Snitch

E.S.G.

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://damnlyrics.com/