

## **Jam % Spoon F/ Plavka**

### **"Snitchaz"**

Visit "[Snitchaz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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]

Visit [Jam % Spoon F/ Plavka](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.