

# Story of a snitch

Deuce

Yo, I guess we all change sometimes.  
Some for better, and some for worse, listen...

Here's a story of a snitch, that I knew so many years,  
But now he's a bitch, fuck your feelings, he can suck my dick.

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Look at all these fake ass MC's claiming they can rap,  
tryin' to spit just like me but they don't have it, faggot,  
I was helpin' you maggots, now I'ma show the world that you whack bitch.  
You do what you can't do cause it haunts you,  
dude your just so cool and I'm not you,

boo hoo your a fool tryin' to fit in my shoes,  
snoozin', drunk, pukin' yeah ya losin'.

I took my whole fan base I back,  
I managed to get myself back up,  
back to rappin' I man'd up,  
even though I was back-stabbed,  
right in the back by my bestfriend.

Bestfriend? Yeah right. Click-boom goodnight,  
some say there's two sides to the story more like two knives  
don't you worry, two guys, when we're done they'll be blurry.

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I created you from dirt,  
and this is how you pay me back,  
joinin' the lorene drive just for tits n' ass,

I created every verse,  
every chorus,  
and just stood there  
thinkin that you wrote it.

I'm Spider-man bitch,  
I spin my web so quick around your heads,  
I turn this whole goddamn situation into one big mess,  
till your sittin' at home tellin' your son your stressed.

I came to cock-block,  
to talk shit so drop this,  
put it on your ipod, jog and rock this,

not this bitch, and ya can't tellin' everyone,  
that I'm sick in the head.  
I ain't sick bitch, stick to your meds, you even tried to bite my shit with  
MEST,  
but I fucked up your rep, the music your livin' is the music you hate,

quit tellin' people that I quit the band that I made. (Holy Shit)

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Goddamn, why you jock my shit!