

I once knew this brother
Who I thought was cool with me
Chilled out together
Even went to school with me
Fly nigga, my ace boon coon
Used to low ride together
Shot dice in the bathroom
Ya want trouble?
Well trouble ya found
Cause we diss ya, then issue
The critical beat down
He needed money
I would always come through
Needed a car? He could use mine too
But bust this!
Out on the street
People say he was riffin'
Callin' me a sucker
Talkin' bout how foul I'm livin'
Someone heard him
Poppin' that shit last week
Frontin' for some pussy
From some big butt freak
Sayin' I'm his worker
I was on his dick!
Talkin' that crazy old weak assed shit
and after all of that
She still walked away
How ya gonna diss your boy
To get some play?
And when I stepped to him about it
He said, "Who snitched?"

CHORUS

Yo, how did he go out?
He went out like a bitch!
So ladies
We ain't just talkin' bout you
Cause some of you niggas
Is bitches too!

I knew this brother named Mitch
Stone player
He meet a girl, in five min. he lay her
Trucked crazy jewels
Hands smothered in ice
Been to prison not once, but twice
Kept a stupid thick posse
Made of thugs and
Crooks and hoods
and vet hustlers

Who were up to no good
But they all stood behind him
and watched his back
That's the only way
To roll on the track
But yo,
Mitch got rushed by feds last week
The snatch bared the ruck
Of his white Corniche
Took a look inside
And what did they see?
Two keys, and a gallon of PCP!
Oh shit! The thought crashed
Mitch's subliminal
Three strikes, that's called
Habitual criminal
So insted of goin' under
He snitched on his whole posse
Maxed at the crib
And sipped Martini and Rossi
Sold out his whole crew
That rat named Mitch

CHORUS

I knew this guy
That was never that fly
Couldn't act cool
Even when he tried
When we played rough
He always cried
When he told stories, he always lied
A Black brother
Who was missin' the cool part
He had the color
But was missin' the true heart
When we would fight
He would always go down quick
So he took karate
and he still got his ass kicked
But now he's married
And he kicks his wife's ass
Says it comes from problems
That he had in the past
Doesn't like Blacks
Claims he's upper class
Joined the police, got himself a badge
Now he rolls the streets
and he's cut to jack
Doggin' young brothers
Cause they usually don't fight back

Got a White partner
And he asked for that
and every night
Another head they crack
So now he's big man
But he really ain't shit!

CHORUS

Out one night with my crew
and some new kid
I didn't know homeboy, but Evil E did
So I thought he was cool
We rode in his ride
Rag top tray on Daytons
Lifted side to side
We hit the party deep
Niggas was hawkin' me
You could feel the vibe
Of thick artillery
Parliament was on, some O.G. shit
I put my back to the wall
And felt my pistol grip
al of a sudden
Niggas started trippin'
Flippin', the record started skippin'
Wildin', fools started locn up
Gats cracked
The room started smokin' up
Me and "E" hit the floor
And then the back door
My boys let off an automatic encore
But when we made it out to the ride
It was gone, we had to shoot it out
Side by side
Punk left us there to die in a ditch!

CHORUS