

Head Arabic

"Dry Snitch"

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[Smack Man]

Here's the science, it seem like yesterday to me
H.N.B. robbery, in Manhattan for currency
Sittin up in the crib, drawin out a map
On where security was gon leave the door open at
Park the van around back, the M.P. jet black
We should be in and out 60 seconds flat
So son what's the deal? He ain't takin his route
He rather stay home like a bitch, and have a allaby
What his cut look like, he think he takin half
While we do all the dirt, he sit home on his ass
I got a funny feeling son, somethin just ain't right
Kinda glad I didn't go wit Rum and them that night
And sure enough nigga, you best to believe
Duke snitched under the hot light, like steady people
Wit a vote than a Clinton, Rum and me
Him in cell 2, and me in cell 3

[Chorus: Steele]

Now some of these niggas are bitches too
And some of these niggas look just like you
So if you ever been bit by a snake
Take a minute to think if you can truly trust the click you
click wit

[Tek]

Me off the job would of been easy, if son wouldn't have
been greedy
I told him to parle, cuz he one high jet speedin
Laughin, countin, tryin to play with money he ain't got
No knowledge of himself, and the trigger gave him
heart
He just finish biddin, some remote federal prison
D said he was quotin niggas, word to word shittin
To get a light of sense, evedent as I remember
When Dunn Dunn got knocked, I just seen him last
summer
At Soul In The Hole, it was a King E. King game
First time out his crib, the kid got body, he got blamed
For being the last one seen, fleein from the scene
Walk was with him up there, he said Duke was held

obscene

On some in and out a cell, C.O. slayed him on his mail

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