

## Fed-X f/ The Jacka, Rydah J. Klyde "Custom"

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[Verse 1: Fed-X]

Fifty States!, yo  
Guess who the dude the girls love him  
Fed-X Fifty States I'm so custom  
I'm like a Benz whip S-Class sports car  
Hard top drop automatic road bar  
Like a Continental R I'm rare  
They call me another country so come catch me there  
I'm international London and Spain  
Jamaica, to the Philippines luxury planes  
Did some time in Panama learned the laundering game  
Plus my lawyer got an Einstein brain  
Bubbled up on the stocks got it locked in the Ukraine  
for real  
What would it take for Fifty to make a mil?  
Not much, Fed Fifty States Warbucks  
Debiassi if you know me the million dollar man  
With the million dollar plan I got my gun in hand  
I'm on the, run for real but my dogs don't squeal  
It's the Mob

[HOOK]

Sorry I'm mad at you  
You can come and walk in my shoes, in my shoes  
That's what I had to do  
Now everybody's singin' the blues, the blues

[Verse 2: Jacka & Rydah]

Smoke a lotta weed hardly ever get upset  
You's a fly motherfucka if you got this in the deck  
Baby all up on me slidin' slidin' up my neck  
Ended up gettin' sucked started of wid a peck  
Started off with the Burberry check on the Air Force  
Who care's if ya head's hard, just gimme some neck  
Gettin' way higher than you suckas expect  
We the fuckin' Mob Figaz wid them treal ass reps boy

[Rydah J. Klyde]

And all we want is our issue, don't make us have to pull  
out pistols  
He's tryna be good he's in the hood wid no lights on

Now I pick the size of my chrome I hope these bitches  
fit on  
You know niggas ain't neh' had nuttin' ain't know how to  
act  
I swing eights wid no Ls and all my shit don't rack  
Got the latest gats Air Force Ones wid the gator strap  
danglin off the back and niggas hate us for that  
And I love it, shit we need worldwide coverage  
Swisher Sweet smokers Philly smokers Backwood,  
Dutches  
Eastcoast Mid-West DownSouth hustlers  
Mob Figaz baby we don't fuck wid suckas  
Nigga have you ever grind can you roll wid the punches  
If ya, dyin' to shine you'll be dead in some months if  
I gotta put you on uhuhuhuh on and  
Nigga where was you when I was hustlin' in the stormin'

HOOK  
(2x)

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