

# Don't Trust

Mike Will Made-It

Who I be? Juicy J  
One bitch won't do shit, I gotta fuck two a day  
Always 'bout gettin' paid  
Paper chasin' and I can't let a single dollar get away  
Blowin' money like weed smoke  
Spend a couple bands just to make it all double back  
On the block like a running back  
Put the chopper at your ass, have your tough ass runnin' laps  
These niggas beefin' with each other over lame ass hoes  
Seen the same bitch in the club suckin' dick for some Rosé Mo  
A few words of advice but I keep my name off your tape, young nigga  
I got niggas that'll kill for me, if I say the word they gon' pull that trigger  
Once again, I be goin' in  
I be at these niggas necks like a violin  
Nigga fucked up, gotta go and try again  
1-800-GET-RICH, broke nigga dial in  
Let me tell you people what a boss is  
You ain't rich if you still got broke friends  
Cause you know they still hate on a nigga  
Tryna get some money, they gon' send you up a river

I don't trust these hoes  
And I don't trust these niggas  
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And I don't trust these niggas  
I don't get caught up though  
I pull them triggers  
Cause I don't trust these hoes  
And I don't trust these niggas

How can a nigga trust any one of you clowns?  
When my own family let me down  
Everybody in this mothafucka, hands out  
Bullseye on a mothafucka's grands out  
So I thumb swag, niggas know I stand out  
Pull up in the Casper, then the bitches ran out  
Neck shine like police lights  
Niggas lookin', say we hood light street life, beef's cookin'  
Flash money 'round ratchet hoes, they gon' steal it  
Bitch fuck with my money, somebody gettin' killed  
Gotta watch these niggas, gotta watch these bitches  
I trust my chopper to watch my riches  
Sewed the game up like stitches  
Fuck snitches, you niggas comin' up short like midgets  
I try to keep the shit one thousand  
With the niggas who kept it one thousand  
I'm a hustle, fuck loungin'  
When I didn't have shit, you didn't come around then  
Thought she was my bitch, she was your bitch  
Her bitch, his bitch, a for sure bitch  
You caught feelings, now you wanna kill her  
Don't get upset, dog, that's just the real her  
These bitches love givin' head, love spendin' bread  
Sellin' pussy on the low, what you said?

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