

## Rat Heads

E-40

Rat heads get nothin but cheese y'all  
(The nigga that talks, he's a bitch) 4x

Would you look, would you listen  
Niggas be snitchin, talkin, rattin  
All up in the joint, man, singin, chattin  
Talkin all that old really fruitful riff-raff-ass shit, mayn  
Speakin on every nigga in the muthafuckin dope game  
He's scared like a mice  
Po-po's talkin about 25 to life  
But real niggas do the time, and pay the price, though  
Rat heads give up game to the vice, you know  
Trick sap wanna hang hisself like a dick  
Just because he got popped with a half a zip  
Chow time, niggas rush for the vittles  
But rat head wants to the talk to the po-pos  
Get me outta here, dude, I'm losin weight stressin  
So they offer that man some police protection  
He couldn't be from the Hillside or the south  
Cause my side of town don't go runnin off at the mouth  
Mickey Mouse spilled his guts  
He said, "They all drive Chevys and Cuts'"  
But they let him out without a doubt  
Nothin-ass nigga, he straight ratted us out

But since he sang such a good song  
The pigs even gave his ass a ride home  
The blind mice couldn't read braille  
They made him sit in the front seat, and drove him all over Vallejo  
Popo's gives up no slack, all through the dope tracks  
Lettin this shit really be known, jack  
To get a bit too far, kind of ridiculously  
Handed the rat some money, and said, "Nnow you work for me"  
He was all for the scratch, see, and just like a batch, gee  
The nigga played the role of a pussy  
Little old peck, crevas-faced faggot  
Nigga sold out, and now he wears a snitch jacket  
On the turf they wants to get with his p.g.  
But it'll draw too much heat, so they wait patiently  
He won't be seen no time soon  
Cause in the V-Town he's doomed  
Packed up and straight cut to susun  
Got in the grill with all the hoods and thugs  
Expressin, "I'm from the V-Town, duke 707"  
Niggas and bitches was trippin and shit, havin a fit  
He said, "I even know E-40 and the fuckin Click"  
They damn near shitted, boss  
Not knownin that the nigga was lyin his ass off  
Meanwhile, back in Vallejo  
Brothers gettin knocked for possession of sale  
The other races get away clean, brother  
But niggas, we always gotta rat on each other

A party jumps off on Blueberg Street  
Vallejo niggas in that muthafucka hella deep  
No funk, no static, nobody's thinkin about a war  
We got Grump in the house, Rhythm X, and hoes galore

Baththub full of liqor and wine  
M.D. 20/20, Ever Clear, and Rossi wine  
All the danksters gather up  
They play the five second game. hold it in, and get stupid stuck  
Hoes gettin poked in the backroom  
Fools goin home smellin like perfume  
Nothin but ballers from different towns  
A house full of Nino Browns  
Shootin pool, playin craps and dominos  
Niggas jackin off decks and five point o's  
It's all good, cause nobody gives a fuck  
But look who pops up  
(The nigga that talks, he's a bitch)  
Vallejo niggas yelled out (Snitch!)  
Mobbed his ass, beat him down to the dirt  
And straight went bezerk