

## Sam Flynn

# "Don't Trust Her"

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[Badwayz]

Yeah, don't trust her  
Don't trust yo' nigga  
Yeah, uhh

Now do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?  
Now do you love your nigga or do you trust your nigga?  
Yeah

[Verse One]

Now do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?  
Cause niggaz gotta tendencies to follow they dick  
You down with Too \$hort girl? He a ho  
Cause I'll snatch a bitch up e'ry show, and hit the mo-  
mo  
But certain niggaz fall in love with them hookers  
Nigga the pussy ain't yours cause another nigga took  
her  
Seen a little mo' game, she took a rang and some  
bigger and better thangs  
Starin at the chain and the karats in the rang  
Now who she wanna leave with, she know we got the  
sticky  
The niggaz wearin dickies or the niggaz givin hickies  
She know what she want, she want that California funk  
Them hundred spoke thangs with that juice up in the  
trunk  
She wanna ride down the sho' with the top back  
But she know I gotta hit before we start that  
Man don't trust her

[Interlude One]

(Aiiyo) Man, see that's what the fuck I'm talkin about  
(What?) You can't trust a bitch!  
(The fuck you mean?) What'chu mean? Where the fuck  
you been?  
(Me and my girl Robin went to the car wash)  
I don't wanna hear that shit  
Robin called me lookin for yo' motherfuckin ass  
What the fuck you think? (whatever, whatever)  
That's what the fuck I'm talkin 'bout, I'm talkin 'bout

(You trippin) I can't trust yo' motherfuckin ass  
You need to get yo' ass the fuck up outta here  
(Nigga let's just fuck, okay?)  
No I ain't even fuckin, ain't worth that motherfucker

Now do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?  
Now do you love your nigga or do you trust your nigga?  
Nigga what what, what what wha-what?

[Verse Two]

Now you thinkin you be trustin yo' man, but I'ma tell you  
right now  
The peter man make the plans  
It's like when I step up in the club I gotta catch my  
breath  
9 times out of 10 I cain't help myself  
I don't really mean to cheat, I ain't lyin I'm a freak  
Pager goin beep and I'm steady tryin to creep  
I admit, I'm a - sinner  
I did what I had to do just to get in her  
I simply whispered in her ear  
Tell her I'm the man, tell her what she wanna hear  
Now I'm knowin I can hit it  
Cause the shit was soundin good cause she bought it  
and she bit it  
I'm down with \$hort Dawg, I'm the next thang comin  
You heard Badwayz? Yeah I'm the first one  
My name Stud baby girl, you ain't heard of us?  
"\$short Records: In Platinum We Tru\$t?"  
I hadda died if I wasn't high - you ain't heard that?  
But matter of fact, I got some weed in the 'llac  
We can finish these drinks and go smoke that shit  
And from there, ain't no tellin where we gon' get  
But don't trust her

[Interlude Two]

That's the type of shit I'm talkin about (what?)  
That fuckin around shit man that shit is not cool  
(Fuckin around nigga, you been fuckin around too with  
some-a your hoes)  
(Now how you gon' come off on me like that?)  
Man you ain't got no clue, you don't know what the  
fuck's goin on f'real  
(Anyway) I'm bout to handle business (I know)  
Oh yeah baby what's up? (I know what you doin out  
there okay?)  
Bitch, what the fuck you think I'm doin?  
(Well as long as you bringin that lucci home to me  
baby)

Now do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?

Now do you love your nigga or do you trust your nigga?  
Nigga what what, what what wha-what?

[Verse Three]

You see it's way after 12 and I'm out wit'cho bitch  
Tossin up, while you workin on the midnight shift  
Got you fucked up mad, bout to start a rage  
She won't answer the phone, won't return your page  
Gettin took for what you got yet you treat her real  
dapper  
She takin all yo' change and she spend it on us rappers  
Fuckin all in yo' house, bustin all on yo' sheets  
When I come to yo' town, I be doggin yo' freak  
Then you come back home lickin all on that ho  
Would have a fit ever knowin she was suckin Joe  
She love money and excitement, that's why y'all always  
fightin  
And youse a workin-haulic, she want you to be ballin  
When it all falls down, you cain't trust that bitch  
If she make you too mad you might bust that bitch  
Be locked down in county for assaultin shit  
But for love and the pussy you done bought that bitch  
Don't trust her

Don't trust her, don't trust that bitch  
Now do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?  
Don't trust her  
Now do you love your nigga or do you trust your nigga?  
Nigga what what, what what wha-what?

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