

# Ya Can't Trust Nobody

Kurupt

Man what you need man?  
Yo' bitch ass always come around here wit this whole  
Three dollar two dollar five dollar hit shit  
Nigga come around here with a twenty-sack of somethin' nigga  
My bills gotta get paid motherfucker  
I'm outta here, catch me next week beotch!

Hop in my Chevy get to wheelin' down the block  
Makin' sales, whether slangin' weed or rocks  
Clockin' major strapped up, me and my niggaz in the house  
Might as well BACK UP, bustin' on niggaz if they act up  
On a mission with my gang, around here we run thangs  
Get paid, every night, where we hang  
'Cause it's a street thang, cops and automatic weapon  
Keep a nigga intact, for these niggaz half-steppin'  
Daz Dillinger, got sewed up for real  
Dealers servin' these niggaz for a quarter a mill'  
Ninety-eight my motto to kill, that's how it is  
Fuck my family, fuck my friends, when my dope come in

You feel like fuck trust, a nigga lose his life  
Tryin to trust on motherfuckers like us...

Stackin', stolen stack stackin' it ain't nuttin' but murders  
Kidnappings jackings and vault cracking  
Crackin up in these parts, heat sparks up in these parts  
The dark parts of the motherfuckin' park  
The tarantula's loose and I'm heated now  
With somethin' in my right palm to keep y'all seated down  
Repeated, headhuntin', huntin' for heads  
Shot in the chest neck arm and legs

Ain't no fakin we all out to get paid  
Wettin niggaz what we do nowadays (nigga)  
Around here, you can't trust nobody  
Anybody's somebody tryin' to jack somebody (somebody)  
Whether it's weed or your life or narcotics  
Anyway you get, you can't trust nobody

We jack a nigga for a half a thang, we back up in this  
With a flock of these chickens, worth three and a half million  
Now we set, we relaxed chillin', livin' the boss life  
Every day every night me and the Columbians take flight  
Eight hundred ki's to fly across seas  
When I flip it I make about twelve million G's  
I'm a two thousand Ricky Ross, transportin' the sauce  
And it pay to be the boss cause when yo' ass get crossed  
Every nigga on the street gets paid

A couple pieces spread, bear arms nigga, warfare nigga  
Shut down the alarms nigga  
Time to hit off, get off then break off  
If he don't kick in the bread then take off  
Columbian ties, Columbian mob members in Columbian neckties  
Columbians disfigured  
Daz MIDI machine Dillinger  
Two shotty Young Gotti, bout to put it on somebody

And my mindstate today is fuck everybody  
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.. .shit, who the fuck at the door?  
Aww man the police fool c'mon get out of here man c'mon!  
Flush the shit! Flush the coke!!!