

Can't Trust 'Em

Dizzy Wright

Yeah, fuck these niggas, I don't trust these niggas
Pull the knife out the AK, and cut these niggas
Put the knife back on the AK, I throw the AK away,
I get the nunchuck and nunck these niggas
I am, out of my mind, Jarren, you gon' really sniff all of those lines?
Where the fuck were you when I was out on my grind?
Stress bout to blow my brains out of my spine
Insane in the membrane, sick with the pen game, y'all niggas been lame
Frickin' faggot, gagged and fucked in the ass like the Gimp did
Ving Rhames
Eastside tyrant, little bit of vibe when I flee from the sirens
I hit a nigga in the leg with a tire iron,
and crack him in the fucking skull with a fire hydrant
I'm a beast, I'm a god, I'm a killer, I'm a pimp, and I walk with a limp
You're a geek, you're a lame, you're a bitch, you're a fag, bitch you talk with a lisp
Like "Hey Dizz, with the (?), always (?) feeling, wanna party"
Meanwhile, I'm with your fucking baby mom at the drive-thru at Hardy's
She say "Yeah, I thought you were ballin'", bitch you see the Hardy's at Arby's
Bougie ass trick still let a nigga hit, so I fucked her in the back of an RV
What up to my nigga named Dizzy, hoes throw the pussy at a nigga like a frisbee
Hatin' ass niggas gon' hate, better load up the guns,
till the pussy ass niggas come kill me, feel me
Chop ya, body up, put it in my locker, freeze it, cook it, put it in my pasta
The chopper go 'brah' in your mouth like banana, drop ya,
call the fucking coroners and doctors
Duct tape and rape ya, As-
Salāmu `Alaykum, killers from Jamaica,
they gon' let you meet your maker
Funk Volume bitch, we don't need a fucking major,
Mr Benton sickest motherfucker from Decatur

I can't trust none of these niggas
Can't trust none of these hoes
I'm killing shit
So I'm chilling with a marijuana cloud and my bros
They talking shit but we talking goals
Gettin' money that's all I know
In this shit and I been the shit
And I did this shit all on my own

Okay, they let me loose and I'm at it
Bitch I