

S.n.i.t.c.h.

Pusha T

[Hook 1 - Pharrell Williams]

Sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home

Sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home

Well, the walls are talking to me and I know you think I'm wrong

But sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home, hey! [Verse 1 - Pusha T]

Now when the phone start to click in, your words start to echo

Say you got to hang up but the man won't let go

Oh, my nigga say it ain't so

Now we speaking on some niggas that he say he ain't know

We used to steal dirt bikes, dodge raindrops

So close niggas thought we had the same pops

Graduated, gettin' money on the same blocks

But things changed and we ain't end up in the same box

Hearing whispers, "it ain't adding up"

Giving you the jailhouse talk but you ain't mad enough

I never thought I'd be the last man standing up

I never thought I'd had have to question "Were you man enough?"

Long letters how the streets got the best of you

Telling all your cellies how come I ain't sitting next to you

Yeah, see I can read between the lines

So it's awkward when you call and I gotta press 5 [Hook 2 - Pharrell Williams]

Sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home

Sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home

I think the Feds are looking through me, can't you hear it in my tone?

So then sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home, hey! [Verse 2 - Pusha T]

Got me tiptoeing through the conversation on our calls

Tryna act normal but the writing is on the wall

It's like I hear you smiling when you heard they hit the wall

But I just let it ride so I don't be the next to fall

"They sayin' Tarian been getting money while I'm gone

And won't he tryna to holla at my bitch when I was home"

"Nah, he selling cars, it'd be him and Lil Rome"

I'm just tryna offset what he was saying on my phone

Nowadays niggas don't need shovels to bury you

Pointing fingers like pallbearers how they carry you

So much for death before dishonor

Might as well have a robe and gavel like your honor

I just sit and wonder, play it by the numbers

When you ride like lightning then you crash like thunder

Seen your baby mama, she ain't even know if she should speak
What the fuck is there to say knowing her king's now weak saying...[Hook 1][Verse 3 - Pusha T]
Let's talk real niggas, let's speak real, nigga
How many niggas you knew snitching you ain't killed, nigga?
Covered his own tracks, he didn't care that
We had a legacy he killed, I got to wear that
Every move we ever made is getting stared at
I bet the man inside his mirror doesn't stare back
Break your heart when the man you call your brother
Be the same one that setting in motion all them undercovers
Called my mom mother, was at my graduation
When I signed my record deal you was my motivation
Uh, from great friends now it's no affiliation
Divided by the time he was facing, once he told me that...[Hook 2]

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