

Obie Trice f/ Akon, Eminem "Snitch"

Visit "[Snitch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Obie Trice] + (Eminem) {Akon}
{Convict}
(Yeah, SHADY)
{Convict Music}
(Guess who's back)
Still here, haters
{Akon & Obie Trice, Yeah}
Whatcha gonna do it with it, A?
Whatcha gonna do?
{Take em on back to the streets}

[Chorus: Akon]
I keep the 40 cal on my side
Steppin with the mindstate of the mobster
See a nigga pass by
Tuck your chain in cause he might rob ya
Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale
Anything you need, believe me, I'm gon lace you
Just don't whatever you do, Snitch
Cause you will get hit, pray I don't lace you, yeah

[Obie Trice]
It's risky, the bitch tend to rise out a nigga
It's history, Snitch, who decided he's a member
Once he got pinched, coincided with law
Same homie say he lay it down for the boy
Brought game squad around ours
How could it be? Been homies since Superman draws
Only foniness never came to par
He had us, a true neighborhood actor
Had his back with K's
Now we see through him like X-Ray's
Cuffed in that Adam car
No matter, his loss, we at him, it's war
Knowing not to cross those resevoir dogs
You helped plant seeds just to be a vegetable
When we invest in team, it's to the death fo sho
No ex and oh's, tex calicos
Aim at your chest nicca

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

We started out as a crew, in one speak, it's all honest
Private conferences when we eat, Benihana's
Recondences when we peep enemies on us
Been on these corners, sellin like anything on us
Knowing heaven has shown us being devil's minors
That ain't got shit to do with the tea in China
We gon keep the grind up til death come find us
Meanwhile in them European whips reclined up
It's an eye for an eye for the riders
We ain't trying to get locked up, we soul survivors
Po Pos is cowards, there's no you, it's ours
We vow this, mixing yayo with soda powder
Who woulda known he would fold and cower
Once the captain showed, he sold whole McDonalds
So no exs and ohs, tex calicos
Aim at your chest nicca

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

Nowadays, Sammy Da Bull's got the game full
So he move to a rural area to keep cool
He snitchin on a snitch now, there's nothin to tell
Nowadays, your circles should be small as hell
Ain't tryin to meet new faces, this don't interest me
Even if we bubble slow, we'll get it eventually
No penitentiary, there will be no climacy
You will meet the lowest snitch in given us a century
These cats is rats now, the streets need decon
That's how they react now, weak when the heat's on em
Stop snitchin, you asked for the life your living
This act is not permitted, Nowhere on the map, It is
Forbidden to send a nigga to prison if you been in it
Along with em and then snitch and become hidden
So it's no exs and ohs, techs calicos
Aim at your chest nicca

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

You rat bastard

Visit [Obie Trice f/ Akon, Eminem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.