

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
I don't trust these hoes
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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