

# Ducc Da Feds

Quando Rondo

I'm tryna duck the feds big brother (Uh-uh)  
(Woah-oh)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (QRN)

.45 came from Russia (Uh)  
I hope that shawty know that I'm a dangerous motherfucker  
I work the block from fuckin' nine to five, love to hustle (Yeah)  
I blame it on my fuckin' street sign, off the muscle  
I'm just tryna dodge from doin' time in the jungle  
We really slangin' iron, know I ain't lyin' with that cutter  
I said, "I'm just tryna duck the fuckin' feds, dear momma"  
Couldn't swing the car around the corner, left his head in the gutter  
It's like that all I see is red off these meds, big brother

Poles in the Audi, niggas get whacked, catch a body  
I'ma run up the check in the mail  
Brand new Chanel, what I bought for lil' shawty  
If we start runnin' from twelve, would you keep it quiet? Would you keep it solid?  
Hit from the back, make her yell, she wanna know what she gettin' from out t his  
I feel like A Boogie, come through with my hoodie, hit for my niggas in High bridge  
I put the cash and the racks over pussy, most of these niggas be cowards  
All of this smoke in the motherfuckin' air, we gotta it partially cloudy  
If it's a war, we causin' you hell, I'm so in love wit' your body  
Lil' shawty official, the baddest  
You not upp'in' the pistol then pass it (Grrah)  
I'm up for the three at the basket  
That's no love in the street, that's a tragedy  
I really turned to a savage, I went to go get it, you know I'ma have it  
Ain't touch the streets in a very long minute, I need it wrapped up in plastic

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Stay in trouble, I feel like my day is numbered  
Pass me the rock, bet I won't fumble  
G-Wagen car look like a Hummer  
In the N-O, me and my brother  
'Bout to cop some Wock' from Bubba  
That's a N-O, I met her mother, why lil' shawty think I love her?  
Had to stop fuckin' with that ho, she like a fan undercover  
Rubber bands, spent a lot of rubber bands on a Rover  
My grandma told me that I'm chosen, ooh shit, my neck so frozen  
I think it's funny, shawty said she held me down at the moment  
Digi-scale, I'm grabbin' grams from out the pound 'bout the money  
I'ma hit back with my chopper, by the house, I ain't runnin'  
Dre ain't get back 'bout my partner in the ground, I ain't frontin'

Fuck all that chit chat, got a brand new AR hold a hundred  
I know they hate to see me winnin', know they hate to see me stuntin'  
I fucked on all these nigga bitches off the rip, no, I ain't love 'em  
They know my trap house jumpin'  
I'ma grind all winter to shine all summer  
If you whip that strap out, bust it  
Dope boy swag, Fendi runner

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