

Rat Heads

E-40

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(The nigga that talks, he's a bitch)
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(The nigga that talks, he's a bitch)VWould you look, would you listen
Niggas be snitchin', talkin', rattin'
All up in the joint, man, singin', chattin'
Talkin' all that old really fruitful riff raff ass shit, mayn
Speakin' on every nigga in the muthafuckin' dope gameHe's scared like a mice
Popo's talkin' about 25 to life
But real niggas do the time, and pay the price, though
Rat heads give up game to the vice, you knowTrick sap wanna hang hisself like a dick
Just because he got popped with a half a zip
Chow time, niggas rush for the vittles
But rat head wants to the talk to the popo'sGet me outta here, dude, I'm losin' weight stressin'
So they offer that man some police protection
He couldn't be from the Hillside or the south
'Cause my side of town don't go runnin' off at the mouthMickey Mouse spilled his guts
He said, "They all drive Chevys and Cuts"
But they let him out without a doubt
Nothin' ass nigga, he straight ratted us outBut since he sang such a good song
The pigs even gave his ass a ride home
The blind mice couldn't read braille
They made him sit in the front seat, and drove him all over VallejoPopo's gives up no slack, all through the
dope tracks
Lettin' this shit really be known, jack
To get a bit too far, kind of ridiculously
Handed the rat some money, and said, "Now you work for me"He was all for the scratch, see, and just like a
batch, gee
The nigga played the role of a pussy
Little old peck, crevas faced fagot
Nigga sold out, and now he wears a snitch jacketOn the turf they wants to get with his p.g.
But it'll draw too much heat, so they wait patiently
He won't be seen no time soon
'Cause in the V Town he's doomedPacked up and straight cut to susun
Got in the grill with all the hoods and thugs
Expressin, "I'm from the V Town, Duke 707"

Niggas and bitches was trippin' and shit, havin a fitHe said, "I even know E-40 and the fuckin' click"

They damn near shitted, boss

Not knownin' that the nigga was lyin' his ass off

Meanwhile, back in VallejoBrothers gettin' knocked for possession of sale

The other races get away clean, brother

But niggas, we always gotta rat on each otherA party jumps off on Blueberg Street

Vallejo niggas in that muthafucka hella deep

No funk, no static, nobody's thinkin' about a war

We got Grump in the house, Rhythm X, and hoes galoreBaththub full of liqor and wine

M.D. 20/20, Ever Clear, and Rossi wine

All the danksters gather up

They play the five second game hold it in, and get stupid stuckHoes gettin' poked in the backroom

Fools goi' home smellin' like perfume

Nothin' but ballers from different towns

A house full of Nino BrownsShootin' pool, playin' craps and dominos

Niggas jackin' off decks and five point o's

It's all good, 'cause nobody gives a fuck

But look who pops up

(The nigga that talks, he's a bitch)Vallejo niggas yelled out

(Snitch)

Mobbed his ass, beat him down to the dirt

And straight went bezerk

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