

Tattle Teller

Tony Yayo

I ain't your friend, you a tattle teller
You rat, you snitch, you jealous nigga
You coward nigga, you teller nigga
Tuck your tail, pluck your whiskers you tattle teller I ain't your friend, you a tattle teller
You rat, you snitch, you jealous nigga
You coward nigga, you teller nigga
Tuck your tail, pluck your whiskers you tattle teller There's rats in the street and rats in the jail
In the feds, rats wear wires in they cell
Shit, Steven Seagal, I used to love his karate
But even he snitched, he told on Peter Gotti Pillow talk wit'cha girl about that German Ruger
Got her in a small room with the prosecutor
Watch ya shooter, them feds givin' years for them guns
And there's nowhere to hide, when the marshals come D.A. don't play, giving life off of hearsay
And right hand on the stand for conspiracy
Kingpin charges and that RICO law
Got agents in your spot for them bricks of raw And people tellin' on you that you never saw
Like your next door neighbor that live on your floor
The game over, man everybody wanna snitch
Fat cat and Alpo nigga started this shit I ain't your friend, you a tattle teller
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Tuck your tail, pluck your whiskers you tattle teller Be careful what you ask for, Joe got bagged
He got knocked by the feds for some things in his past
Now he rattin' on his co-d's, snitchin' on his homies
To government officials and D.S. attorneys He told about his lifestyle and old war stories
The brawl in B-more in the stall with them shorties
Out of town trips, cocaine connects
He told about the ratchets, fo'-fifths and tecs He snitched about the diesel, stashed in the ceiling
He bragged about them kids that caught bodies in his building
He told on himself and told on his right hand
He talked about taxes and credit card scams Joe took the stand, he sold his soul
But little did he know he dug a deeper hole
He lied on his friends and the judge flipped on him
Now he in Fort Dix with a man's dick on him I ain't your friend, you a tattle teller
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Tuck your tail, pluck your whiskers you tattle tellerDeath before dishonor, what happened to that?
Them wolves in lamb's clothing is the ones that's rat
Nicky Barnes and Alpo, cat and freeze
I heard ta-ta tellin' just to get that cheesePipe on death row, they told on Pete
They the reason that pistol ain't on the street
Chris Portello, yeah he used to fuck with Madonna
The south beach king is, federal informerHomey watch the corner, slingin' that crack
That kid C K told on O G mack
Sammy the bull man, he the biggest of them all
He broke the code, he made the whole mob fallItalian Joe Camby, he messed up the game
He tellin' on his people like Saddam Hussein
So when you standin' on that corner, chillin' wit'cha fellas
Kid watch your back for them damn tattle tellersI ain't your friend, you a tattle teller
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Tuck your tail, pluck your whiskers you tattle tellerAnd the Sammy the bull award goes to Fat Joe

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