

## Trey Songz "It's Songz Snitches"

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[Trey Songz: Talking]

Aye Swizz, you should'a put me on this

Let's go

SONGZ!

[Verse 1:]

Chillin in the Rova, listenin' to Hova

Dirt up off of my shoulder, she dig it like a golfer

Fitted on lean, while I'm sippin on lean

Feelin on me while she drink it like a soda

Freeeze, freeeze

Tell the fellas it's ova, tell em' he hella colder

They ain't better than me, hell, I be frozen over

I am never to be thought of nothing but soilder

Yup, third degree track, put in the toaster, burt

You could, you could, you could

You could light a match on that, I could put stacks on  
that

Fact is that, I am like a candle

Burn like wax on tracks

This man to break a nigga back on tracks

Relax for what? I'm a ball till I fall, then I'm right back up

White slacked up, Louie V sneakers

Singin to the bitches and spittin like either

[Hook:]

Freeze

You know who it is

It's Songz Nigga

[Verse 2:]

Virginia on my back like a spine

Spend ten stacks like a dime

Put the prince back in his time

To bring sense back in the rhymes

A lot of dudes spit, but it's few that's intense

Like they missin they mind, and they slip out, I climb

Aye, get a grip, catch a line

I'm pullin on piff all the time, come and get a wiff

All the dummys in this bitch get live

Whatever I'm lackin, I'm a get mine

There's room for growth, and I'm finna get wide  
There's room to boast, and I'm finna get fly  
I speak the truth, while a lot of dudes lie  
Tell me what you would do if you had to survive  
I could eat the booth, a lot of dudes would die, not I

Who wanna test me?

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