

Crowded House

"Snitchaz"

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Shit, how man of y'all niggas out there know snitches
Shit, I know this one snitch know what I mean
Snitched on everybody, got everybody caught up
In some shit he ain't even have to open his mouth to
So now he gotta die, ha ha

[Verse 1]

Fo' fo' and 357 they cocked and ready
Switchblades, machetes they chop down the fetti
Shit get heavy, knew a nigga name Shawn
Who snitched on everybody so he dropped a dime
Told him about the murders and robberies
Snitchin' and tellin' about some real niggas
Who done pulled the trigger
Now the whole hood's up for grabs
Stab niggas in the back now he's out for Daz
Ha, dude say my name don't discuss my business
Around this nigga he'll rat, get capped for that
So we plot and plan the murder to kill a man
So I guess the man's fate lies in my hand
I pull a pin back and the nigga get hauled off
Blew his fuckin' brains off, twelve gauge sawed-off
One wish you could die for this
Niggas die for, the die for this

[Chorus (With "Snitches" being whispered in the background) x2]

Which way did he run
Little did they know he was gonna get this gun
Livin' life for the fun

[Verse 2]

In the street, shit get deep, niggas compete
To put heads to sleep, just watch all the beef
All the creep when the money get took
It's on the book, ain't no comeback when O's get
cooked
They say who done that, the mystery
Hoes involved who tried to ball
Who caught the shot in the pen and made em' take a
fall

This a no-brainers, seeds get planted and they blossom
Big smiles and hugs niggas they playin' possum
Grimey ones, scope niggas for all they shiney ones
Comin' out they glove or they jacket with a tiny gun
Frontin' for some project hoes
Playas keep ya jewels tucked when ya come through scuff
Niggas snitches

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

It's snitches everywhere I look from Alabama to the West
Keepin' Tha Commissiona stressed for scrilla
Stuck for the rest of ya life nigga
Livin' the rest of ya life misunderstood
Not knowin' ya friend is ya foe
I seen it before in the ghetto where they will pack metal
Ghetto kids watch tv with only five channels
Caught in this slum life
I'm abortin' this shit for the real and fake
Rich and the broke, man now a days ya just can't cope
Take the whole world for a joke
And at the end of ya rope
I spooted you many times on blocks sellin' dope
I done hoped and bubbled on top, richer than Bob Hope
Takin' a leave when I see it in ya eyes
As you approach in a doja cloud
Tryin' to hustle up for a smoke
Nigga you should be ashamed the way ya usin' ya name
Puttin' black eyes in the game
You should be out of the game
Nigga it's snitches everywhere I look ain't shit changed

[Verse 4]

Now feel the motherfuckin' vibe as I burst the flames
They on this shit worldwide
The whole world was tight on slang
Sell rhymes like the undergrounds of caine
When I'm deliverin' pain, fatal lyrics to ya brain
I will train ya mind and design ya with sights to see the real
No appeals, you in the world with lots to live for real
I feel it'll probably be a thrill, with a couple of mill
With a Lex on twenty inch chets for me to wheel
But I'd rather have a couple of mill
Break the fam straight and leave em' with a spot in the hills

The deal is sealed
Still I hustle hard cause the cash is straight
Complete the album, gon' let the streets blast the tape
Stashed away, I no they phony ass will hate
But that's great cause niggas that's fake we
assassinate
Graduated and got infatuated with the click though
A wiseman turned schizo and get low

[Chorus x4]

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