

# Snitch

Akon

{Convict}  
(Yeah, haha haha SHADY)  
{Convict Music}  
(Guess who's back)  
Still here, haters  
{Akon & Obie Trice, Yeah}  
Whatcha gonna do it with it, A?  
Whatcha gonna do?  
{Take em on back to the street}

[Chorus: Akon]  
I keep the 40 cal on my side,  
Stepping 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,  
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 face you, yeah

[Obie Trice]  
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  
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'

[Hook]  
No ex and oh's, tex calicos  
Aim at your chest nigga

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]  
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 in these corners, selling 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  
Mean time 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 Pos 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 McDonald's  
So...

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

Nowadays, Sammy Da Bull's got the game full  
So he move to a rural area to keep cool  
They snitching on a snitch now, there's nothing to tell  
Nowadays, your circles should be small as hell  
Ain't trying to meet new faces, this don't interest me  
Even if we bubble slow, we get it eventually  
No penitentiary, there will be no climincy  
You will meet the lord, 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 snitching, you asked for the life your living  
This act is not permitted, Nowhere on the map, It is  
Forbidden to send a nigga to prison if you been in it  
Along with em and then snitch and become hidden  
So...

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

You rat bastard