

Snitch

Joyner Lucas

Hey, let me clarify something for you
You're looking at a lot of fucking time
So this is completely up to you
We can do this the easy way (Snitch)
Or we can do it the hard way (Snitch)
I need some fucking information (Snitch)
And I need it, right now (Snitch)

This your motherfuckin' conscience, nigga don't even do it
Don't start actin' like a bitch 'cause you forgot where you goin'
You made choices that done put you here and now you just ruined
And I don't care 'bout why you did it or who got you influenced
Nah, don't listen to that nigga, that ain't good advice
If you cooperate then it's your chance to save your life
Just tell 'em what they wanna know, and you won't pay the price
Some would call it snitchin', but for me I call it make it right
Man fuck that "make it right shit", you gotta sit, do your bid
You should've thought about this shit, before you did what you did
Give a fuck about your family or your bitch or your kids
You either gon' respect the code or your gon' get what you give
Who gives a fuck about the codes? No one follow codes
We both know that jail ain't the place you wanna go
Somebody fuckin' on your bitch, you tryna call her phone
If I was you I'd tell them boys everything they wanna know
Psssh, okay, let's think about this, let's embrace it
Let's make an illustration
Let's say you switch up with it and bitch up and make a statement
Now niggas in jail, that nigga ain't tellin', had no snitch temptations
Now you might be free but you might get killed for givin' up information
And if you don't get killed then that's a wrap
Everybody gon' know you as a rat
Won't get no respect for the rest of your life, nobody will know you after that
You might just run but you never could hide
How long you hopin' that'll last, 'fore they catch you slippin' and give you somethin' that you know you had to have?
Fuck that, let's say you keep your mouth shut and take the blame for it
Now you need money on your books ain't no one payin' for it
No visitations or no letters, you've been waitin' for
That pussy you've been cravin' for, you may not get laid no more
And all them niggas that you call your brothers'll be ghost
The only one who got you is your mother if you close
A bunch of niggas screamin' free you and makin' post
No one show up to your trial, niggas pray that you get smoked
Man, please tell me you ain't 'bout to take this suckas advice?
Your kids'll grow up, knowin' that you just a sucka for life
Lackin' morals and integrity, it come with a price
And if you fold then you should know, that we ain't nothin' alike
And if you leavin' here tonight, you better cop a burner
Don't fuck around and be somebody ain't nobody heard of
Now here's your choice be a man or be somebody murdered
It's either you can take the stand or you'll be Bobby Shmurda
Free Bobby Shmurda (Shmurda, Shmurda, Shmurda, Shmurda)

Alright
So it was me, C-Dot, Killa, Rico and Vic
Cut the shit (Shit, shit, shit)

Who is Rico? Who is Vic? (Snitch)
I want their real names (Snitch)
Killa's name is Jonathan Taylor (Snitch)
And Rico's Michael McCormick (Snitch)
And Vic (Snitch), he was the person, pretty much
He was like the head of the operation
(Snitch (Snitch, snitch))
(Snitch (Snitch, snitch))
(Snitch (Snitch, snitch))
(Snitch (Snitch, snitch))
What's up now, nigga?
[*gunshot*]