

Snitches & Rats

Metro Boomin

Yeah, huh, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya (If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you)

Snitches and rats, snitches and rats
Snitches and rats, they all get whacked (Pussy)
He told on his brother (Pussy), his brother told back (Pussy)
They say that they twins, we call them Siamese rats (On God)
Snitches and rats (21), snitches and rats (21)
We snatchin' your jewelry (On God), and takin' your pack (Lil' bitch)
Snitches and rats (Pussy), snitches and rats (Pussy)
We cut off his tail and put slugs in his hat (Facts)

You talk on the internet, we talk in the street (21)
Kel-Tec .223, like D-Wade, I love my heat (21)
Glock 19 in the booth, it's on the seat (Pussy)
Black Air Force 1s in the field, them my cleats (Pussy)
Caught a rap nigga down bad
Now his ass in a body bag (Big facts)
Sound real tough when you makin' them songs
Where the fuck is your bodies at? (Pussy)
Say you want smoke with that Big 4L (21)
Where the fuck is your 'partments at? (21)
Been stepped on them, they ain't talkin' 'bout shit (Pussy)
Them niggas a welcome mat
Shawty was speakin' them facts (On God)
Shawty ain't talkin' to rats (On God)
Niggas know Nudy my twin
Playin' with cuz, a nigga get whacked (Facts)
You ain't gon' slide, you a ho, dawg (Pussy)
Spinned a nigga block, then we rode off (Pussy)
Young COUPE tryna up the score, dawg
Chevy was busy, so I took 4 God (21)

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Black and white gon' tell it, and you snitchin', pussy, I don't smell it
Real convicted felon, strapped up, loaded, shit, this lethal weapon (Lethal)
Bless you pussy niggas with this weapon, send you straight to heaven
Man, I pray to God you pussy niggas don't test me, I'm gon' bless you (For real)
Hope you niggas retaliate, don't tell them peoples or your mama (Damn)
Niggas like to dry snitch when shit get real, wanna go tell they mama
Got to keep this shit twenty-one hundred, don't you fold under pressure
Fuck your honor, you know they try to give you a hundred
Yeah, niggas be scared, they catchin' a hundred
Snitches and rats, we gon' feed him a hundred (Word)
I spent that money, blue cheese (Whew)
All these rap niggas gon' follow the cheese (Yeah)
Trade ones with my brudda, the other shit, you know we bust 'em (We bust 'em

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I don't fuckin' trust ya, if you ain't Metro, we gon' bust ya

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Roll the window down, squeeze

Fuck it, spin again while they grieve

7.6, .223s

Who copped deuces? Please