

# Snitch Killer

The Dayton Family

Dog barking

Verse 1

Snitchin bitches put them in ditches  
you regret you missed em  
Stand off his casket, in this basket, that's his momma kissing  
Old and grey, anotha day, you can boom yo gauge  
Cold as hell, collecting mail, killa this so pay  
Alley cats, and you rats, you be missin soon  
Niggaz whom, wanna face the boom  
Leavin snitches doom, its all on me, you bout 10 ki's  
Say he seen my bankin  
Ran my school, when I set my rules, didn't nobody break it  
Niggaz nervous, 'cause at yo service im'a bring you murda  
Nigga bankin this bitch is hangin, see I meant to hurt her  
A-V-E F-L-I-N-T when ballers turn to bitches  
Fuckin 2 bitches, be careful who you give yo digits  
Just my message, now can you catch it, can you comprehend  
Facin sin, locked in the pen, you can never win  
runnin free, that shit for me  
Don't you be no dummy, tell on me  
Its Mr. Greed, Ima take it from him  
Send a hurse, when shit get worse, this gon' end wit drama  
local nerves glocken on perv's then she kill yo momma  
shed no tears, cut off you ears and have a bar-b-q  
snitch killer, killin on snitches and bustin shots at you  
He be rappin, they bout ta cap um, cant nobody stand him  
Still got half of his homies head that I wanna hand him  
Mutuamega, a heart breaker, snitch soul taker  
Take they brains, still got game  
then take a bitch and break her  
SNITCH KILLER

\*\*Open up the briefcase, baby its all there.

You got 80 thousand?

You got the four birds?

Fo sho baby, im real too

You aint got all that moo that's yo head

Ahh baby we don't even get down like that, peeps fo sho tho

Verse 2

I keep my puiples , in my peepholes  
Bitch ass niggas, be tryin to creep slo  
Hos be on my dick for the green  
Plus I keep blow  
jake flake coped me a cake, that was my big break  
Aint shit fake about me, you kno im flyin straight  
Straight up, hungry for drama so shit get ate up  
Paranoid as f\*\*k in this bitch and wont put the plate up  
Im cautious money mack murda might make you nauseous  
Boss shit dump on you click and bitch we lawless  
Frost bit, numb yo ass up, 'cause we on some raw shit  
Living for the lust of this game, my dope I die wit  
Came up, chokin' up game, smokin' a flame up  
Cutting up kokane, my niggaz doin' the same stuff  
Trigger nigga, clockin to flip dollars to bigga figgas  
Just like madame dame said, all about the skrilla killa

Heavyweight, dope by the freight, headed to yo state  
Call me Mr. Jayca-fella, hood niggaz call me flake  
The group we in, them snitchin niggaz tried to do me in  
I aint goin to the hole, and wearin them county blues again  
Fuck the judge, I hold a grudge, im a flint thug  
Me and Shoestring, the only thing we know is to go for the blood  
Waved out, my neighborhood aint never played out, same rules still apply  
Them rats they get sprayed out, testify  
Yo next of kin will be the next ta die  
Snitchin FBI spy bet not nobody asked me why  
SNITCH KILLER

\*\*i allready got he inside Connects on um all i need is the wire  
Man get this guy some taps, whatever he needs to catch this guy  
Wait a minute, Whats in the plan for me?  
20 g's and the witness protection plan  
Witness protection plan? 20 g's? better go head and set it up

Verse 3

Comin thru doors, steel toes, fo-fo's  
Layin down niggas, and keep yo eyes closed  
We grab them pesos, you plickin yo brango  
Killas in kangols, niggaz get mangled  
(comin thru rushin)  
we hang hoes, wanna tangle for that cash  
blast and mash the gas, droppin like my ashes  
get past this, ho style wicked nigga with fashion  
you see my pashion, is rippin the microphones and outlastin  
ill cast them bitch ass niggaz leave em as has been's  
closed caskets, mind blowin like head gaskets  
shit'll get drastic, wrappin niggaz bodies in plastic  
no need for askin, get to bustin on them bastards

Verse 4

I was outlawed, brave to the skandalous streets  
I raise hell, cant you tell, just to reach my peak  
Im layed low, sorta like a persian rug  
Cops got my phone tapped 'cause they think im slangin drugs  
Mean mugs on these hataz faces, load my gat  
And react, like pistol that's my mental when I start a race  
And hit the Hennessy wit no chaser, flip my fo like a 0  
I doubled it up, and I changed faces  
Fight like shoelace keeping my flo locked down like mental patients  
My renovation is replacin' yo playa hation  
Discrimination' of a hustla'z occupation  
My destination is murderin' Emcees on location  
SNITCH KILLER

\*\*Yo Assassin, I need some heavyweight shit this time dog  
Wut u workin' wit??  
I need about six of 'em  
That'll be about a hundred twenty thousand  
Hey yo, yo hold that shit up, I don't even trust this guy  
Before anything go down, ima hafta pat him down  
Shit I aint no??  
MAN, this f\*\*kin bitch, this f\*\*ker (Go, go, go)  
Kill this bitch, kill this bitch (get in there now)  
I told you this bitch was snitchin muther f\*\*ker  
Kill that bitch, die mother f\*\*ker, die motherf\*\*ker (gunshots in background  
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