

Cocoa Brovaz "Dry Snitch"

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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 alibi

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

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

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, evident 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
His family got banked, he out on 200 foul bail
Myself I don't trust, and that's ya man, so you bust him
'Cuz every man, know a dead man don't answer
questions

It was all love, when push came to shove
I had back, till one kid got clapped
They lock G, for conspiracy
He turn around tryin rattle me, Arabic

I know about this type of shit, snitches do exist
To all my dunn, holdin' guns
Gettin' funds, watch ya self
Thru most of ya crimes by delf

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She said she love me, but she took me for granted,
when she panic
Flip the whole street, to some shit I couldn't handle it
From my man from up the hill, what the deal?
The block is heatin' up, and I need to cop steel

Come and see me, come bring dough 'cuz, I can't
afford a freebie
And come alone son, 'cuz cats know to be snitchin' on
TV
Be easy, I'm out but my love wanna tease me
Shorty want some attention, not to mention wanna
please me

Hold tight, I'll be back in a flash, don't worry
You got money honey, stop actin' funny
Out the door, to care of my B.I.Z.
And I know this muthafuckas that's eyein' me

Is it a set-up, I peel but I make a detour
And come back, and see my shorty talkin' wit the law
I witnessed her trappin' 'bout my business
Where I be goin', who I know in the industry

She sex me good, but I should of known
Come into this world alone

Leave this world alone
Word is bond

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