

L.O.X., Everybody Wanna Rat

[Sheek]

uh, yo, yo

Hey Yo it's fucked up, in the 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 palor, talking like shit rich

And next to her, gettin her nails done is your enemy's bitch

Now you stuck, cuz she in there, leeking, 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 ?? his family talk ??

Mexico for safety you get twist for that sammy shit

Thinking you threw with the feds and all that

That's when they got you, just like that kid from Strapped

I stay, clear to mubblers who mubble to the cops

Brick fumlbers who just want a nigga popped

But the only thing I pop is my burners in the dark

[CHORUS]

[Jadakiss]

Yo it's like that cha'll (that cha'll) Time to stack ya'll (stack ya'll)

Nowadays everybody wanna rat cha'll (wanna rat cha'll)

And it don't even matter where you at cha'll (where you at cha'll)

When the feds come and get you that's that cha'll (that's that cha'll)

[Repeat]

[Styles]

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

The feds know everything, who bled and everything

Before we got red, honeys giving us head

Herion and guns is on the files of Styles

But they came in the crib, lifting the towel

Heard the sergent scream out "start stripping the child"

And they blew down the door ?? 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

[CHORUS]

[Jadakiss]

Lies to the story, mines 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, 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 ??

[CHORUS: to fade]