One Thing

Freeway

[Chorus 2X: sample]I know you'll say one thing, I know you'll say one thing
And then do something else, and then do something else
[Freeway]Ok, oh, no, say it ain't so
Niggas suppose to be moving like cheese, but they don't
Rapping to the D's, so D's can out rush folks
Industry like fleas from east to the west coast
Overseas, I thought they had the best hope, but over there
It's more dangerous, they snitching in foreign languages
I gotta throw on my hater vision
People giving up aliases, and cops pay to listen
Wait, before I finish, let me mention ("one thing")
They need to promise death to you snitches
Ain't do it, but you telling on them lying ass nigga
Don't want no trouble, you Bubbles from The Wire ass nigga
Trying to gain wealth, but scared to do it yourself
Ya'll not grinding, ya'll a bunch of tired ass niggas
Gotta watch it cuz that cool ass nigga, with the jammy
Might turn out to be a, Sammy the Bull, ass nigga, yeah
[Chorus: sample (Freeway)](Snitch niggas) I know you'll say one thing
(Bitch niggas) I know you'll say one thing
(Turncoats) And then do something else
(You know what's even worse) And then do something else
(Snake niggas) I know you'll say one thing
(Rat niggas) I know you'll say one thing
(Make me get the strap) And then do something else
(Cock the hammer back) And then do something else
[Freeway]Your man said he'll rise to the occassion, ride to the death
You smoking on haze, chopping dimes in the basement

It's all good til the cops raided
Now he signing statements, point your fingers when he put to the test
Yes, niggas say they riders but they fly just
You hiding in the boys, grab your man, he like "come out, they got us"
Any job appointment, people liars, misguiding us
How they say they gon' hire us and deny us
Mob peer pressure makes busters wear wires ("one thing")
That's destined, we catch ya, we'll wet cha
See the one king of pressure with the chill necklace
Screaming that it cost 10, when it only cost a thousand

I'm wilding, cuz I be on some shit with 'em too
I don't lie very much, but I'll admit when I do
I left the crib, told my girl, I'll be right back
I wind up, on the A.C., when Max, he text my jack, and said
[Chorus][Raekwon]Keep snitching on your man, you gon' fry in the pan
Lie in a pot of shit, niggas gon' try you again
You never get nothing, niggas might fuck your button
Catch you on tear, queered up, bout to get cutting
So many niggas lie, that yo, it's only obliged
I tip my hat to real niggas, light a bark and live fly
And if you real nigga, we see it, Zenith style, hold the fort, killa
Gangstas play it all the way out
Or whether locked in a cell or in the hole in the max
Never snitch on your friends, so don't be holding no cracks
You ain't built for it, then move, float on, before you get your vote on
Telling on niggas ain't cool
I wish niggas like you death, last breath
Let a bullet fly, through your dome, come out of your neck
And then you see how it be, ratting on niggas, yapping on niggas
And every time I get a chance, I'm slapping niggas, what?
[Chorus]

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