

## Dayton Family "F.B.I."

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I'm wakin up in the mornin, with problems on my mind  
Motherfuck the education and drug rehabilitation  
I'm smokin on that weed and the green is gettin tasty  
Dead feds in my closet cause they tried to chase me  
November the 29th, I bust open my mommas cock  
Pussy hole addicted to drinking, now I'm addicted to  
crack rock  
So motherfuck you bitches and you snitches tryin to do  
me in  
Police in disguises and he tries to buy Peruvians  
Knockin at my fuckin door, duckin and dodgin on that  
floor  
That thinkin got you noid, got me reachin for my forty-  
four  
Creepin up out my window pane, I smell cops  
A honkey on the block, drop to my knee, I took a shot  
I seen him drop, one time this ain't the place for that  
Since he's a fed, I took off his face for that  
That shit that he tried to pull  
You know he couldn't get away with this  
Bitch I'm a time bomb time, so don't you play with this  
Fuck being indicted, don't you try it that's the fuckin  
story  
Cops roll to the cemetary, all snitches to my laboratory  
I'm fittin to stir it, rock it up, so where's my silver spoon  
I put my yea out on the block, and all you hear is boom  
This is my set, so you can jet, or get that sweater wet  
A fed is bloody, he's been wounded by a fucking tech  
Rat tat to the tat tat, I'm a take him out of his memory  
For ridin my nuts and tryin to stick me with delivery  
Loose lips, sink ships, boy this is do or die  
This is a letter from Shoestring to the F.B.I.  
Backstabbers gone, so I guess you dirty cops are clean  
You took a father from their family, motherfuck their  
dreams  
Is what you said, so motherfucking bitch ass fed  
I want you dead, I'm going to pump your ass full of  
lead  
Let's make a deal, this shit is real, ill  
I pack my steel, you let him go  
Then we can let you live, you made that switch  
And now it's time to kill you bitch

Give you an overdose of bullets, and put you in a ditch  
Drug dealers and fed killers, lets get united  
Boom holes on them hoes, green fuck being indited

Motherfuck the F.B.I., bitches I'm prepared to die  
Up on my tip, cause I won't slang his drug supply  
Jail ain't never scared me none, fuck the feds and vice  
cops too

Distribution of cocaine, is that all y'all can come with  
dude

Bitches betta think fast, find yourself a better snitch  
Cause that bitch you got smoke rocks

So that mean her word ain't shit

If I get some prison time, give me mine, cause I ain't  
fake

Since my click don't snitch

When I get out all my connections straight

The journal keeps my name in lights, entrapment to the  
third degree

Before my trial can come, the newspaper want to  
sentence me

Bitch Bootlegs prepared to go, you'll never get this  
chance again

Gotta baby by my auntie, they want your nephew in the  
pen

Bitch we ain't no kin, fuck that smilin I ain't in that mood  
Bring in the indictment papers, eatin all of my  
grandmother's food

Bitch you know that's rude, attitude is to the third  
degree

Send me to penitentiary, come out that bitch a straight  
up G

Never been a busta, always been a hustla

Sellin yea, came up bustin caps

So we could deal this dime out where I stay

Out to make my pay, and sellin yea the only way I know  
Fiends around the block, soon as I open up my rock  
house door

Gotta make some more, I'm droppin weight on that  
digital scale

More popular than Taco Bell, taco shells, we're making  
sells

Motherfuckin bitch, I want a key, give me that uncut raw  
Shit up in your jar, the best cocaine these crackheads  
ever saw

Your momma's eyes are big again, everytime she  
smokes

She plots, since I wouldn't give her no rock

She sending the federal government in my spot

Conspiracy and distribution, drop some grip so I can  
fight it

Free again to sell dope, bitch fuck being indited

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