

Blues Traveler

"FEDZ"

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(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(2x):

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 (2x)

(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, "No doubt"
Grabbed the keys and the ki's, please gotta breeze
Some G's of cheese, about to leave then "FREEZE!!!"
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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