

# Confessions

Plies

Okay, then

This Plies, the new nigga over here at Slip-n-Slide Records  
I don't even make that kind of music, homeboy  
I've got something I want to share with you old police ass niggas  
Go ahead and run it, dog

You police ass niggas know you full of (confessions)  
And just when I thought loyalty meant something to you niggas  
That's when I found out it don't mean shit to you niggas (confessions)  
'Cause I done seen the realest niggas under pressure fold  
And run and tell them crackers everything they know (confessions)  
And when you pussy niggas tell it, y'all (tell it all)  
And how can y'all niggas live with snitching on your dog?  
That's why I don't fuck with y'all pussy ass niggas at all  
I've be done whacked one of you fuck niggas since you full of (confessions)

It ain't no secret, nigga, my freedom mean the world to me  
But dying a real nigga mean a little more to me  
That's why I don't fuck with y'all niggas 'cause we ain't built the same  
'Cause the fear of going to prison'll make you niggas sing  
If I ever tell on one of my dogs, I want a bitch to kill me  
'Cause if I ever turn that flaw, a bitch need to kill me  
When them crackers sentence you, nigga, they gave you 35  
And you told on your dogs, they knock off five  
Now you got 30 left, pussy nigga, that's still alive  
After you niggas tell on your dog, how you niggas sleep  
When you done violated the main code of the street?

(Confessions)

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And I don't believe in that bullshit 'bout pressure bust a pipe  
It ain't pressure, it's fuck niggas would bust a pipe  
When God made niggas, he forgot to give them loyalty  
'Cause a nigga ain't loyal to himself and these crackers know it  
That's why these crackers went and put conspiracy in the game  
They know if they get two of you fuck niggas, one of y'all all gon' sing  
How the last five indictments, ain't none of 'em went to trial?  
'Cause these pussy niggas telling 'fore they even get downtown  
These crackers send you niggas to prison without even spending money  
I'm going to trial, cracker, you at least gon' spend your money on me  
A nigga told me he snitched so he can get home to his kids  
But when you was out, nigga, you ain't do shit for your kids  
'Cause you on 24's? Nigga, that don't impress me  
I know some niggas on 24's, that's the police  
The nigga that took his bid, they didn't tell on his dog, that's what impres  
sed me  
So the next time he call you from prison, tell him Plies said

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And there ain't no need for you looking out the window, homeboy  
Or looking off like I ain't talking to you  
If you done snitched on a nigga, boy, I hope it hit you right in your heart,  
my nigga  
How these crackers got y'all niggas telling on niggas that y'all done grew u  
p with from the dirt?  
Niggas y'all done shot and mobbing with?  
Nigga, you knew you couldn't do no motherfucking time  
What the fuck you got in the game for?  
I don't understand you niggas out here  
And for the niggas out here in the streets that call yourselves thugging:  
How y'all ain't murking none of these fuck niggas that done did your homeboy  
s and then told on your people?  
What's up, man, the streets done got soft?  
Man, this Plies, my nigga  
The new nigga over here at Slip-N-Slide Records  
And I'm dropping classics on other niggas' shit  
Y'all better fuck with a nigga, boy

(Confessions)

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confessions, confessions, confessions)