

# Snitches

## Gene The Southern Child

What you mean, "What's up, nigga"  
What, what's happening man?  
I need to holler at you nigga, come here  
For what, what's happening  
Fuck you doing hanging out with the police and shit, nigga?  
Man, I wasn't hanging with the police, man  
Oh, you didn't think I seen youMan, you trippin' man  
I seen you jump out that car, nigga  
Nah man, fuck that dog  
You snitching now, nigga  
Man, hell nah, I ain't snitching  
What else you doing with the police, you must be snitching  
Let me holler at you nigga, come here, bro  
Oh manHow many real niggas is locked away  
Behind some bitch-ass nigga with a whole lot to say  
Man, fools is confused, ain't no rules to this game  
Niggas be telling the feds where a nigga lay his head  
Giving them niggas code names, cold game  
But I can't even say shit about it  
'Cuz if I catch you slipping, dipping, tripping, I'm getting rowdy  
Killer snitch, fuck a bitch, I throw 'em both in a ditch  
'Cuz they can't stand to see a young nigga getting rich  
I'm destined for fame  
Oh, bitch-ass niggaz, putting salt in the game  
Put a stain on your brain 'cuz I shall remainAnd I know longer dwells in the cocaine game  
It's a shame the way the game has switched  
And the police man trying to take my shit  
I caught a nigga one day jumping out of a cop car  
I ain't saying no names but this nigga's a rap star  
Walking real fast, then he dashed in my backyard  
Buff ass nigga perpetrating to act hard  
In the front seat with no cuffs on  
I ask him 'bout the discussion, he say the wrong thing I rush him  
Dust him, 'cuz I can't trust him  
Plus he working with the boys, we bring the noise, so fuck 'em  
I tuck him in the trunk, I ain't fuckin' with no punkNigga snitching nigga missing 'cuz we twisting  
And that's for all my real niggaz locked up  
And you bitches that be snitching when a homie sock you up  
Bitch, fix your mouth and get your head right

Oh, get your muthafuckin' ass out, my muthafuckin' house tonight  
Just like a bitch quick to call the police  
But ain't no telling on me and then belling on me  
Look here, me and P, we getting riches  
And oh yeah, don't forget to tell them bitches  
Muthafuck you snitches Snitches, snitches  
Y'all be running they mouth just like bitches  
Snitches, snitches, snitches  
Niggaz be running they mouth just like bitches Snitches, snitches, snitches  
They be running they mouth just like bitches  
Snitches, snitches, snitches  
I got a slug for ya'll muthafuckin' snitches I heard a nigga snitching from his jail cell  
And when he get out will he live, only time will tell  
Nigga riding with the police  
Used to be my homie, now the punk bitch hating on me  
I guess the nigga mad 'cuz I'm ballin'  
Task kicked the nigga door in now he talking  
My little cousin Jimmy told me in jail he was a drag queen  
Now he on probation, drug dealer with a tape machine  
Watch the bitch he got a camera, but when I catch the nigga  
I'ma slam him down with a hammer and 17 nails  
'Cuz bitches talk shit and snitches get killed Snitches, snitches  
Niggaz that run they muthafuckin' mouth like bitches  
That's snitches, snitches  
Federal niggaz in the muthafuckin' ghetto  
Federal niggaz that's in the muthafuckin' penitentiary  
Niggaz with muthafuckin' license to capture other niggaz  
But they ain't got no muthafuckin' badges and they still catching cases  
Snitches, snitches, I know y'all niggaz trying to get us  
Snitches, snitches, punk bitches, bitches  
Niggaz was bitches when they was on the streets And they motherfuckin' bitches in jail  
That's what snitches is  
As niggaz with purses nigga, pocket books, nigga  
Niggaz with dresses, snitches  
This for y'all bitches  
To all ya'll real niggaz I feel ya muthafuckin' pain  
Watch y'all muthafuckin' self  
The haters got the high beam on  
They got lights on top of they muthafuckin' Cutlasses  
I know who y'all is niggaz

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