

Southside Playaz f/ Godfather

"Live to Tell"

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(*talking*)

Worldwide can feel us, fucking squealers
Southside drug dealers, niggaz know us
Southside Playaz, sit down at the table 2000
Any nigga sitting down huh, getting checks
All the details, acting like some fucking females
Bitch go count a nigga money, simp ass nigga

[Godfather]

You rapping gift of gabbing, got the F.B.I. plotting
Got H-Town hot, like the banging in Watts
Trying to take me from my kids, you hot in a cot
Got prices on your head, your life about to get bought
24 hours, is definite you get shot
My homegirl fucked you, that's just the point of the plot
Me and Pablo, doing devilish shit like Diablo
Tyte Eyez out the gate, I got legitimate weight
Mike D called me up, said some nigga was squealing
Giving FED's photography, nigga street biographies
Told Clay-Doe, was flying birds through Luado
They said 3-2, was connected with some people
This nigga see through, rope him up smoke him up
Catch him coming home from the club drunk, and
murdered the punk
Throw him in the trunk, all about that snitching shit
Who we copping from, who we in the kitchen with

[Hook - 2x]

You might not live to tell, (oh well)
These niggaz scared of jail, (like hell)
Telling everything they know, (like hoes)
You think it's all gravy, (well bitch you gotta go)

[Mr. 3-2]

Nigga own up to your case, and take your fucking
charge
Don't be a coward motherfucker, when them laws snap
the corde
He found barred that's infinity, you better open your
mouth
Don't be scared till the bitch die, to hit that jail house

In the South it done got hot, federal agents don't love
us
My boys is selling they soul, running they dick suckers
Like Kilo and Little Man, the game done went deeper
Hope they know that it's over with, if they ever hit the
streets
Some shit you keep to yourself, and take it to the grave
You bit your tongue put to your throat, for information
that you gave
I can't save no snitch, and give em no kinda hassle
Let them words that you told, nigga be your last

[Hook - 2x]

[Clay-Doe]

I knew this candy and a hook up, ain't good with sorese
Had his peeky at the street, off bout a hundred a week
At least boss balling, motherfucker was paid
Use to take me to his crib, man bitch was laid
Then here come the raid, next to interrogation
On fo' hundred a gram, don't even care bout probation
Now nigga I ain't crazy, I ain't no god damn fool
If you told me that shit, I woulda shot you too
I immediately knew, what I had to do
Took him up to his crib, had a bag by his pool
Told that nigga I had a surprise, and then I showed him
Looked that nigga in his eyes, and then I told him

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

I know this nigga from the hood, use to juggle them
goods
A stand up cat, did his dirt in the woods
Took him from a fifty packer, to a kilo stacker
Block bleeder fa sho, full time Columbian jacker
Took hood money to good money, put me in the studio
Wish I woulda knew then, how this dirty game go
Nigga you think don't fold, go out like hoes
Pressure bust the pipe, this nigga sold his soul
Tied the whole click in, during interrogation
Turned a three brick hit, to a 21 vacation
Knowing you hit the streets, your ghetto pass is void
Put fifty in that

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