

Scarface f/ Beanie Sigel, The Game

"Never Snitch"

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[Scarface]

Niggaz forget about the streets but when they rap they songs

They claim they tote the heat, they quick to clap they guns

In interviews be braggin bout the crack they slung

But when it's war, these cowards never blast, they run

The fuck you think you foolin dog? I live this shit

I know it when niggaz fake it - I live this shit

You can front it all you want but when yo ass gets hot

Then you can rest assured nigga - yo ass gets got

I'm sayin that to say this - I can plot those hits

I'm connected in every city on capo shit

I ain't even gotta say these niggaz know my ties

A nigga made, therefore whoever cross gon die

Money changin motherfuckers, makin hoes grow nuts

You a bad motherfucker, you don't give no fuck

Let me snap you back to reality dude, shit's real

You a target, niggaz in Houston want you killed

Facemob until it's over, Southside the pipes

Dirty Third in this bitch, J. Prince for life

Dedicated to these niggaz live and breathe that shit

Let the real niggaz shout it out, scream that shit

[Chorus - Scarface]

I never snitch, I never lie

I'm not a bitch, I rather die

Can't nothin change me, not even time

I make the money, money don't make me a dime (x2)

[Beanie Siegel]

Facemob! Yeah

B. Sieg baby, I'm back up in this bitch like what

Fresh out the pen, once again I'm here to grab my nuts

I am hell for real - you doubt it nigga? call my bluff

Only respect men that's real, you coward rat-ass fucks

Who raised you niggaz? Yo father probably hate yo guts

Mad he didn't double up, and that Lifestyle bust

Ya lifestyle fucked, ya duckin, every corner tryna clap at you

Plus fuck ya mother, the bitch ain't shit for havin you
What? If you don't like what I'm sayin, fuck ya attitude
Same lame probably showed these rap niggaz
gratitude
Huh, happy they ain't snitch on you
Must I remind yo monkey ass what a bitch might do?
They act like they got yo back to infiltrate yo rest
Then have you talkin +Through The Wire+ like Kanye
West
To all my real niggaz trapped homey, mind yo tongues
Cuz these cowards comin home after firin they ones (?)
I never snitch

[Chorus x2]

[The Game]

Snitch niggaz, bitch niggaz, they all the same face
No matter what hole you crawl in, nigga you ain't safe
All you niggaz is rats, nicknamed Jake
Sam, Curtis or Alpo belong in the same place
A penitentiary cell block gettin gang raped
Coward motherfucker, now tell me how my name taste
I leave you bleedin like ya period came late
Red bandana on, call that my Game Face
Niggaz come in all shapes
Some snitches wear Reeboks, some wear Bathing Apes
Sometimes they Crip niggaz, other times Piru
And some snitch niggaz look just like you
I promise to never snitch, like some of my homies
G-Rock, B-Mase, and O.G. Tony
Before I have the police run in ya house
I kiss my son on the cheek and put the gun in my
mouth, motherfuckers

[Chorus to fade]

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