

## Jim Jones

### "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 raqatering  
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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