

# Cocoa Brovaz, Dry Snitch

(Smack Man)

Here's the science, it seem like yesterday to me  
H.N.B. robbery, in Manhattan for currency  
Sittin up in the crib, drawin out a map  
On where security was gon leave the door open at  
Park the van around back, the M.P. jet black  
We should be in and out 60 seconds flat  
So son what's the deal? He ain't takin his route  
He rather stay home like a bitch, and have a allaby  
What his cut look like, he think he takin half  
While we do all the dirt, he sit home on his ass  
I got a funny feeling son, somethin just ain't right  
Kinda glad I didn't go wit Rum and them that night  
And sure enough nigga, you best to believe  
Duke snitched under the hot light, like steady people  
Wit a vote than a Clinton, Rum and me  
Him in cell 2, and me in cell 3

(Chorus: Steele)

Now some of these niggas are bitches too  
And some of these niggas look just like you  
So if you ever been bit by a snake  
Take a minute to think if you can truly trust the click you click wit

(Tek)

Me off the job would of been easy, if son wouldn't have been greedy  
I told him to parle, 'cause he one high jet speedin  
Laughin, countin, tryin to play with money he ain't got  
No knowledge of himself, and the trigger gave him heart  
He just finish biddin, some remote federal prison  
D said he was quotin niggas, word to word shittin  
To get a light of sense, evedent as I remember  
When Dunn Dunn got knocked, I just seen him last summer  
At Soul In The Hole, it was a King E. King game  
First time out his crib, the kid got body, he got blamed  
For being the last one seen, fleein from the scene  
Walk was with him up there, he said Duke was held obscene

On some in and out a cell, C.O. slayed him on his mail  
His family got banked, he out on 200 foul bail  
Myself I don't trust, and that's ya man, so you bust him  
'cause every man, know a dead man don't answer questions

(Head Arabic)

It was all love, when push came to shove  
I had back, till one kid got clapped  
They lock g, for conspiracy, he turn around tryin rattle me, Arabic  
I know about this type of shit, snitches do exist  
To all my dunn, holdin guns, gettin funds, watch ya self  
Thru most of ya crimes by delf

(Chorus)

(Steele)

She said she love me, but she took me for granted, when she panic  
Flip the whole street, to some shit I couldn't handle it  
From my man from up the hill, what the deal?  
The block is heatin up, and I need to cop steel  
Come and see me, come bring dough 'cause, I can't afford a freebie  
And come alone son, 'cause cats know to be snitchin on TV  
Be easy, I'm out but my love wanna tease me  
Shorty want some attention, not to mention wanna please me  
Hold tight, I'll be back in a flash, don't worry

You got money honey, stop actin funny  
Out the door, to care of my B.I.Z.  
And I know this muthaf\*\*kas thats eyein me  
Is it a set-up, I peel but I make a detour  
And come back, and see my shorty talkin wit the law  
I witnessed her trappin bout my business  
Where I be goin, who I know in the indus-try  
She sex me good, but I should of known  
Come into this world alone, leave this world alone, word is bond

(Chorus 2X)