

Snitch (feat. Akon)

Obie Trice

Convict
Shady
Convict music
Guess who's back
Still we here, haters
A-Tan 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 the mobster
You see a nigga pass by
Tuck your chain in 'cause he might rob ya
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale
Anything 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 foniness 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
Knowing 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 X and Os, Tex Calicos
Aim at your chest nicca I keep the 40 cal on my side
Steppin' with the mind state of the mobster
You see a nigga pass by
Tuck your chain in 'cause he might rob ya Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale
Anything 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
Recondences when we peep enemies on us
Been on these corners, sellin' like anything on us Knowing 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 an eye for an eye for the riders
We ain't trying to get locked up, we soul survivors
Po Po's is cowards, there's no you, it's ours
We vow this, mixing yayo with soda powder
Who woulda known he would fold and cower
Once the captain showed, he sold whole McDonalds
So no X's and O's, Tex Calicos
Aim at your chest niccaI keep the 40 cal on my side
Steppin' with the mind state of the mobster
You see a nigga pass by
Tuck your chain in 'cause he might rob ya
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale
Anything 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
He snitchin' on a snitch now, there'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 X's and O's, Tex Calicos
Aim at your chest niccaI keep the 40 cal on my side
Steppin' with the mind state of the mobster
You see a nigga pass by
Tuck your chain in 'cause he might rob ya
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale
Anything 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://www.songarea.com/>