Chamillionaire, No Snitchin'

(Chorus)
This is for my gangstas,real niggas,ballas,trill niggas
North side,South side,chunk ya deuce up
This is for my gangstas,real niggas,ballas,trill niggas
East side,West side,chunk ya deuce up

(Verse 1)
Plenty niggas get they head turned red for da bread
Start off with da information,load it up in ya head
Couldnt hold it,so it turned out its sumthin he said
Wut he tell da FEDS (he need someone to call)
Your decision was to snitch and they was there to listen
When he told what he know,said they barely was trippin
Less time,now da niggas in a better position
Unless you count the fact that the streets know he was snitchin
He was lookin at a 30 but he only did 10,how your years turn to months,can he tell you dat, and
He aint really gotta answer,just the sweat in his hands
Will he make it out to make it,mmm well it depends
Everybody know the info you was tellin ya friends
Plus the streets know the deals that you made with the pen
Russian Roulette,yep nigga bet the barrel will spin
You hear that,yea nigga thats the sound of revenge

(Hook)
Walk down the right road,cuz the streets is so cold
You betta take ya life slow or you'll miss it
Listen to da G-Code,if you know what i kno-oooow,then you'll keep yo mouth closed
We dont tolerate snitches

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)
If you gon live that crime life,i hope you hold dat 9 tight
You live life like a pussy then dats prolly what you die like
I neva eva loved a sucka,them aint really my type
Rat snakes,yea mayne the game is full of wild-life
Dont wanna do no time right?
You wanna live that high life
Like go withdrawl,have a hundred thousand in ya eye sight
Enter ya crib,see the clouds peepin through ya skylight
You be a copycat,(???),cuz mine right
Thats what he told me but i didnt listen
Doin crime for a dime wasnt my intention
You insane,think his name sumin i will mention
Only snitches need someone to tell
Alota niggas in the game,hustlin doin they thing
Usin codes on the phone with they usual slang
If you know what he know then you wont say a thing
You wouldnt need someone to tell
Careful bout the life you lead,aint smart with ya life,you plead,the streets will ignite ya T,like you air
(Cough)To choke on da realness,reality is what the fake dont know how to deal with
Words leak from the teeth,but he'll say seal it
Then go get a undercover brother he can chill with
Find a nigga that be hustlin to make a deal with
But the streets will hold court for him and'll deal with it

(Hook)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)
This for the G's,street jugglin,move da fire
When you talkin what you talkin it aint through the wire
Police pull you over,now they callin you a liar

You got amnesia,dont even know the dude beside ya
You dont know,you aint sayin,you aint heard what he said
Told you a closed mouth aint gon neva get fed
A open mouth'll get you county instead of the FEDS
Some scared niggas speak up so they'll be less in the red
Niggas cant deal with no 95 so they day-to-day budgeters
Its the hustlers that get put away by the customers
You upstate,niggas use to be southerners
Here the streets make the laws and dont answer the governors
We the niggas thats too real to snitch on a snitch
But make a snitch turn to puff with a flick of the wrist
That aint gon get in arguements,just go get you a clip
And they gon think about the consequences,let em repent

(Hook)

(Chorus)

(Talking)

Man hold up,you a real nigga and you aint got nuthin to say when they come question you,just kee