

The Lox

"Everybody Wanna Rat"

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Hey yo, it's fucked up, in your right hand
Flash his badge with his left hand on some Donnie
Brascoe shit
Forget about it, made men, should hang with made
men
Not the wife and children, that's when rats come in

It be your girl in the parlor, talking like shit rich
And next to her, gettin' her nails done is your enemy's
bitch
Now you stuck 'cuz she in there, leaking, speaking
Not knowing, she being followed on the decan

Niggas talk to feds like, it's a sport
Lord, forbid the head nigga get caught
And watch the whole family tree break down, faster
than you thought
I watch the nigga with my own eyes get knocked, no
doubt

Next week he outside front, how he get out?
Now that's guapo, nigga moved his family talk
[Incomprehensible]
Mexico for safety you get twist for that sammy shit
Thinking that you threw with the feds and all that

That's when they got you, just like that kid from
Strapped
I stay clear to mumblers who mumble to the cops
Brick fumblers who just want a nigga popped
But the only thing I pop is my burners in the dark

Yo, it's like that cha'll, time to stack y'all
Nowadays everybody wanna rat cha'll
And it don't even matter where you at cha'll
When the feds come and get you, that's that cha'll

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Fake lieuteno on a sing, make a demo
Switch up ya ammo, fill out the memo
Now, you got the dogs locked up in the kennel
Rat, talking to the cops like that
On a 3-4 P, you can't cop like that

You ain't have a chance, fly from Japan
Talk to the judge, get you out the can
My man had the same case, that's my word
Spent three years in the same place, he still there
Came down for a pill, it was still real there

Money came between us, know you seen us
Move like the teamsters in the beamers
Get blacked down and hit the cleaners
Feds know everything, who bled and everything

Before we got red, honey's giving us head
Heroin and guns is on the files of Styles
But they came in the crib, lifting the towel
Heard the Sergeant scream out, "Start stripping the
child"

And they blew down the door [Incomprehensible]
snitching involved
Wonder who? A boss, or a nigga under you
Probably figure it out when you sit for one or two
Six months in bail is how you catch a snail
Moving real slow, tryin' to steal dough

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Lies to the story, mine's yours and the truth
What you talk for? They ain't even had no proof
But you play this street business all in the street
To visit him now, you gotta drive for a week

What you expect? Messing with the guard so tough
Fuck calling his bluff, they made him put his cards up
Your hands, your wrists and neck was rocked up
Now 23 hours a day you locked up

Your girl, she out in the world, knocked up

By some cat you supposed that shot up
Man enough to eat steak wit 'em, get cake 'em
But you scared to go upstate wit 'em

Where you going? You won't get good sleep no more
See, the street no more or skeet no more
Ride around in the P with the heat no more
From top to not even on your feet no more

'Fore they gave ya any time, you spoke your mind
Since they giving out jerseys, get on line
For your football numbers, wanna take us all under
What happened to shorty? They gave him tall numbers
I don't think so, I don't think so either
But he told 'em, every thing he knew and made
'Em hit the [Incomprehensible]

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