

# Who Snitching?

Lil' O

[talking:]

3rd Coast what, know I'm tal'n bout uh  
Smoke some'ing, hol' up

[Lil' O:]

Man I rush you, two glocks drawn and bust you  
You a lil' nigga I'm heavyweight, I'll crush you  
Touch you, right in front of your partnas like fuck you  
And won't nan one them niggaz say shit, I hush fools  
When they see what I pack, they say damn who is that  
It made that nigga sounding soft, flipped and land on his back  
And we don't want none of that, mayn fuck that nigga  
We wasn't close anyways, I had to bust that nigga  
Quick to do a 1-8-7, on niggaz tatttle telling  
Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, put seven in his melon  
Then hopped into the Lac, then I'm bailing  
But that's what he get, for fucking round with these felons  
Cause you a snitch, true this ass nigga  
Grab the ski mask, and come do your ass nigga  
And really I don't give a damn who you is nigga, cause I'm way too raw  
See you bump you dick suckers, man I bump boys off

[Hook:]

Someone snitching to the laws, we gon hang that snitch  
Straight bang that bitch, cause we trying to get rich  
Ain't no time for no haters, being all in our mix  
We gon hang that snitch, straight bang that bitch

[Pimp C:]

I'm gripping the grain, buying a sweets  
Playing with candy toys, I'm staying strapped with the heat  
The dime to the nickel, and the nickel to the dime  
Boys is talking down, but I'm still busting for mine  
He done got one, he back on the streets told em I was top gun  
Now they planning the Sweet, and now the motherfucking FED's  
They got, the phone tapped  
But when them bitches get here, you gon be full of hot caps  
And it ain't all about this rap, it's all about the snaps  
The syrup and the sap, I left the shit off in his lap  
I had to bust a cap, now give a nigga dap  
Man fuck them niggaz telling, all them bitches take a nap  
The police in Port Arthur, they hate a nigga guts  
But deep down in my soul, they could eat a nigga nuts  
They try to set us up, but my mouth never budge  
Dedicated to my niggaz, doing forty behind drugs

[Hook:]

Someone snitching to the laws, we gon hang that bitch  
Straight bang that bitch, cause we trying to get rich  
Ain't no time for no haters, being all in our mix  
We gon hang that snitch, straight bang that bitch  
Dog this boy I know too much, cause we got tagged quick  
Let's hang that snitch, straight bang that bitch  
Have him sleeping with the fish, for fucking over the click  
We gon hang that snitch, straight bang that bitch

[Bun B:]

Yes we are the jet setters, go-getters and chest wetters  
The fo' head sweaters, with big black ass barettas  
The Dr. Feel-Good's, with the real good connections  
On political election, and cocaine importation  
With the coast guard protection, and china white distribution  
All through your section, fifteen woman selection  
For whom, I got no affection  
But help me keep my erection, with no plexing  
I guess I'm just another clowning ass Texan, diamond teeth grilling  
Pivot relaxing, texting hoes sexing  
Jazzy belts flexing, next in line  
In the book, to be the made men  
Getting high in hotel rooms, Kapone stayed in  
That Gotti played in, and Clinton got laid in Marion got high in  
And Bun got paid in, so soon as the big broad sang  
I pull this thang, and leave your ass bang

[Hook:]

[talking:]

Yeah fresh, (for 9-9) you hater ha-ha  
Huh UGK and Lil' O, (Lil' motherfucking O)  
We done wrecked it, promised we done wrecked this motherfucker  
(hol' up) man hold up, (we gone) later