

## Fat Trel

### "Fukkk Da Feds"

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Chorus: I said I woke up in the morning and I gave  
my bitch some head Then I count that bag,  
I got lots of bread Money in my bed,  
I got lots of bread I got lots of bread,  
bread, I got lots of bread!  
Last time she's seeing me I was ducking fast Told that  
bitch to hide me, I know that bitch was scared!  
Money in my bed, bed, mother fucker feds Mother  
fucker  
feds! Mother fucker feds I can get locked up again But  
if I got it in my hands click clack,  
then I'm.. Make sure that I leave you.  
..that shoot up your men Hundred grands in my pants,  
don't reach for it again No,  
I'mma shoot off your hands,  
slutty boys I'll be with them!  
I'll be getting no fish with them,  
I'll be talking... with them you say daddy blowing.  
.. cause I know daddy freeze with them Bitch,  
slutty boys, and glory boys,  
that's DC to Wanna talk shit,  
we kill 'em boys Carry guns back to.  
.. boys We kill them boys,  
you kill them.. Straight head shot,  
we kill 'em boys Wanna get in touch,  
but it's Philly boys Smoking loud.  
.. I can't hear 'em boys! I wake up giving head to  
live under my bed Running rounds,  
double.. I'll leave a nigger dead!  
If you're fucking with my bred,  
and on my daughter here I never talk to feds,  
put them on my... bitch! Chorus: I said I woke up in  
the morning and I gave my bitch some head Then I  
count  
that bag, I got lots of bread Money in my bed,  
I got lots of bread I got lots of bread,  
bread, I got lots of bread!  
Last time she's seeing me I was ducking fast Told that  
bitch to hide me, I know that bitch was scared!  
Money in my bed, bed, mother fucker feds Mother  
fucker

feds! Say slutty boys and GBE I'm running ducking feds  
I got thirty in my pocket,  
I'll probably pop at your head,  
though! Yeah, hoe! Get some stripping bitches in my  
bed, though Crazy thing about this life is dead,  
I should be dead though! But fuck off,  
I ain't never scared bitch,  
I'm up now When you get high with GBE it will be no  
calm down I make your bitch eat my bitch pussy cause  
I run shit Just look who I'm running with,  
a hundred click, three hundred shit Fat .  
.I come here and I pray you stay away I'm on South  
East, on a couch sleep where I might be on South  
Beach  
Either way count plenty cake.  
. on my dinner plate ..just to get away,  
start late, finish late But fuck that,  
I'm success and I'm upset cause you suspect!  
You got rich, got locked up when bankrupt,  
what's next? I know where I go,  
get strapped up in that..  
Meet me on... I'm Pablo! Chorus: I said I woke up in  
the morning and I gave my bitch some head Then I  
count  
that bag, I got lots of bread Money in my bed,  
I got lots of bread I got lots of bread,  
bread, I got lots of bread!  
Last time she's seeing me I was ducking fast Told that  
bitch to hide me, I know that bitch was scared!  
Money in my bed, bed, mother fucker feds Mother  
fucker feds!

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