya

Believe what I tell ya my rap is true story

Like the seventeen glock ten and them two forties

[HOOK:]

It's the dopegame mob figaz

Both click mob niggas

Fedy want 'em hit so I'm gon' do the job nigga

Benz wagon bubble eyes I ain't like these other guys

Husalah fightin' cases but I'm still movin' pies

[x2]

[Verse 2: 100 Proof]

Man all I know is what I do all I do is what I know

Push drugs leave vitims bleedin'

I'm strong but sometimes I feel that shit be eatin',

Me alive through my heartless body,

My niggas ride like Marcus Garvey

Dealin' wid carbon copies of myself

Thinkin' they walkin' in my shoes but they're beyond themself

Hundred Proof's on some other shit can't explain in one verse

The man I became it won't burst

But basically I'm nothin' like you suckas

You niggas is all alike I saw the light wid righteous brothers

Now I can tell the difference quick

Wanna check up on my niggas when they wrapped up in some shit

Stupid at that, yo I didn't know money was doin' like that

Now I'm here, but don't nobody wanna believe that

Hundred's increasin' fuck is the secret

Y'all ain't had it all on no G shit

Swallow that weak shit cause everything y'all follow I lead it

Ya game's been passed down and passed down

It sounds thrash now y'all niggas better talk than achieve it

[Verse 3: Fed-X]

See I'm a hustler, hustler hustler

Fifty States mister corporate in a Phantom wid a chaffeur

They try the dope-uh, the coke they smoked up

The god's in the buildin' if I move they fold up

I'm in a custom, Bentley so fuck 'em

The lord done pushed off in whips V-dozen

Can you trust him?,

Debiassi in jet planes money in the bank baby

Coke in duct tape we flip we holdin' weight baby

It's the king of the mob big cigars

Fifty cals on the hip of my goons we move hard, we move hard  
Vests on the chests of dudes that spit bars at ya fitteds for real  
You know ya soul's in the hand of the boy baby  
I'm on a yachth wid a glass in the air and ya lady  
[HOOK x2]  
[OUTRO: sample]  
&quot;Look what they've done to my song ohh,&quot;  
&quot;Look what they've done to my song.....&quot;