

Snitch

Obie Trice

(Convict)
(Yeah, haha haha SHADY)
(Convict Music)
(Guess who's back)
Still here, haters
(Akon & Obie Trice, Yeah)
Whatcha gonna do it with it, A?
Whatcha gonna do?
(Take em on back to the street)

I keep the 40 cal on my side,
Stepping with the mind state of a mobster,
You see a nigga pass by,
Tuck your chain in cause he might rob ya,
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale,
Anything that you need, believe me, I'm gon' lace you,
Just don't, whatever you do, Snitch
Cause you will get hit, pray I don't face you, yeah

It's risky, the bitch tend to rise out a nigga
It's history, Snitch, who decided he's a member
Once he got pinched, coincided with law
Same homie say he lay it down for the boy
Brought game squad around ours
How could it be? Been homies since Superman draws
Only phoniness never came to par
He had us, a true neighborhood actor
Had his back with K's
Now we see through him like X-Ray's
Cuffed in that Adam car
No matter, his loss, we at him, it's war
Knowing not to cross those reservoir dogs
You helped plant seeds just to be a vegetable
When we invest in team, it's to the death fo' sho'

No ex and oh's, tex calicos
Aim at your chest nigga

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We started out as a crew, in one speak, it's all honest
Private conferences when we eat, Benihana's
Recondences when we peep enemies on us
Been in these corners, selling like anything on us
Knowing heaven has shown us being devil's minors
That ain't got shit to do with the tea in China
We gon' keep the grind up 'til death come find us
Mean time leanin' in them European whips reclined up
It's an eye for an eye for the riders
We ain't trying to get locked up, we soul survivors

Po Pos is cowards, there's no you, it's ours
We vow this, mixing yayo with soda powder
Who woulda known he would fold and cower
Once the captain showed, he sold whole McDonald's
So...

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Nowadays, Sammy Da Bull's got the game full
So he move to a rural area to keep cool
They snitching on a snitch now, there's nothing to tell
Nowadays, your circles should be small as hell
Ain't trying to meet new faces, this don't interest me
Even if we bubble slow, we get it eventually
No penitentiary, there will be no climincy
You will meet the lowest snitch in given us a century
These cats is rats now, the streets need decon
That's how they react now, weak when the heat's on em
Stop snitching, you asked for the life your living
This act is not permitted, Nowhere on the map, It is
Forbidden to send a nigga to prison if you been in it
Along with em and then snitch and become hidden
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You rat bastard