

Rat Heads

E-40

Rat heads get nothin but cheese y'all
(The nigga that talks, he's a bitch) 4x

Would you look, would you listen
Niggas be snitchin, talkin, rattin
All up in the joint, man, singin, chattin
Talkin all that old really fruitful riff-raff-ass shit, mayn
Speakin on every nigga in the muthafuckin dope game
He's scared like a mice
Po-po's talkin about 25 to life
But real niggas do the time, and pay the price, though
Rat heads give up game to the vice, you know
Trick sap wanna hang hisself like a dick
Just because he got popped with a half a zip
Chow time, niggas rush for the vittles
But rat head wants to the talk to the po-pos
Get me outta here, dude, I'm losin weight stressin
So they offer that man some police protection
He couldn't be from the Hillside or the south
Cause my side of town don't go runnin off at the mouth
Mickey Mouse spilled his guts
He said, "They all drive Chevys and Cuts'"
But they let him out without a doubt
Nothin-ass nigga, he straight ratted us out

But since he sang such a good song
The pigs even gave his ass a ride home
The blind mice couldn't read braille
They made him sit in the front seat, and drove him all over Vallejo
Popo's gives up no slack, all through the dope tracks
Lettin this shit really be known, jack
To get a bit too far, kind of ridiculously
Handed the rat some money, and said, "Nnow you work for me"
He was all for the scratch, see, and just like a batch, gee
The nigga played the role of a pussy
Little old peck, crevas-faced faggot
Nigga sold out, and now he wears a snitch jacket
On the turf they wants to get with his p.g.
But it'll draw too much heat, so they wait patiently
He won't be seen no time soon
Cause in the V-Town he's doomed
Packed up and straight cut to susun
Got in the grill with all the hoods and thugs
Expressin, "I'm from the V-Town, duke 707"
Niggas and bitches was trippin and shit, havin a fit
He said, "I even know E-40 and the fuckin Click"
They damn near shitted, boss
Not knownin that the nigga was lyin his ass off
Meanwhile, back in Vallejo
Brothers gettin knocked for possession of sale
The other races get away clean, brother
But niggas, we always gotta rat on each other

A party jumps off on Blueberg Street
Vallejo niggas in that muthafucka hella deep
No funk, no static, nobody's thinkin about a war
We got Grump in the house, Rhythm X, and hoes galore

Baththub full of liqor and wine
M.D. 20/20, Ever Clear, and Rossi wine
All the danksters gather up
They play the five second game. hold it in, and get stupid stuck
Hoes gettin poked in the backroom
Fools goin home smellin like perfume
Nothin but ballers from different towns
A house full of Nino Browns
Shootin pool, playin craps and dominos
Niggas jackin off decks and five point o's
It's all good, cause nobody gives a fuck
But look who pops up
(The nigga that talks, he's a bitch)
Vallejo niggas yelled out (Snitch!)
Mobbed his ass, beat him down to the dirt
And straight went bezerk