

Snitch

Lil B

I'm a tell you what snitch means to me
It means a lot of things, you feel me?
You know what I'm saying
Stories, Narcotics, Ignorance, Time, Crime, inhaling
Whatever it means to you
It really don't matter though
You know what I'm saying? Let me tell you something though
S-N-I-T-C-H, I'm a tell you what it means to me
Stories, Narcotics, Ignorance, Time, Crime, inhaling
S-N-I-T-C-H, I'm a tell you what it means to me
Stories, Narcotics, Ignorance, Time, Crime, inhaling

It starts from the stories and the niggas around you
Who you grew up with to the ones that surround you
If your parents was a banker then you'd understand banking
If you grew up poor then you understand my language
We all great
Sudden constant changes
I grew up in the hood in the city locations
I grew up a lil older I remember maybe when I was 11
Sometimes I have to choose where I was from
I picked Waterfront, West Berkeley, throw it up
At the James Kennedy niggas smoking back of my zone
When I was a little kid tryna smoke at 12 or 13
I respect the OGs on the block like ____
Real straight niggas who respect, I would stand up
Help my mom moves couches in the projects
In the hood it was love and respect
I grew up around that
Coke all around that
Decon underground rap
Niggas can't fuck with me
Elementary having fun
Everyday we playing this shit
Doing field trips and free dancing
Middle school stranded
The whole games up
I had girls and people who wanted to be famous
Niggas would box at lunch
Pulling the alarm at school, we need another break
We don't want to go to class
Shit smacking everyday
High school hit, it was choices
Niggas got advanced [?] circumstances
Niggas moved up, introduced to life
Didn't understand people had different lives
We made fun of kids at school not knowing he had no parents
No- way to feed themselves, no clearance
Walking down the street, no lights
Nigga the kids in the ____
If neighborhood neighbors ain't right
If you mixed in with the mexin
Hood stories, people snitchin'
Its an urban myth
This rap song shit, but I'm a tell you who do it
Its some sinners, you feel me?
Don't move, your mind is a sickness

The hood got raped and its not snitching
The hood dirty with the trash on the ground

All around, you feel me?
Open your eyes and see the world
People living to the fullest
Got to be happy with what you got
Don't move fast, the compete of the pot
You don't want to be him, but you want to be pop
I want to be dreams, I want to see pop
No, this is real as ever
I got the switch, got the hood up
Man slow money
I see it, We doing it
I got pride for the world
I don't fuck with these niggas man
Let it burn like Usher said
Based starts from ahead
You know what I'm saying? Real shit
Gutta nigga man