

# Snitch

## Slade

Convict, yeah  
Shady, Convict music  
Guess who's back?  
Still we're here, haters  
Akon and Obie Trice, yeah  
Whatcha gonna do it with it, A?  
Whatcha gonna do?  
Take 'em all back to the street  
I keep the 40 cal on my side  
Steppin' with the mind state of a mobster  
You see a nigga pass by  
Tuck your chain in 'cause he might rob ya  
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale  
Anythin' 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 lace you, yeah  
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 phoniness 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  
Knowin' not to cross those Reservoir Dogs  
You helped plant seeds just to be a vegetable  
When we invest in team, it's to the death fo' sho'  
No ex and oh's, tex calicos  
Aim at your chest nigga  
I keep the 40 cal on my side  
Steppin' with the mind state of a mobster  
You see a nigga pass by  
Tuck your chain in 'cause he might rob ya  
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale  
Anythin' 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 lace you, yeah  
We started out as a crew, in one speak, it's all honest  
Private conferences when we eat, Benihana's  
Reconnaissance when we peep enemies on us  
Been on these corners, sellin' like anythin' on us  
Knowin' 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  
Meantime leanin' in them European whips reclined up  
It's eye for an eye for the riders  
We ain't tryin' to get locked up, we soul survivors  
Po Po's is cowards, there's no you, it's ours  
We vow this, mixin' yayo with soda powder  
Who woulda known he would fold and cower  
Once the captain showed, he sold whole McDonald's  
So it's no ex and oh's, tex calicos  
Aim at your chest nigga  
I keep the 40 cal on my side  
Steppin' with the mind state of a mobster  
You see a nigga pass by  
Tuck your chain in 'cause he might rob ya  
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale  
Anythin' 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 lace you, yeah  
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, it'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'll get it eventually  
No penitentiary, there will be no clemency  
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 you're livin'  
This act is not permitted, nowhere on the map  
It is forbidden to send a nigga to prison if you've been in it  
Along with 'em and then snitch and become hidden  
So it's no ex and oh's, tex calicos  
Aim at your chest nigga  
I keep the 40 cal on my side  
Steppin' with the mind state of a mobster  
You see a nigga pass by

Tuck your chain in 'cause he might rob ya  
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale  
Anythin' 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 lace you, yeah  
You rat, bastard

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>