

# Everybody Wanna Rat

## The Lox

[Sheek]

Uh, yo, yo

Hey Yo it's fucked up, in the right hand  
Flash his badge with his left hand  
On some Donnie Brascoe shit, forget about it  
Made men, should hang with made men  
Not the wife and children, that's when rats come in  
It be your girl in the palor, talking like shit rich  
And next to her, getting her nails done is your enemy's bitch  
Now you stuck, 'cause she in there, leeking, speaking  
Not knowing, she being, followed, on the decan  
Niggas talk to feds like, it's a sport  
Lord forbid the head nigga get caught  
And watch the whole family tree break down, faster than you thought  
I watch the nigga with my own eyes get knocked, no doubt  
Next week he outside front, how he get out?  
Now that's guapo nigga? his family talk?  
Mexico for safety you get twist for that sammy shit  
Thinking you threw with the feds and all that  
That's when they got you, just like that kid from Strapped  
I stay, clear to mubblers who mubble to the cops  
Brick fumblers who just want a nigga popped  
But the only thing I pop is my burners in the dark[Chorus: x2]  
Yo it's like that y'all (that y'all) Time to stack ya'll (stack ya'll)  
Nowadays everybody want to rat y'all (wanna rat y'all)  
And it don't even matter where you at y'all (where you at y'all)  
When the feds come and get you that's that y'all (that's that y'all)[Styles]  
Fake lieuteno, on a sing, make a demo  
Switch up ya ammo, fill out the memo  
Now you got the dogs locked up in the kennel  
Rat, talking to the cops like that  
On a 3-4 P you can't cop like that  
You ain't have a chance, fly from Japan  
Talk to the judge, get you out the can  
My man had the same case (that's my word)  
Spent three years in the same place, He still there  
Came down for a pill, it was still real there  
Money came between us, know you seen us  
Move like the teamsters in the beamers

Get blacked down and hit the cleaners  
The feds know everything, who bled and everything  
Before we got red, honeys giving us head  
Herion and guns is on the files of Styles  
But they came in the crib, lifting the towel  
Heard the sergeant scream out "start stripping the child"  
And they blew down the door ? snitching involved  
Wonder who? A boss, or a nigga under you  
Probably figure it out, when you sit for one or two  
Six months in bail, is how you catch a snail  
Moving real slow, trying to steal dough[Chorus: x2][Jadakiss]  
Lies to the story, mines yours and the truth  
What you talk for? They ain't even had no proof  
But you play this street business, all in the street  
To visit him now, you gotta drive for a week  
What you expect? Messing with the guard so tough  
Fuck calling his bluff, they made him put his cards up  
Your hands, wrists, and neck was rocked up  
Now 23 hours a day you locked up  
Your girl, she out in the world, knocked up  
By some cat you supposed that shot up  
Man enough to eat steak wit em, get cake em  
But you scared to go upstate wit em  
Where you going, you won't get good sleep no more  
See the street no more, or skeet no more  
Ride around in the P, with the heat no more  
From top to not even on your feet no more  
'Fore they gave ya any time, you spoke your mind  
Since they giving out jerseys, get on line  
For your football numbers, want to take us all under  
What happened to shorty? They gave him tall numbers  
I don't think so, I don't think so either  
But he told em every thing he knew and made em hit the ?[Chorus]

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