

Federation, Hyphy

Wit Ric Roc beats yeah fella I rock it [x8]

[scratchin],Hyhpy,[scratchin],Hyphy,[scratchin] Hyphy

I got my strap tucked in,vest tucked in,clip tucked in, Hyphy and
Move like a smoka on blim on the block,and dont be mad if yo homies
Got shot.Im TJ the nigga that you need in ya life,Im sick from the jaw,look
At me on the mic. Crazy gas,break,dip on you ho's,and we can feel hyphy
Go and smoke up the dro,Hangin out the sun roof blowin the dirt.The homie
Got the chopper up under the P coat. Go crazy,stupid,dumb,retarded,goin to
California go and shoot up a party.Left coast,West coast,aimin at the Chest
coast,ever since Pac died forgot about the West coast. So my nigga we
feenin for that.40 Water,Federation nigga bringin it back bitch!

[chorus:]

(Hy,Hy,Hyphy) Make the nosy neihbors wanna call the cops