

Fedi's Theme

Mac Dre

50 states

I pulled up in a four-door Porsche Gitanes
Faster than I stripped your bitch out of Gabbana's
It's the God
The prince the king sir your honor
Duckin the men in black cause
In the streets I'm a monster in the
Back of the Phantom with some bitches
That's bonkers
I'm a power player I keep truck
And my money is Tonka
They say that I'm the one
In Jamaica I'm dumb
You can catch me in a stretch Benz
Sick off of rum
Throwin the bottles up
In the air pull out modeled up
Fair: 50 states, Mob Figa: what the fuck?
You gotta gun getta gun
Come and get us off
It's the Mob out the trunk I was born to ball

I'm tryin to find an exit out the bidness
But I can't move to this witness
Get his name scratched off my shit list
And that'll be the end
But where the fuck can I run to?
I ain't got no friends
My niggas dead or locked up
He ain't my homie
They known for gettin socked up
They weak they phoney
Ain't too many real ones man
We gettin lonely
Make me wanna look out the eye of my chromie
And squeeze hold my breath
Why ain't you tellin me to breathe
Fuck y'all just let me leave
I'm ghost, Rydah
The most, higher
Niggas gettin smoked when they approach the sire
I'm a swing my chop
And then spit fire
He say he the Rydah but he's a liar
I try to live life the
Best I can
Try to keep from gettin blood
On my motherfuckin hands

Goddamn
And it's almost summer time
Still got a number nine
They don't wanna run on mine
And I'll pop the toast
And watch the coast
And see who cop the most

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I'm the owner of the buil'in
And this is how I'm coming dude
Dipped and fresh
With Nik' Airmax running shoes
Stunnin' fools, a boss doin' the Gotti
I floss in the summer, I'm doin' Ducatis
Now I ain't mad I don't go with nobody
So when I go to the party
I'm a leave with somebody
I'll breathe on somebody
Till they come with the playa
Spit p's to somebody
I cum off the head
They dumb off the meds
Serve 'em pills and shit
Squeeze lead, make that hurt
And kill some shit
I'm tryna build some shit, man
An empire, throw the bitch out the game
Like an umpire
I eat a nigga like a Otis Smunkmeyer
If the ho don't got no dough
I run by her
One tire don't spin man, both of 'em
Whatever car I'm in, I'm a yoke somethin'
Let's smoke some, Granddaddy Purpish
Boy that's no accident
I did that on purpose
You're too smerkish
A clown in a circus
You're jerkish, a soft nigga, you Nerfish

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