

# S.N.I.T.C.H. (feat. Pharrell)

## Pusha T

Sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home  
Sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home  
Well, the walls are talking to me  
And I know you think I'm wrong  
But sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home Now when the phone start to click in, your words start to  
echo

Say you got to hang up but the man won't let go  
Oh, my nigga say it ain't so  
Now we speaking on some niggas that he say he ain't know  
We used to steal dirt bikes, dodge raindrops  
So close niggas thought we had the same pops  
Graduated, gettin' money on the same blocks  
But things changed and we ain't end up in the same box  
Hearing whispers, "it ain't adding up"  
Giving you the jailhouse talk but you ain't mad enough  
I never thought I'd be the last man standing up  
I never thought I'd had have to question "Were you man enough?"  
Long letters how the streets got the best of you  
Telling all your cellies how come I ain't sitting next to you  
Yeah, see I can read between the lines  
So it's awkward when you call and I gotta press 5  
Sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home  
Sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home  
I think the Feds are looking through me  
Can't you hear it in my tone?

So then sorry nigga, I'm tryna come home Got me tiptoeing through the conversation on our calls  
Tryna act normal but the writing is on the wall  
It's like I hear you smiling when you heard they hit the wall  
But I just let it ride so I don't be the next to fall  
"They sayin' Tarian been getting money while I'm gone  
And won't he tryna to holla at my bitch when I was home"  
"Nah, he selling cars, it'd be him and Lil Rome"  
I'm just tryna offset what he was saying on my phone  
Nowadays niggas don't need shovels to bury you  
Pointing fingers like pallbearers how they carry you  
So much for death before dishonor  
Might as well have a robe and gavel like your honor  
I just sit and wonder, play it by the numbers  
When you ride like lightning then you crash like thunder  
Seen your baby mama she ain't even know if she should speak  
What the fuck is there to say knowing her king's now weak saying...  
Let's talk real niggas, let's speak real, nigga

How many niggas you knew snitching you ain't killed, nigga?  
Covered his own tracks, he didn't care that  
We had a legacy he killed, I got to wear that  
Every move we ever made is getting stared at  
I bet the man inside his mirror doesn't stare back  
Break your heart when the man you call your brother  
Be the same one that setting in motion all them undercovers  
Called my mom mother, was at my graduation  
When I signed my record deal you was my motivation  
From great friends now it's no affiliation  
Divided by the time he was facing  
Once he told me that...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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