

Akon, Snitch

Akon FT ObieTrice & Eminem - Sn!tch

(Akon)
Convict Convict

(Eminem)
YEAHHH (YEAHHH)
HAHA (HAHA)
THAT'S RIGHT
SHADY (SHADY)

(Akon)
Convict Music

(Eminem)
GUESS WHO'S BACK

(Obie Trice)
Still here haters

(Akon)
Akon and Obie... *Trice*
Yeaah

(Obie Trice)
Whatchu gonna do with it A?
Whatchu gonna do?

(Akon)
Take 'em on back to the street

(Chorus: Akon)
I keep the 40 cal on my side
Steppin with the mindstate 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, Yeah
Just don't, whatever you do, snitch
Cause you will get hit, pray, I don't face you, Yeah

(Verse 1: Obie Trice)
Thats risky, the bitch tenderize out a nigga
His history's snitch, who decided he's a member?
Once he got pinched, coincided with law
Same homie say he lay it down for the bar
Brought gang 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 ks, now we see through him like X-Rays
Cuffed in that Adam car, no matter his loss
We at 'em, it's war
Knowin not to cross those reservoir dogs
You help to plant seeds, just to be a vegetable?
When we invest in team, its to the death for sho'
No X and O's, tex calicos
aimed at your chest nigga

(Chorus: Akon)
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Steppin with the mindstate of a mobster
Ya 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 Yeah
Just dont, whatever you do, snitch
Cause you will get hit, pray, I don't face you, Yeah

(Verse 2: Obie Trice)

We started out as a crew, when one speak, it's all honest
Private conferences when we eat, Benihana's
Recondences when we peep enemies on us
Been in these corners
Sellin' like anything on us
Knowing heaven'll shun us being devil's miners
But that ain't got shit to do with the tea in China
We gon' keep the grind up till death can find us
Mean time, leanin in them European whips reclined up
It's eye for an eye for the riders
We ain't trying to get locked up, we Soul Survivors
Po Po's is cowards, its no you, its ours
We vow this, mixing Yayo with soda powder
Who woulda known he would fold and cower
Once the captain showed, he sold Old McDonalds
No X and O's, tex calicos
aimed at your chest nigga

(Chorus: Akon)

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(Verse 3: Obie Trice)

Nowadays, Sammy the Bull's, got the game full
So he moved to a rural area to keep cool
They snitchin on the snitch now, it's nothing to tell
Nowadays your circle should be small as hell
Ain't tryin to meet new faces, this don't interest me
Even if we bubble slow, we get it eventually
No penitentiary, though we know clemency
You will meet the lord snitchin, given us a century
These cats is rats now, the streets need decon
Thats how they react now, weak, when the heat's on them
Stop snitchen, you asked for the life you live in
This act is not permitted, no where on the map
It is forbidden to send a nigga to prison
If you've been in it along with 'em
And then snitch and become hidden
No X and O's, tex calicos
Aimed at your chest nigga.

(Chorus: Akon)

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(Obie Trice)
You rat bastard! (bastard)(echo)