

## Chamillionaire "No Snitchin'"

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He needs, he needs  
He needs someone to call

This is for my gangstas, real niggas, ballas, trill niggas  
North side, South side, chunk ya deuce up  
Gangstas, real niggas, ballas, trill niggas  
East side, West side, chunk ya deuce up

Plenty niggas get they head turned red for da bread  
They start off with da information load it up in ya head  
Couldn't hold it so it turned out it's somethin' he said  
Wut he tell da Feds he need someone to call

Yeah, your decision was to snitch and they was there to  
listen  
When he told what he know said they barely was  
trippin'  
Less time now da niggas 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 your 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, mmm 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 that's the sound of revenge

Walk down the right road 'cuz the streets are so cold  
You betta take ya life slow or you'll miss it  
Listen to da G-Code if you know what I know  
Then you'll keep yo mouth closed we dont tolerate  
snitches

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East side, West side chunk ya deuce up

If you gon' live that crime life I hope you hold dat 9  
tight  
You live life like a pussy then dat's probably what you  
die like  
I neva eva loved a sucka them ain't really my type  
Rat snakes yea Mayne the game is full of wild-life

Don't wanna do no time right? You wanna live that high  
life  
Like go withdrawal have a hundred thousand in ya eye  
sight  
Enter ya crib see the clouds peepin' through ya skylight  
You be a copycat [Incomprehensible] , 'cuz mine right

That's what he told me but I didn't listen  
Doin' crime for a dime wasn't my intention  
You insane think his name sumin' I will mention  
Only snitches need someone to tell

A lot a niggas in the game hustlin' doin' they thing  
Usin' codes on the phone with they usual 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  
To choke on da 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

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This for the G's street jugglin' move da 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  
Now a open mouth'll get you county instead of the Feds  
Some scared niggas speak up so they'll be less in the  
red

Niggas can't deal with no 95 so they day-to-day  
budgeters  
It's the hustlers that get put away by the customers  
Upway you're upstate, niggas use to be southerners  
Here the streets make the laws and don't answer the  
governors

We're the niggas that's too real to even snitch on a  
snitch  
But make a snitch turn to puff 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

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Chunk ya deuce up, chunk ya deuce up

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 on ahead and  
Chunk ya deuce up

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