

Somebody Snitched On Me

Tony Yayo

Officer rickyyy
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Yeaaa

Yea I never had drama with the cops
But I larry davis rick ross ass with the glock
Your life is fabricated, what bricks you moving
Homie ask e-class I'm known for shooting
I just spoke to sha money, sha spoke to makazo
Niggaz fuck with rick ross, hell no he po po
He the next ja rule, and khaled be hating
Remember last time pussy at the radio station
You fuck boy peons, your swaggering odion
That maybach 57 is looking like a neon
You youtube gangsta, hoe ass nigga
I call in castalaneu, shells in you abdominal
And I hear that haitian nigga on your track
But I just got of the jack, with haitian jack
I got the mac, miami is the 2 2 3
You lose a body part nigga fucking with me

My clothes got the carridge and the horse on it
Hermeez I look like a boos in it
Sex, drugs, money and them fed boys
The porsche performing like ron on steroids
You got def jam lookin like the ford building
A c.o, talking bout drug dealing
A lil londons on that potty nigga
I'm going hard tryna see that bugatti dealer
I got that auto matic shotty nigga
I catch a body nigga
My lawyer got me in cobo with a hottie nigga
And me and fif is like jordan and scotty nigga
Yea I'm on the streets, you the police
That 57 don't even got plane seats
I thought jay taught you, that's your big homie
Get the 62, step it up dummy

Dumb motherfucker, you ain't even got plane seats
Spent all that money on that 57 nigga
Don't fool the public nigga
62 is for a boss
Ask jay nigga, ask your boss jay-z nigga