

OMD**"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

[Chorus: Suga T]

He said he's just a, timah name, rang-in

Major factor, Fed Ex

High-powered lawyers, and a

young nigga havin his wayyyy!

[Verse One: E-40]

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 ?peach and jelly?

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 taken off

Catch you out of bounds on the wrong fuckin s-oil

Wrap that ass up like aluminim f-oil

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

[Chorus: Suga T]

Timah name, rang-in
Major factor, Fed Ex
High-powered lawyers, and a
young nigga havin his wayyyy!
Let em know, let em know main
Let em know, let em know, let em know-ow
Let em know, let em know main
Let em know, let em know, let em know-ow

[Verse Two: E-40]

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...."

[Chorus: Suga T]

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cell phone rings

"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"
(7X)

[Verse Three: E-40]

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 br-ead, may-an

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?

[Chorus: Suga T]

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