

## Fed-X f/ C-Bo

### "Bossman"

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[Verse 1: Fed-X & (C-Bo)]

(I can't lie me and Fedy gettin' so much dough)  
(In the heart, of ya city gettin' so much blow)  
(Yeh I'ma pump until my heart stop)  
(and any nigga step in my way in this game)  
(I'ma stomp him til his heart stop)  
Guess who the dude the girls love him  
Fed-X Fifty States I'm so custom  
I'm like I'm made by, buck skin leather  
You couldn't fuck with me if we was runnin' trains  
together  
(The car zip the streets is locked ice I'm flossin')  
(Twenties spin stickin' out the side of the Aston)  
We bossmen standin' by cars when the rims still spin  
When we stop motherfuckas still grin cause we stars  
(In the spot but I stay on the back)  
(DEA's hot and way into crack)  
(They pop up my spot'll spray in the back)  
(Wid my nigga Fifty States)  
H-twos on magic johnson's pushin' fifty cakes  
It's the takeover Mob Figaz M.O.B.  
Fifty States & Major Pain fly the cokes and weed  
Hop, smack shit wid the potpourri  
I pull down coppin' kicks and move the coca leaves  
(Blow a brick, go wit ya wish)  
(Shit I only copped the four dog go with the fifth)  
(And you can catch me outta bounds wid all ya dough  
on my wrist)  
(And everytime I see ya bitch yeh she blow me a kiss)  
(And I ain't gon' fuck wid her less she blowin' some  
dick)  
(I'm a gangsta, straight laced and never flips)  
(Swang to the five hundred on twenties that's sittin'  
stunnit)  
(Anything over a hunet muh'fucka run it)  
I'm on the road handlin' business meet the crew at ten  
Luxury Leer jets imagine the places I've been I push up  
Sunset Ave. or one two fifth or was it  
MLK or South Beach strip  
doin' ninety down Canal the red lable I swerved in  
Parked at Popeye's and bounced out on Bourbon or was

it  
One four five or Foothill Boogie  
Any block that I'm on dog I'm totin' a fully  
cause I be skippin' in my Guc' Force Ones Louis Adidas  
In the same sweatsuit homes they just can't beat us  
These are classic, takin' pictures posin' old school  
Took the strings out his shoes girls say that he's so  
cool  
A rude dude, California thumbs up,  
Come here thinkin' surfboards and you'll get gun  
fucked  
Plus my click roll fifty deep so call ya dunns up  
And it cost money to war so get ya funds up dog, Fifty  
States nigga  
(We stars, holla)

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