

Lil' O f/ U.G.K. "Who's Snitching"

Visit "[Who's Snitching](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

3rd Coast what, know I'm tal'n bout uh
Smoke some'ing, hol' up

[Lil' O]

Man I rush you, two glocks drawn and bust you
You a lil' nigga I'm heavyweight, I'll crush you
Touch you, right in front of your partnas like fuck you
And won't nan one them niggaz say shit, I hush fools
When they see what I pack, they say damn who is that
It made that nigga sounding soft, flipped and land on
his back
And we don't want none of that, mayn fuck that nigga
We wasn't close anyways, I had to bust that nigga
Quick to do a 1-8-7, on niggaz tattle telling
Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, put seven in his melon
Then hopped into the Lac, then I'm bailing
But that's what he get, for fucking round with these
felons
Cause you a snitch, true this ass nigga
Grab the ski mask, and come do your ass nigga
And really I don't give a damn who you is nigga, cause
I'm way too raw
See you bump you dick suckers, man I bump boys off

[Hook]

Someone snitching to the laws, we gon hang that snitch
Straight bang that bitch, cause we trying to get rich
Ain't no time for no haters, being all in our mix
We gon hang that snitch, straight bang that bitch

[Pimp C]

I'm gripping the grain, buying a sweets
Playing with candy toys, I'm staying strapped with the
heat
The dime to the nickel, and the nickel to the dime
Boys is talking down, but I'm still busting for mine
He done got one, he back on the streets told em I was
top gun
Now they planning the Sweet, and now the
motherfucking FED's

They got, the phone tapped
But when them bitches get here, you gon be full of hot
caps
And it ain't all about this rap, it's all about the snaps
The syrup and the sap, I left the shit off in his lap
I had to bust a cap, now give a nigga dap
Man fuck them niggaz telling, all them bitches take a
nap
The police in Port Arthur, they hate a nigga guts
But deep down in my soul, they could eat a nigga nuts
They try to set us up, but my mouth never budge
Dedicated to my niggaz, doing forty behind drugs

[Hook]

Someone snitching to the laws, we gon hang that bitch
Straight bang that bitch, cause we trying to get rich
Ain't no time for no haters, being all in our mix
We gon hang that snitch, straight bang that bitch
Dog this boy I know too much, cause we got tagged
quick
Let's hang that snitch, straight bang that bitch
Have him sleeping with the fish, for fucking over the
click
We gon hang that snitch, straight bang that bitch

[Bun B]

Yes we are the jet setters, go-getters and chest wetters
The fo' head sweaters, with big black ass barettas
The Dr. Feel-Good's, with the real good connections
On political election, and cocaine importation
With the coast guard protection, and china white
distribution
All through your section, fifteen woman selection
For whom, I got no affection
But help me keep my erection, with no plexing
I guess I'm just another clowning ass Texan, diamond
teeth grilling
Pivet relaxing, texting hoes sexing
Jazzy belts flexing, next in line
In the book, to be the made men
Getting high in hotel rooms, Kapone stayed in
That Gotti played in, and Clinton got laid in Marion got
high in
And Bun got paid in, so soon as the big broad sang
I pull this thang, and leave your ass bang

[Hook]

(*talking*)

Yeah fresh, (for 9-9) you hater ha-ha
Huh UGK and Lil' O, (Lil' motherfucking O)

We done wrecked it, promised we done wrecked this
motherfucker
(hol' up) man hold up, (we gone) later

Visit [Lil' O f/ U.G.K.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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