

# Trey Songz "Itz Songz Snitches"

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## "Itz Songz Snitches"

*[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  
Freeze, freeze  
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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