

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!!!