

## **Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim**

### **"Tell the Feds"**

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Intro:

And it don't stop to the beat, baby  
Funky Fresh on the microphone  
One time for your mind, beeyatch (Beeyatch)  
Short Dogg's in the motherfuckin house  
doin what we always do, a stack  
(Gettin money) Gettin money (Gettin money)

Chorus: Too \$hort, (Slink Capone)

Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(Fuck a secret indictment, all I do is write shit)  
Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(You got the wrong rappers, nigga you better tell em!!)  
Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(Tell em Short, tell em!!!)  
Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(OOOOOHHHHH!!!!!!)

Verse One:

You broke the law, and you got caught  
Got a good lawyer, case is bein fought  
Life is full of choices, make em at the crossroads  
If you had five, you already lost four  
Straight apprehended, handcuffed and can't stand it  
Don't wanna go to jail but you was caught redhanded  
A felony, strike number two  
Federal Agents like, "What you wanna do?"  
Make a choice, so you start to think back  
Short Dogg was a nigga that always rapped  
Half my life ago, didn't sell no dope  
I sold dope fiend music for your stereo  
Sittin at the crossroads in '84  
I knew hella motherfuckers that was slangin coke  
Use to tell my homeboys, front me a sack  
Postin me at the dopehouse dumpin the crack  
My niggas wouldn't do it, I love em for that  
cos now I still rap and get paid to gat  
Since '87, that's how the shit comes

We made two hundred thousand in six months  
Sellin tapes not cakes, cheques kept comin  
Fuck buyin \*?boats?\*, niggas makin hundreds  
Legit, you think I'm stupid, bitch  
I bought a studio so I can do this shit

Chorus: Too \$hort, (Slink Capone)

Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(You got it twisted, Bridget  
Why pressin charges when I'm depressin hard and  
shit)  
Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(Run tell em, tell em Short, tell em)

Verse Two:

I used to sell weed in high school, smoked the profit  
I never sold \*?company due?\*, I can't knock it  
cos the inner city public school system is fucked  
Go to class all day, you ain't gettin enough  
So at 3:15 it's time to put in work  
Buy you some dope and go hit the turf  
Ain't no scholarship, no rap contract  
but a nigga get paid sellin hop and crack  
I got lucky, it's not a get-rich scheme  
I've been sellin rap tapes since I was 15  
I told the Oakland police, too many times  
I make a lot of money doin pimp rhymes  
I never sell drugs to jeopardise my freedom  
You never could make me realise I need em  
I went from hundreds, to hundreds to thousands, to  
millions  
I know what police want, I feel em  
I'm always ballin right there in the hype  
Instantly, dope dealer stereotype  
but shit is serious, I know I never sold drugs  
so why these motherfuckers tryin ta roll me up?  
And smoke me, why? No one knows  
The only thing I did wrong was fuck all ya hoes  
I don't smoke coke blunts and sho' don't sell em  
Call the FBI, somebody please tell em

Chorus: Too \$hort, (Slink Capone)

Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(All you motherfuckers is lookin at us rock jewelery and  
shit  
That's all you are)  
Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(Somebody better tell em we got receipts)

### Verse Three:

Rap is brand new, not long ago  
Made a billion dollars last year round the globe  
Now all the little kids can't let it go  
to the new millenium with a brand new flow  
Too \$hort baby straight from the O  
If you're like me, you're tryin ta make some doe  
Roll to the spot and try ta break a hoe  
Pimp her real hard and then take it slow  
When I rap to a bitch, I'm a pro  
I spit this game like never befo'  
Grab the microphone and always rock the show  
then I grab me a freak, tell her "Keep it on the low"  
If I take her to my house she won't say no  
I burn rubber with the bitch in my fo'-fifty-fo'  
California niggas drop the top and roll  
Stare up at the mountains, won't see no snow  
I go coast to coast smokin indo  
If my bitch actin up, I fuck her friend so  
don't investigate me for sellin dope  
If you see me rollin clean thru the ghetto  
I'm probably on my way to the studio  
Probably playin somethin loud on the stereo  
Short Dogg, don't forget the funk motto:  
'Free your mind and your ass will follow'

### Chorus: Too \$hort, (Slink Capone)

Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(We're up y'all in this motherfuckin holdin tank for hidin  
snitch ass  
niggas)  
Tell the Feds we ain't runnin no coke factory  
(Nigga, I was promoted a tour of Kentucky nigga, and  
D.C.)

### Outro: Slink Capone

Pop this shit, be outta state, niggas is hella fake  
Moms ain't mess with the motherfuckin phone  
My girl, she's fuckin up, god damn!  
Nigga you better stop all that motherfuckin snitchin  
Tell them motherfuckers we ain't runnin no  
motherfuckin coke factory  
Tell em, tell em!! TELL EM!!!  
YOU BETTER TELL EM!!!!  
Let em know, TELL EM!!!!

