

rat

Meek Mill

And you a snitch, and you a rat
Ya you a bitch, ya it's a fact
That you a, and you a, and you a
Rat, rat, rat
And you a, and you a, and you a
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I've been in the hood trapping all day hugging the strip
Ducking the ditch you in the crib hugging your bitch
I'm in the hood with it, good with it stuck in the mix
Breakfast time we at the kitchen with it bubbling grits
Scrambling eggs cause we be packing hammers for days
Lemon squeezer for the matics and banana for K's
We wig splitters we ain't aiming at legs
Head shots fuck up your hair line and damage your waves
Filling your fade have blood dripping all on your shit
Put your hommie in a hole like he just fucked up a brick
Nothing you did so nothing to spit
Same niggas hating on me I be fucking their bitch
Cause they really lame
Talking like they hard core but they really [?]
But I control them like controllers when that milli flame

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I be up in the hood, Glock tre pound
Graveyard shifting, holding the block down
Me and my niggas, don't make a sound
Them pussies spin through and we gon' spin them back around
With some big boy shit to wake the neighbors up
Out on bail but I'm armed and dangerous
With some heat up in my tool we call it flames [?]
Ready to wet a nigga ass like some angel dust
Cause these niggas be tripping, thinking that you slipping
Finger on the trigger I ain't blinking my nigga
Somebody move I start ringing on niggas
With no hesitation I be banging on niggas
Like the operator
You toss them here we toss them back like it's hot potato
Man you ain't you'se a rat a cooperator
We got an oozi with a ladder called the whoopinater
And got a 50 it it, my man getting busy with it
And he be squeezing like a lemon with it

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Now you got these niggas at the precent, telling like it's decent

Snitching on a Monday get you buried by the weekend
Leaking, funeral [?] preachers
[?] rest in peacing
Can't do the time, then don't do the crime
Facing 20 years but turned out 2 to 5
Talking to them people you even told them lies
You wasn't even there you snitching on a homicide
Got that man all booked up like a library
He coming home like 2060 neveruary
We all breath, my niggas all squeeze
I heard them niggas catching wreck but shit we all bleed
I slide up on them with that mac I bet they all freeze
Soon as them shots fly smoke 'em like a [?]
Meek Milly ain't in your top 5
Niggas get that shit it in 'em start thinking that they [?]
Trying to show off, nigga think he so hard
Catching him slipping do him dirty like they did Omar
Glock banging on him sideways like O-dawg
Hit him in his head he dead [?]
Cause you a rat