

Snitch - 1/2

Interprété par Obie Trice.

[Intro: Obie Trice + (Eminem) {Akon}]

{Convict}

(Yeah,haha haha SHADY)

{Convict Music}

(Guess who's back)

Still here, haters

{Akon & Obie Trice, Yeah}

Whatcha gonna do it with it, A?

Whatcha gonna do?

{Take em on back to the street}

[Refrain: Akon]

I keep the 40 cal on my side,

Steppin with the mindstate of a mobster,

See a nigga pass by,

Tuck your chain in cause he might rob ya,

Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale,

Anything that you need, believe me, I'm gon lace you,

Just don't, whatever you do, Snitch

Cause you will get hit, pray I don't face you, yeah

[Obie Trice]

It's risky, the bitch tend to rise out a nigga

It's history, Snitch, who decided he's a member

Once he got pinched, coincided with law

Same homie say he lay it down for the boy

Brought game squad around ours

How could it be? Been homies since Superman draws

Only foniness never came to par

He had us, a true neighborhood actor

Had his back with K's

Now we see through him like X-Ray's

Cuffed in that Adam car

No matter, his loss, we at him, it's war

Knowing not to cross those resevoir dogs

You helped plant seeds just to be a vegetable

When we invest in team, it's to the death fo sho

[Hook]

No ex and oh's, tex calicos

Aim at your chest nicca

[Refrain]

[Obie Trice]

We started out as a crew, in one speak, it's all honest

Private conferences when we eat, Benihana's

Snitch - 2/2

Recondences when we peep enemies on us
Been in these corners, sellin like anything on us
Knowing heaven has shown us being devil's minors
That ain't got shit to do with the tea in China
We gon keep the grind up til death come find us
Mean time leanin in them European whips reclined up
It's an eye for an eye for the riders
We ain't trying to get locked up, we soul survivors
Po Pos is cowards, there's no you, it's ours
We vow this, mixing yayo with soda powder
Who woulda known he would fold and cower
Once the captain showed, he sold whole McDonalds
So...

[Hook]

[Refrain]

[Obie Trice]

Nowadays, Sammy Da Bull's got the game full
So he move to a rural area to keep cool
They snitchin on a snitch now, there's nothin to tell
Nowadays, your circles should be small as hell
Ain't tryin to meet new faces, this don't interest me
Even if we bubble slow, we get it eventually
No penitentiary, there will be no climincy
You will meet the lowest snitch in given us a century
These cats is rats now, the streets need decon
That's how they react now, weak when the heat's on em
Stop snitchin, you asked for the life your living
This act is not permitted, Nowhere on the map, It is
Forbidden to send a nigga to prison if you been in it
Along with em and then snitch and become hidden
So...

[Hook]

[Refrain]

[Obie Trice]

You rat bastard