

DJ Drama

"Feds Takin' Pictures"

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[Verse 1 - Young Jeezy]

FEDS takin' pictures of me
Niggas still snitchin' on me
Nine hundred for the sip
What'chu think I'm smokin' homie?
Oh what'chu think I'm jokin' homie?
Blue rims, yeah the coupe's Crip walk
Certified platinum think I'd rather make hits?
Between me and you yeah I'd rather flip bricks
So tell me what's wrong with glass pots and a scale
Pose fo' them bitches like the Double XL

[Verse 2 - Wille the Kid]

Homie we ball till we fall
Magic City to the law
Try'na stay out of reach of the long arm of the law
I'm calm like snowfall through preliminary hearings
They indictin' niggas for bootleggin' and raqaterin'
Proli' got me on the camera while I'm coppin' out the
car lot
I'm comin' out the banks, big cribs with the cardbox
It's Willie
My future bright like a highlighter
They takin' pictures 'cause I'm fly like a skydiver

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Jim Jones]

You ain't seen money
Until you seen me
Two hundred twenty for Bentley GTC
And the money ain't a thing like J. Dupri
When you ballin' 'round the country like the major
league
So peace up, A-Town down
Tear ya streets up with them AK rounds
Now what'chu know about that?
I know all about that
Three birds, three nights can make a hundred
thousand stacks
And man they got it on camera
The FEDS been watchin' since your boy touched Atlanta

[Verse 4 - Rick Ross]

I'm the biggest mobster to ever hit the pop charts
I'm a easy target they know a nigga rock hard
Get a clean check cut slip it in my account
Write a money China white a lil' girl to wipe 'em out
I ain't wit' the rappin' boy, I'm puttin' in the work
Hit his ass wit' the the rapid, lay his ass in a church
Get some information for you informants I got the yay
And I'm sellin' it cheaper than yesterday so what'chu
say?
Boss

[Chorus]

[Verse 5 - Young Buck]

They snappin' while we trappin', try'na find out what
happened
They wanna lock me up before my album go platinum
I took my cellphone and threw it, my bank account I
blew it
Gotta cut my conversations, I don't wanna do it
But who's that peepin' in my window?
It ain't no love, they tattle tellin' on they kinfolk
So if you ever been broke, yep, and turned a penny to a
twenty
Let me hear ya holla if you want me come get me

[Verse 6 - T.I.]

Whether you know me as T.I. or you call me T.I.P.
I know the FBB and FBI they talk about the G.I.B
And you know when I be high, when I'm in the V.I.P
I'm sure they see me as I fly through the city in that
brand new G.I.V.
Young, rich, and famous wit' a pistol you can call me
Cheeali
But I'm the greatest in Atlanta, they be callin' me Ali

[Outro - DJ Drama]

I told y'all, I can't be stopped, smile for the camera
DJ Drama, AMG, Embassy

[Chorus]

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