

Too \$hort "Tell The Feds"

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

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 \$hort, tell 'em)
Tell the Feds we ain't runnin' no coke factory
(Ooh)

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
\$hort 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
'Cuz 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

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 \$hort, tell 'em)

I used to sell weed in high school, smoked the profit
I never sold company due, I can't knock it
'Cuz 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 jeopardize my freedom
You never could make me realize 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

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)

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 millennium 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 through the ghetto
I'm probably on my way to the studio
Probably playin' somethin' loud on the stereo
\$hort Dogg, don't forget the funk motto
'Free your mind and your ass will follow'

Tell the Feds we ain't runnin' no coke factory
(We're up y'all in this motherfuckin' holdin' tank
Sor 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.)

Pop this shit, be outta state, niggas is hella fake
Moms ain't mess with the motherfuckin' phone
My girl, she's fuckin' up, goddamn
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

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