

As I sit in my cell, might as well be in hell
Left a dead, two on one, fourth floor where I dwell
Couldn't tell, thought you was a man, but you was a bitch
A nigga that I'd die for really was a snitch
Let me switch back to the scene, scene of the crime
Where I left all my hopes and dreams; caught me with a .9
Duffel bag full of plenty cash, empty out safe
Hit the mask, but a nosey fag fucked up my escape
I could take any charge 'cause his death for this under
"Do you plead guilty on this case?" No, your honor
Wonder, how not guilty turned to guilty
Could it be that my homeboy turned stale on me?
I can see you and the victim sittin' like a hoe
On the prosecutor's side, shove a .9 down her throat
Of a coward punk bitch, your body in a ditch
Could've sold my own soldier to see the nine clique
Click, then your carcass fall like the gavel fell
Nine years what they gave me, then took me to jail
Did I tell? Nigga, hell nah, Project ain't a hoe
We can blast with them thangs or we go toe to toe
Bullets blow niggas' brains out into outer space
Killas bust on you lames then leave without a trace
Just incase you was wondering did I let him live
He's at home with his wife but he better watch his kids

Snitches, bitches, snitches, bitches...
Bitch, you can't call the police
Tell 'em watch your back.