

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.