

Trust

Apathy

[Verse 1: Emilio Lopez]

E to the m-I, l-I-o
Got snakes all around, so I tell my hoes
That they can't be around when I sell my blow
'Cause distraction's a bad thing, hell, I know
If I slack, get clapped, off to hell I go
It's like I got a sixth sense, I can smell my foes
It ain't hard to tell, they know damn well that I'll blow
Inhale my dough and never have to sell my soul
At any time they can drop dime and set my bail
And instead of the gym, I'm doin' sets in jail
It don't matter what I do, I don't expect to fail
Don't stress, ignite (Inhaaaale)
Let the weed smoke invade my lungs
Every day I pray the dumb won't ever make me blaze my guns
While I'm on the road to chase the funds
I sip slow and taste the rum, until the point my face is numb

[Verse 2: Apathy]

I remember warmer weather, but this winter got me thinkin'
What's the point of stayin' broke and stay afloat and steady sinkin'
Elec... tricity blinkin', never pimpin'
All my sneakers look cheaper than factory speakers in '70's Lincolns
Unacceptable, the bitches I'm fuckin' are far from beautiful
And pussy I'm pursuin' got me pushin' pharmaceuticals
It's funny how it's motivation
Now I'm throwin' blow up on the stove and soda bakin' in remote locations
I ain't doin' it 'cause rappers do it, I do it for dollars
And distribute it to students who move it throughout they college
Got cokehead bitches who be fuckin' me, right?
'Cause I hit 'em off with blow so they can study all night
But I need to slow it down, 'cause my name's goin' round
And the hate is goin' round, and my face is known now
This black cat and three white dudes from a frat
Get a gat and get it in they brain that they stickin' Ap
But by now my spot's so hot, the cops always watch
So the second that they step into my door to check if it's locked
Pull down they ski masks and get they weapons cocked
Back door, let 'em deal with the D's, and jet in the drop

[Verse 3: Emilio Lopez]

It's eleven p.m., I'm gettin' my dick sucked by my BM
Got seat car lights, and now I'm at the window peakin'
It's Ap... I thought that we were meetin' on the weekend
I meet him at the door, yo my neighbors ain't sleepin'
So chill... Why you got that heated look on your grill?
Better yet, save the information 'till we in the basement

[Verse 4: Apathy]

Basically, base is too risky, these dudes bein' shifty
Sittin' around, listenin' to 50 and think that they can stick me
My place is gettin' raided, so they'll probably evict me
And these cops are out to get me, gotta think of somethin' quickly

[Verse 5: Emilio Lopez]

Whoa, slow down, don't go losin' your cool
'Cause these cops that ran up in your spot got it confused

They thought it was you, I thought it was too, until you showed up
Tell me, was it kids from the frat that tried to roll up?

[Verse 6: Apathy]

I guess so... I didn't get a good look through the window
But a lot of strange muthafuckas been diggin' for info
We can't go to Rikers, we won't be up in the cyphers
We ain't gang affiliated, ain't nobody gon' like us

[Verse 7: Emilio Lopez (Apathy)]

What's this shit about, "we" and "us"?
Didn't we discuss, if D's should rush, we need to trust?
(Muthafucka, I did everything to handle our biz)
Yo when you jetted from the feds you probably led 'em to my crib!
(What? ! You buggin' the fuck out, put that heat down, dude)
Pssh, you aimin' just the same, put your heat down too

[gunshot]