

Crooked I

"Quit Snitchin'"

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[Talking]

Whoo! Y'all know we had to flip this shit right
We to ghetto to let this one sneak past us
Fuck that! Ey Vegas, let's tell 'em what we say
Evrytime we see a stool pigeon rat..

[Intro:2X]

Don't snitch, don't be a bitch
West Coast let's get rich
Flood the industry wit' gangsta hits
Smack some ass and grab some tits
Don't snitch, don't be a bitch
East Coast let's get rich
Flood the industry wit' gangsta hits
Smack some ass and grab some tits..

[Verse 1]

What's it all about?
You dudes can't come out the house
Made to many enemies, you runnin' ya mouth
Now you on lock down, sittin' on the couch
Talkin' to cops you need really to cut it out man
Picture Crooked I lovin' a snake, you get robbed for
dough
You get shot fo' sho' youknow
That ain't gangsta you son of a bitch
Givin' cops the info they not suppose to know
And they own evry block from coast to coast
Tellin' on who ever cock and grows the most
Send a nigger up the river if a snitch is around
You better lock and close ya doors
See I'ma rep my city for ever, yeah
Roll wips on 20's or better
Pointin' many machine guns, semi-auto beretta
And my enemies sweater like gimme the cheddar,
yeah
Crooked live illegal as hell
Send a couple kites to my people in jail
Think about this when you readin' your mail
These niggaz be eager to tell..

[Chorus:2X]

See I been hopin' and wishin'
All you rappers Quit Snitchin'
Always talkin' to the police
Tryena send my homeboyz to prison
That ain't good where I'm from
Whoever hang around you is dumb
Cuz they know you work wit' the po-po
Crooked I, ain't the one..

[Verse 2]

Now I done seen you on the TV-screen
Snitchin' to cops, you was on channel 13
Now you try to say that you the west coast king
What tha fuck does this skinny nigga mean
Sold out cheap, you won't play ya own team
Shoulda let me out ya whole little scean
Mention my name and when you see me better swing
Talkin' 'bout peace in the Source magazine
Nope, to late for that, I wanna brake your back
I can't wait to swap??, catch you in the alley
Just to snake and rat you better face the fact
You ain't gangsta rap, you a federalÃ©
Need to live by the code of the street
I think about you when I'm loadin' my heat
But I'd rather thow blows to ya teeth
Cuz I was always talkin', shootin' hoe's is weak

I'm still feelin adrenaline with the pistol when I'm
peel'em
then kill'em like a villian with the penicillin when the
bullets...drillin'em
spinnin'em a whole round and I'm peelin'em
the villain is willin'em to keep beef to a minimum

WOO!

Crooked I's the one
Snitch ass niggaz need to hide and run
Go to the club and we ride wit' guns
But really though we just wanna have fun..

[Chorus:2X]

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