

Pooh Gutta, I'm nice
Before I snitch I do life, twice
They gonna hate me for this line, but oh well
But a nigga couldn't have snitched on so well
Suck my dick, this suit right here designer
It's death before dishonor, I'll be out this bitch tomorrow
Like I never, ever ever, ever been gone
Taliban, who is dat? Bitch my clique been on
Hold up let's just speak the real, bitch I ain't them dirty birds
Got thirty niggas in thirty cars them boys move about thirty birds
Scared money don't make shit, porsche trucks no breaks bitch
Straight shots no chase bitch, I wild out I break shit

Now Taliban, what the fuck?
Taliban, what the fuck?
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Taliban, what the fuck?
Taliban!
Po-lice, Po-lice, Po-lice
You can't hear a than but you rock with them
Snitchin' on your own blood, my nigga you is the
Po-lice, Po-lice, Po-lice
Fuck the police, fuck the police, fuck 'em

Fuck the 5-0, motherfuck the 5-0
Bitch I'm from the east but I busted them boys like I'm 5-0
All black shoes like capo, mafioso on my side ho
And I got lobsters for my partners, and they got choppers for my rivals
EST to the death of me, Taliban to the left of me
All I got is my dick and these bitches suck till they get the rest of me
Ain't none of y'all arresting me, free my brother J-rock
Shout out to my city those boys are harder than a yay rock
Fuck these snitches, I don't know you snitches
I was a felon at fourteen cause I didn't ride on all you bitches
Now I'm free and I got this loud yellin' on your bitches
Duckin' this red and blue when I'm rollin' green and hailin' on yo bitches

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