

For The Rats

Haystak

I wonder why nobody ever did a song for you
It's like, you can't go out like you used to
Nobody really likes you
Now I know you didn't think I wasn't gunna say nothin'
Haha

This is for the rats
The ones that stab their main dudes in the backs
I wander how you even live life after that
Rats
How you sleep at night
How you convince yourself that what you did was right
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Now a rats not a snitch, and a snitch not a rat
A snitch is bad, but a rats much worse than that
A snitch'll bring your name up in interrogation
A rat'll wear a wire and gather information
A rat gets fat off the next mans crumbs
Without the next man
The rat'll be a bum
Stay cool off his air, warm off his heat
I've seen 'em borrow shoes off the next man's feet
Treated his closet like a clothin' store
He loved you so much
He'll go to war
With anybody for mistreatin' you
I heard people tell him, you need to watch lil' dude
Watch dude
Naw I need to be watchin' you
He tha truest lil' rider in tha crew
Haha
Well, uh we all know that ain't true
And I'll never know what dude saw in your

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Ain't that ya ace boon coon on nothin' but love
That's ya road dog right
I seen ya up in tha club
That's ya boy there

Ya number one dude
Well, uh why's he on tha witness stand pointin' at you

He showed up in a new suit, you showed up in cuffs
He drove somethin' foreign, you came in a bus
Remember he had been outta town and you took him to Key Largo
Had that lil' country boy eatin' at Scargo
You told him it was snails
He just said "so"
Getting shot gun shells
To get that dope

He was so tenacious, so courageous
It's like a brother that you never had
He ain't had no mom or dad
So you took him in
Showed him the right way
Took him to Vegas on his 21st birthday
You never woulda thought you'd see him
In a court room sittin' over there with them

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You in tha cell
He in tha suite
You on the rec yard
He on tha streets
He in tha club, takin' pictures, gettin' love
You lookin' at pictures of when you was in tha club
With tha Prada shades, Dolce and Gabana
Gucci from tha boutique, down in tha Bahamas
Now ya mama's on tha other side of that glass
And a hour visitation sure goes by fast

Tryin' to raise a son, over tha phone
Tellin' his mama, you don't wanna see her alone
Baby move on, ya need a man with paper
And when he come home, tha baby gunna have babies
Maybe he can deal with tha heart break sooner
If he just press 5 and hand tha phone to Junior
Everytime he say "daddy, when you comin' back"
All he can think about is killin' that rat

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Yeahh

There's a whole lot of y'all I can't give no shout out

Cause you might have like ongoing investigations with them people

I don't wanna get charged with

Interferin" in like, a federal, in whatever ya got

All you snitches

Snitchin' about baseball, snitchin' about tha streets

It's tha same thang

You playin' with a man livelihood and usually

It's somebody that tried to help you my brother