

# Obie Trice, Snitch

(feat. Akon)

[Intro: Obie Trice + (Eminem) {Akon}]

{Convict}

(Yeah, haha haha SHADY)

{Convict Music}

(Guess who's back)

Still here, haters

{Akon & Obie Trice, Yeah}

Whatcha gonna do it with it, A?

Whatcha gonna do?

{Take em on back to the street}

[Chorus: Akon]

I keep the 40 cal on my side,

Stepping with the mind state of a mobster,

You see a nigga pass by,

Tuck your chain in cause he might rob ya,

Got glocks for sale, red tops for sale,

Anything that you need, believe me, I'm gon' lace you,

Just don't, whatever you do, Snitch

Cause you will get hit, pray I don't face you, yeah

[Obie Trice]

It's risky, the bitch tend to rise out a nigga

It's history, Snitch, who decided he's a member

Once he got pinched, coincided with law

Same homie say he lay it down for the boy

Brought game squad around ours

How could it be? Been homies since Superman draws

Only phoniness never came to par

He had us, a true neighborhood actor

Had his back with K's

Now we see through him like X-Ray's

Cuffed in that Adam car

No matter, his loss, we at him, it's war

Knowing not to cross those reservoir dogs

You helped plant seeds just to be a vegetable

When we invest in team, it's to the death fo' sho'

[Hook]

No ex and oh's, tex calicos

Aim at your chest nigga

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

We started out as a crew, in one speak, it's all honest

Private conferences when we eat, Benihana's

Recondences when we peep enemies on us

Been in these corners, selling like anything on us

Knowing heaven has shown us being devil's minors

That ain't got shit to do with the tea in China

We gon' keep the grind up 'til death come find us

Mean time leanin' in them European whips reclined up

It's an eye for an eye for the riders

We ain't trying to get locked up, we soul survivors

Po Pos is cowards, there's no you, it's ours

We vow this, mixing yayo with soda powder

Who woulda known he would fold and cower

Once the captain showed, he sold whole McDonald's

So...

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

Nowadays, Sammy Da Bull's got the game full  
So he move to a rural area to keep cool  
They snitching on a snitch now, there's nothing to tell  
Nowadays, your circles should be small as hell  
Ain't trying to meet new faces, this don't interest me  
Even if we bubble slow, we get it eventually  
No penitentiary, there will be no climincy  
You will meet the lowest snitch in given us a century  
These cats is rats now, the streets need decon  
That's how they react now, weak when the heat's on em  
Stop snitching, you asked for the life your living  
This act is not permitted, Nowhere on the map, It is  
Forbidden to send a nigga to prison if you been in it  
Along with em and then snitch and become hidden  
So...

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

You rat bastard