

Quando Rondo - Ducc Da Feds

{intro}

I'm tryna duck the feds big brother (uh-uh)

(woah-oh)

Yeah, yeah, yeah (qrn)

{chorus}

.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

{verse 1}

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 this

I feel like a boogie, come through with my hoodie, hit for my niggas in highbridge

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 uppinn' 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

{chorus}

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{verse 2}

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 {?}

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

Dangerous still, 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, gotta buy a 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

{chorus}

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