

Haystack

"For Tha Rats"

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Artist: Haystak Mak Million

Album: Hard 2 Love

Song: For Tha Rats

(Haystak Mak's Intro)

I wander why nobody ever did a song for you?
It's like, you can't go out like you used to.
Nobody really likes you.
Now I know you didn't think I wasn't gonna say nothin'..
HaHa!

(Chorus X 2)

This is for the rats
The ones that stab their main dudes in the backs.
I wander how you even live life after that.
Rats!!
How you sleep at night?
How you convince yourself that what you did was right?

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Now a rats not a snitch & a snitch not a rat.
A snitch bad, but a rats much worse than that.
A snitch'll bring your name up in interrogation,
A rat'll wear a wire & gather information.
A rat gets fat off the next mans crumbs,
Without the next man,
The rat'll be a bum!
Stay cool off his air, warm off his heat.
I've seen 'em borrow shoes off the next man's feet.
Treated his closet like a clothin' store.
He loved you so much,
He'll go to war,
With anybody for mistreatin' you.

I heard people tell him, you need to watch lil' dude.
Watch dude?
Naw I need to be watchin' you,
He tha truest lil' rider in tha crew. HaHa!
Well uh we all know that ain't true & I'll never know what
dude saw in you.

(Chorus X 2)

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Ain't that ya ace boon coon on nothin' but love?
That's ya road dog right?
I seen ya up in tha club.
That's ya boy there,
Ya # 1 dude.
Well uh why's he on tha witness stand pointin' at you?

He showed up in a new suit, you showed up in cuffs.
He drove somethin' foreign, you came in a bus.
Remember he had been outta town & you took him to
Key Largo,
Had that lil' country boy eatin' at Scargo.
You told him it was snails,

He just said "so".
Getting shot gun shells,
To get that dope.

He was so tenacious, so courageous.
It's like a brother that you never had,
He ain't had no mom or dad,
So you took him in,
Showed him the right way,
Took him to Vegas on his 21st birthday.
You never woulda thought you'd see him,
In a court room sittin' over there with them.

(Chorus X 2)

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You in tha cell.
He in tha suite.
You on the rec yard.
He on tha streets.
He in tha club, takin' pictures, getting' love.
You lookin' at pictures of when you was in tha club,
With tha Prada shades, Dochi & Gabbana,
Gucci from tha boutique, down in tha Bahamas.
Now ya mama's on tha other side of that glass,
& a hour visitation sure goes by fast.

Tryin' to raise a son, over tha phone,
Tellin' his mama, you don't wanna see her alone.
Baby move on, ya need a man with paper,
& when he come home, tha baby gunna have babies.
Maybe he can deal with tha heart break sooner,
if he just press 5 & hand tha phone to Junior.
Everytime he say "daddy, when you comin' back,"
All he can think about is killin' that rat!

(Chorus X 2)

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(Haystak Mak Shout Out)

Yeahh! There's a whole lot of ya'll I can't give no
shout out 'cause you might have like ongoing
investigations
with them people. I don't wanna get charged with
interferin'
in like a federal in whatever ya got.

All you snitches, snitchin' about baseball, snitchin'
about tha streets
It's tha same thang!
You playin' with a man livelihood & usually it's
somebody
that tried to help you my brother!

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