

## Copper

### "Fondren & Main"

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[Hook]

I'm grabbing grain, in the turning lane  
And I gotta maintain (cause the law behind me)  
I've tried to leave the game, I know I need to change  
(I need to resco' again) meet me on Fondren & Main

[Z-Ro]

I was a superstar at seventeen  
Famous in the ghetto, for working a triple beam  
Somebody told me it was destiny, for me to suffer  
Cause when the going gets rough, it only gets rougher  
I had to make a quick change from Lunchables, and a  
spot on the bus  
To eating at Papa Deauxx everyday, and a Suburban  
with bump  
I got the game from my partna, but all he told me was  
Ro  
Before you get your feet wet partna, you better be sho  
If you get caught it's Penitentiary time, understand  
Fronted me nine, and now we got the hottest on the van  
My grandmother knew what it was doing, because my  
pockets stuck out  
And plus she told me I love you, but get your shit out  
my house  
All I ever wanted to do, was just shine a little  
Bump and grind a little, and then recline a little  
Trying to protain, lavish have it like the H.A.W.K  
You need another zone then I'm on my way, because  
I'm trapped in the game

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

Well I done came from crumbs to bricks  
While I'm hustling up in the city streets  
On the block of Fondren and Main, coppers know where  
the killas be  
When I get out I'm gonna make me a change  
The whole situation, seemed a bit strange  
Everybody wanna die, somebody brain  
Dougie D, trying to collect a little change

And grip the grain, swang turning lanes  
With a whole bunch of hoes, yelling out my name  
Pop trunk open wide, up in down South mayn  
And when I work the wood, I lean on maintain  
Or put it on your brain, ain't worried bout a damn thang  
Without leaving this shit, and everybody need to  
change  
But plus again, ain't worried bout a damn thang  
Set up shop, up on Fondren and Main

[Taz]

I wish I was the one with the top down  
In a chromed out Benz, with all my friends  
Bank account, with unlimited ends  
Gripping, I ain't sweating the rent  
The only problem is, I'm a FED fella  
With no intentions on, taking a loss  
And everytime I see the law, my heart pauses  
Riding dirty, everytime I'm flossing  
I got tossed in the game, at a early age  
Trying to push pounds and tons  
Looking for fortune and fame  
Through the smoke of my Mary Jane  
Trying to control the game  
Instead of trying to find another way to stay paid  
I was stuck at a materialistic stage  
Now I have a piece and chain, with expensive shades  
Trying to resco' again, now I got two chances  
I could pay the cost, and everyone they take a loss  
So when the laws come, shake em off  
Headed for the border man, I'm making it cross  
Or I could break off a tight job, and do it right this time  
Is you crazy baby, I gots to grind

[Hook - 2x]

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