

Ain't Allowed Where I'm From

Juicy J

These niggers dropping dimes, they some real snitches
The only dimes that I ever dropped was some bitches
I'ma cut some fingers, I'ma clip some tongues, cause
All that pouring and that talking ain't allowed where I'm from [X2]

Nigger stuck off in the fare, fucking with them bricks
His partners put them laws on him, over a bitch
These pussy nigger scared, don't wanna take they charge
They swear they hard but they softer then cotton balls
Real niggers go to jail and don't tell them nothing, true
Do that time, come back home then get back to hustling
We got everything for sale, but the kitchen sink
Keep my eyes on you snakes, I don't even blink
Boy you scared, you gonna tell them white folks everything, yes sir
To cut your time, you gonna give up errybody name
Snitching nigger you ain't straight, them folks gonna find you dead
Cut your tongue out your mouth then put one in your head

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The bigger the gun, the bigger the slug
The bigger the hole for doc to plug,
Hole in your head, I put you to sleep
Body not found, mama gon' weep
Droppin the dime, an runnin your mouth
Nowhere to run down in the south
[?] goons and [?]
I [?] your wig
[?] blowing on kush and sipping on hen
Forgive me father for your sin
[?] convicted felon back in the pen
[?] he looking for bread, he know that's a loss
[?] behind them bars, now you gon' squeal [?]

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Prime time snitching lies, got line twistin guys
Take the clic to make them flake no bind side in district 9
Trying to dodge prison time, all die for fishin by, smith and 9's, pow pow p
ow,
If you mention mine one put you in a scope, two clack then it's smoke,
three scoop you up and put yo body in an envelope,
4 send yo folks jus ya head chest guts now you leakin body stinkin up the Fe
d Ex truck,
and that fed pressure, makes the snitches wanna roast you,
they start droppin dimes like they coins miss the toll booth,
God as my witness man i swear to tell the whole truth,
where I'm from we gets it done and act like we don't know dude

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