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

(Chrous: 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)
i keep the 40 cal on my side
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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Steppin with the mindstate of a mobster
You see a nigga pass by
Tuck your chain in cause he might rob ya
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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 clemecy 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)