No Snitchin

Chamillionaire

This is for my gangstas, real niggas, ballas, trill niggas North side, South side, chunk ya deuce up This is for my gangstas, real niggas, ballas, trill niggas East side, West side, chunk ya deuce up

Plenty niggas get they head turned red for da bread Start off with da information, load it up in ya head Couldnt hold it, so it turned out its sumthin he said Wut he tell da FEDS (he need someone to call) Your decision was to snitchin and they was there to listen When he told what he know, said they barely was trippin Less time, now da niggas in a better position Unless you count the fact that the streets know he was snitchin He was lookin at a 30 but he only did 10, how your years turn to months, can he tell you dat, and He aint really gotta answer, just the sweat in his hands Will he make it out to make it, mmm well it depends Everybody know the info you was tellin ya friends Plus the streets know the deals that you made with the pen Russian Roulette, yep nigga bet the barrel will spin You hear that, yea nigga thats the sound of revenge

Walk down the right road, cuz the streets is so cold... You betta take ya life slow or you'll miss it Listen to da G-Code, if you know what i kno-oooow, then you'll keep yo mouth closed (keep ur mouth closed nigga) We dont tolerate snitches

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If you gon live that crime life, i hope you hold dat 9 tight You live life like a pussy then dats prolly what you die like I neva eva loved a sucka, them aint really my type Rat snakes, yea mayne the game is full of wild-life Dont wanna do no time right? You wanna live that high life Like go withdrawl, have a hundred thousand in ya eye sight Enter ya crib, see the clouds peepin through ya skylight You be a copycat, (cat), cuz mine right Thats what he told me but i didnt listen Doin crime for a dime wasnt my intention You insane, think his name sumin i will mention Only snitches need someone to tell Alota niggas in the game, hustlin doin they thing Usin codes on the phone with they usual slang If you know what he know then you wont say a thing You wouldnt need someone to tell Careful bout the life you lead, aint smart with ya life, you plead, the stree ts will ignite ya T, like you aint got the right to breathe (Cough) To choke on da realness, reality is what the fake dont know how to d eal with

Words leak from the teeth, but he'll say seal it Then go get a undercover brother he can chill with Find a nigga that be hustlin to make a deal with But the streets will hold court for him and'll deal with it

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This for the G's, street jugglin, move da fire When you talkin what you talkin it aint through the wire Police pull you over, now they callin you a liar You got amnesia, dont even know the dude beside ya You dont know, you aint sayin, you aint heard what he said Told you a closed mouth aint gon neva get fed A open mouth'll get you county instead of the FEDS Some scared niggas speak up so they'll be less in the red Niggas cant deal with no 95 so they day-to-day budgeters Its the hustlers that get put away by the customers You upstate, niggas use to be southerners Here the streets make the laws and dont answer the governors We the niggas thats too real to snitch on a snitch But make a snitch turn to puff with a flick of the wrist That aint gon get in arguements, just go get you a clip And they gon think about the consequences, let em repent

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Man hold up, you a real nigga and you aint got nuthin to say when they come question you, just keep it 100, and go on a chunk ya deuce up