

# Sporty Thievz, Fedz / Freeks Skit

[Female singing to Eurythmics "Here Comes the Rain"]  
Here comes the...here comes the Feds  
Watch out before they knock you and your crew  
So don't be a fool stash your jewels

[Marlon Brando]

Hey yo I tried to do it,  
but Feds jumped out the Buick and blew it,  
Hopped the fence with my gun-drew it, bustin through it  
I had anutha one, if they catch me it's a beat down  
I'll run a couple of streets down, before I put this heat down  
Yo, they had the vest, I had the Tef',  
broke my right arm runnin, Mag in the left  
run out of breath, just like Clark Kent jumped in the payphone,  
"Hello, my shit broke cuz-o, yo Dubez stay home!  
And call King ?Cape Frome? to meet me on Burke,  
and stay alert, cuz I heard Narc's is creepin' on Kirk  
but you high too, we'll be in Y-O so drive-thru  
make sure you knock two, if the doorbell, it's not you  
Yea aight? But still think about keepin the flight,  
that Kirk booked, if you agree then we leave tonight"  
"Aight aight," it's on hung up, lit one and puffed up  
Just waitin for Kirk hurt thinkin how I fucked up

[Chorus x2:]

Yo here comes the Feds, the gig is up  
I guess we fucked up, made our biz corrupt  
Just maintain, cats are playin' in Pennsylvain'  
Or Maine, on the low an alias, no names

[Big Dubez]

Yo Marlon, what you mean meet on Burke? you off the hook  
If they out for a crook that's where they gonna look  
Don't get pepped, your best bet, dog, is clear the set  
My down low Lynette got the keys to the 'Vette  
Tell her "the Milk Turtle", honey know the code, you got heat  
and a gang of cash under the seat  
Man, fuck! I knew this deal was too sweet  
Now we in a heap, of shit that's too deep  
It was hard to sniff him out, he played it with the dreads  
I fucked up and just negotiated with the Feds  
Only if I put a tail on him, he'll be stuffed in a trunk sick  
waiting for slugs to wail on him  
Just make it to the airport dog it's gonna work,  
Gettin out of state on time, it's on Kirk  
I'ma call him, fill him in on how we gotta fly now  
I just hope my nigga ain't in cuffs by now

[Chorus x2]

[King Kirk]

Damn! I thought that cat I sold to was from the old school  
old dude with the gold tooth I used to know dude  
used to push a gold coupe and scoop, mad ice cream  
nine-teen he had the white Beam' with the green [??]pipe-beam[??]  
had clean hygiene, he stayed with a fresh scent  
breath never stink, so chicks called him Peppermint  
let me think, oh yea, he got knocked with a key  
This cat and his family told me he'd be home at three  
bring 4 ki' bags, then sounded official  
When I served him I was tipsy, plus needed the chips, G!  
I fucked up, he tricked me, probably comin' to get me  
to hit me with three and Marlon it be a conspiracy  
Shit! gotta bounce and get out this fuckin house

Call you from down south, I'm out, &quot;No doubt&quot;  
Grabbed the keys and the ki's, please gotta breeze  
Some G's of cheese, about to leave then &quot;FREEZE!!!&quot;  
Damn!

(Don't you fuckin move, put your hands on your head, get on the floor!  
Gimme a reason to put a hole in you, gimme a reason!  
That's all I need son!)

[Chorus]

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