

E-40

"Fed"

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There is something going on down here
In Vallejo
FedEx
In Vallejo, California, E-40
In Vallejo
In Vallejo, California, E-40

He said he's just a, timah name, rang-in
Major factor, Fed Ex, high powered lawyers
And a young nigga havin' his way

Lil' mannish ass nigga on restriction
Cryin' with his motherfuckin' nose in the corner
Broke up out of that old punk shit and said
"Momma I'ma do what the fuck I wanna"

Hit the streets and make a wheelbarrow
Full of bread if I end up dead then press delete
I'm tired of eating powdered meat
Within a nigga timah to get to the grind

So that boy scored a quarter key
Two hundred and fifty-two electronic milligrams
We'll sell it like a coke candy organization
And I'm plugged with it, bail off into that old high
powered shit

These are the type of niggaz that'll let a nigga know
When the drought about to hit, my [unverified]
Get a 40 and mask it, post it on God
Because me got me scratch paper buried in the
backyard

Me and my click roll thick f'real and be thinkin' of funk
Like you a moth problems nigga?
Let that go or get your head token off
Catch you out of bounds on the wrong fuckin' soil
Wrap that ass up like aluminum foil

I'm Fed Ex, heavy duty nigga, pushin' weight
(Pushin' weight)
From sardines and Spam to Teriyaki steak

Motherfucker ain't but plus sixteen
Fuckin' around with the skillet, makin' a killin'
Runnin' through three or four units a week on the over,
over

Puttin' the Whammy on 'em
(Whammy on 'em)
Cake up and baking soda, all that old shit
(What's yo' occupation?)
Motherfucker I'm a timah

Timah name, rang-in, major factor
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Let 'em know, let 'em know main
Let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know
Let 'em know, let 'em know main
Let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know

Bitch I thought ya knew, bitch I thought ya knew
Huh, now check it, I'm to the point where I don't touch it
no mo'
You probably got lieutenants and killers all on the
squadron
With po-po's on payroll, huh, lavish vehicles, they only
make life fo'-up
Front row seats at the fights, takin' long expensive
flights, huh

Q's, P's, birth certificates and fake ID's
Like to drink liquor, with beadies and leaves
The motherfuckin' fuzz wanna stop us
Found our fingerprints on some choppers

Listenin' to the scanner, I hear the Penelope's say
"Man uhh, them nigger boys, I can't stand uhh"
Young hoodlums sellin hawk, cloggin' up the block
Inna come-a new 6-double-zero drop
We party in mansions V.I.P.'s nigga fuck a flier
Invite celebrities like E-40 and J.R. Ridah, timah

I'm so serious
I'm so serious brotha
I'm so serious brotha
I got n

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Hall-oh
Wassup fool?
Whas happenin', who dis?
Nigga it's yo' boy
My bo?
Whassup you timah when yo ass goin' town?

On a mission about my mail to the hillside of Vallejo
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You niggaz got me fucked, fucked up
Me yanked myself up out the game, hold up,
motherfucker
I got bills to pay, nigga if you don't get out my way
I'm gonna peels your toupee
I'm in it to stay and I'm straight from the Bay

But I never woulda thought that I would feel like that
I can invest my money in a franchise
Get 'em up out the hood before my homies lose they
lizzives
Buy a fuckin' record company and watch my mail rise

Ha ha, yeah, timah
Big timah, a motherfucker have his bread, mayan
Fed Ex to the highest degree, tax free
Ballin' out of motherfuckin' control

A major factor playin' a white man's game man
Sneak in and sneak out, campaign champagne and
clam thang
Game can be sold and told at the same time
And this shit here is designed to sprinkle yo' mind
High-powered ass shit man for my high-powered ass
Clickalation
Get it while it's good before it's to graduation,
understand me?

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