

# Tattle Teller

Tony Yayo

I ain't your friend, you a tattle teller  
You rat, you snitch, you jealous nigga  
You coward nigga, you teller nigga  
Tuck your tail, pluck your whiskers you tattle teller

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There's rats in the street and rats in the jail  
In the feds, rats wear wires in they cell  
Shit, Steven Seagal, I used to love his karate  
But even he snitched, he told on Peter Gotti

Pillow talk wit'cha girl about that German Ruger  
Got her in a small room with the prosecutor  
Watch ya shooter, them feds givin' years for them guns  
And there's nowhere to hide, when the marshals come

D.A. don't play, giving life off of hearsay  
And right hand on the stand for conspiracy  
Kingpin charges and that RICO law  
Got agents in your spot for them bricks of raw

And people tellin' on you that you never saw  
Like your next door neighbor that live on your floor  
The game over, man everybody wanna snitch  
Fat cat and Alpo nigga started this shit

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Be careful what you ask for, Joe got bagged  
He got knocked by the feds for some things in his past  
Now he rattin' on his co-d's, snitchin' on his homies  
To government officials and D.S. attorneys

He told about his lifestyle and old war stories  
The brawl in B-more in the stall with them shorties  
Out of town trips, cocaine connects  
He told about the ratchets, fo'-fifths and tecs

He snitched about the diesel, stashed in the ceiling  
He bragged about them kids that caught bodies in his building  
He told on himself and told on his right hand  
He talked about taxes and credit card scams

Joe took the stand, he sold his soul  
But little did he know he dug a deeper hole

He lied on his friends and the judge flipped on him  
Now he in Fort Dix with a man's dick on him

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Death before dishonor, what happened to that?  
Them wolves in lamb's clothing is the ones that's rat  
Nicky Barnes and Alpo, cat and freeze  
I heard ta-ta tellin' just to get that cheese

Pipe on death row, they told on Pete  
They the reason that pistol ain't on the street  
Chris Portello, yeah he used to fuck with Madonna  
The south beach king is, federal informer

Homey watch the corner, slingin' that crack  
That kid C K told on O G mack  
Sammy the bull man, he the biggest of them all  
He broke the code, he made the whole mob fall

Italian Joe Camby, he messed up the game  
He tellin' on his people like Saddam Hussein  
So when you standin' on that corner, chillin' wit'cha fellas  
Kid watch your back for them damn tattler tellers

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And the Sammy the bull award goes to Fat Joe