

**DJ Drama f/ Jim Ross, Rick Ross, T.I., Willie Da Kid, Young Buck,
Young Jeezy
"Feds Takin Pictures"**

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* cut from the final version of the album (Chorus) Feds (repeated scratching) takin' pictures (Young Jeezy) The Feds takin pictures on me nigga's still snitchin on me (nah) 900 for the sip what you think I'm smoking homie (haha) oh what you think I'm joking homie blue rims, yeah the coupes crip walk (woo) certified plastic 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 for them bitches like the double XL (Willie Da Kid) Homie we ball til we fall Magic City we to the mall trying to stay out of reach of the long arm of the law I'm calm like snowfall through preliminary hearings they indicting niggas for bootlegging and racketeering prolly got me on the camera while I'm copin' out the car lot I'm coming out the banks, big cred' with the Karl box' its Willie my futures bright like a highlighter they taking pictures cause I'm fly like a skydiver (chorus) (Jim Jones) JONES! You ain't seen money (nope) until you seen me (Jones!) 220 for Bentley GTC (ballin!) and the money ain't a thing like J Dupri (it's nothing) when you ballin round the country like the major league (pick a team) so peace up, A town down (A town down) tear your streets up with them A-K rounds (bang bang) now whatchu know about that? I know all about that 3 birds, 3 nights can make a 100 thousands stacks (that weight nigga) and man they got it on camera (whaat?) the Feds been watching since the boy touched Atlanta (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 'em out a china white a lil cut'll wipe 'em out I aint with the rapping boy, I'm puttin in the work in these niggas with the rapid lay his ass in the church get some information for you informants I got the YAY and I'm selling them cheaper than yesterday so whatchu say? (chorus) (Young Buck) They snapping while we trapping trying to find out what happened they wanna lock me up before my album go platinum I took my cell phone and through it my bank account I blew it I

got to cut my conversations, I don't want to do it, but
who's that peeping in my window it ain't no love they
tired of telling on they kinfolk so if you've ever been
broke and turn a penny to a twenty let me hear you
holla if you want me come get me (T.I.P.) Whether you
know me as T.I. or you can call me T.I.P. and know the
APD and FBI they talk about the G.I.B. and they know I
be high when I'm in the V.I.P I'm sure they see me as I
fly through the city and that brand new V.I.B. young,
rich, and famous with a pistol you can call me Chi Ali
but I'm the greatest in Atlanta they be calling me Ali
(chorus)

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