

Chamillionaire f/ Bun B**"No Snitchin"**

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[Chorus: Bun B]

This is for my gangstas, real niggaz, ballas, trill niggaz
Northside, Southside, chunk ya deuce up
This is for my gangstas, real niggaz, ballas, trill niggaz
Eastside, Westside, chunk ya deuce up

[Verse 1]

Plenty niggaz get they head turned red for the bread
Start off with the information, load it up in ya head
Couldn't hold it, so it turned out its sumthin' he said
What he tell the FEDS (need someone to call)
Your decision was to snitchin' and they was there to
listen
When he told what he know, said they barely was
trippin'
Less time, now the niggaz in a better position
Unless you count the fact that the streets know he was
snitchin'
He was lookin at a 30 but he only did 10
how them years turn to months, can he tell you dat,
and
He ain't really gotta answer, just the sweat in his hands
Will he make it out to make it, hmmm well it depends
Everybody know the info you was tellin ya friends
Plus the streets know the deals that you made with the
pen
Russian Roulette, yep nigga bet the barrel will spin
You hear that, yea nigga thats the sound of revenge

[Hook: Chamillionaire]

Walk down the right road, cause the streets is so cold
You betta take ya life slow or you'll miss it
Listen to the G-Code
If you know what I know
Then you'll keep yo mouth closed (keep ur mouth
closed nigga)
We don't tolerate snitches

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

If you gon live that crime life, I hope you hold dat 9
tight
You live life like a pussy then thats prolly what you'll die
like
I neva eva loved a sucka, them ain't really my type
Rats, snakes, yea mayne the game is full of wildlife
Don't wanna do no time right?
You wanna live that high life
Like go withdrawl, have a hundred thousand in ya eye
sight
Enter ya crib, see the clouds peepin' through ya
skylight
You be a copycat, (cat) cause mine right
Thats what he told me but I didn't listen
Doin crime for a dime wasnt my intention
You insane, think his name sumthin' I will mention
Only snitches (need someone to tell)
Alotta niggaz in the game, hustlin' doin they thing
Usin codes on the phone with unusual slang
If you know what he know then you won't say a thing
You wouldn't need someone to tell
Careful bout the life you lead, ain't smart with ya life
you plead, the streets will ignite ya T
like you ain't got the right to breathe
(Cough) To choke on the realness
reality is what the fake don't know how to deal with
Words leak from the teeth, but he'll say seal it
Then go get a undercover brother he can chill with
Find a nigga that be hustlin to make a deal with
But the streets will hold court for him and'll deal with it

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

This for the G's, street jugglin, movin the fire
When you talkin' what you talkin' it ain't through the
wire
Police pull you over, now they callin' you a liar
You got amnesia, don't even know the dude beside ya
You don't know, you ain't sayin, you ain't heard what he
said
Told you a closed mouth ain't gon neva get fed
A open mouth'll get you county instead of the FEDS
Some scared niggaz speak up so they'll be less in the
red
Niggaz can't deal with no 9 to 5 so they day-to-day
budgeters
Its the hustlers that get put away by the customers
You upstate, niggaz use to be southerners

Here the streets make the laws and don't answer the
governors
We the niggaz thats too real to snitch on a snitch
But make a snitch turn to poof with a flick of the wrist
That ain't gon get in arguments, just go get you a clip
And they gon think about the consequences, let 'em
repent

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Talking]

Man hold up, you a real nigga and you ain't got nuthin
to say
when they come question you, just keep it 100
and go ahead and chunk ya deuce up

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