

8Ball & Mjg "Who Can You Trust?"

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[Eightball:]

Ain't it funny the things we do to get paid?
The shit we do to show niggas that we ain't afraid.
Yeah, I got my education on the streets,
Doin dirt left a nigga with some muddy feet.
Everyday life brings everyday drama,
Smokin weed only makes a nigga mind wander.
So much I could've done, but I didn't do.
A lot of shit a nigga never should've went through.
Trustin another soul with my fate,
Showed me how easily love can turn to pure hate.
The road, I know, I came to a fork in it,
Good or bad, I'm a still be the nigga winnin, NOW
But tomorrow ain't guaranteed.
Maybe I can see the future through my young seeds.
Plant it, and hope the planet don't damage them.
It's a thin line, but I'ma get mine.

[CHORUS:]

Who can you trust? God only knows.
It's hard to say who you can call friend or foe.
Money, that's all a nigga will die for.
So much pain and everybody wants more.
[x2]

[MJG:]

So much pain, drownin my brain, I need a paper towel.
Wrap it 'round, soak up the strain, I feel safer now.
Lookin' down the road I've travelled-it's been a bumpy
one.
The walls that I stood on was Humpty Dumpty ones.
I feel like one of them pieces up in a chess game,
On the line, defending yours from mine.
I'm makin moves, attached to strings you can't see.
If the move seems a little bit awkward, it ain't me.
Now fony people ride your nuts for dolla signs,
I bet you drop some cash on the ground, they'd holla
"MINE!"
You far behind, man I'm way too ahead, I might be

gone.

Think you had some killers ridin with you, you're home alone.

I'm in the zone, meaning space age pimpin, new millenium.

Holes down deep in the wall, I can't get into them.

I'm friend to them, real ass niggas and family members.

What you say, nigga I owe you something? I don't remember.

[CHORUS x2]

[MJG:]

[talking]

The root of all evil they say, but yet, there's so much evil in all our roots. Born in a world of a nigga, some knowing, some not knowing. Even so, we've accomplished so much but still we have so far to go. C'mon man, we're born hustlers, and together we'll be greater later. Used to die for freedom... respect... Now we're dying for dope, hoes, and paper...

[Eightball:]

I'm guilty of all that shit and more.
Questioning life, asking what am I here for?
To some, that might seem strange but you dig this,
Don't get your feelings hurt, personal and business.
Make 'em average to acheive pimp trick status.
Lame niggas with no nuts end up embarrassed.
Compromise and commercialize, in the eyes of your niggas,
selling out to get the prize.
At the same time, my baby cries,
I'm on a cell phone,
in another state doing sound checks.
Tryin to make my little niggas' lives a little better,
than a bulletproof sweater, nigga love hurts.

[MJG:]

I've been a vet-er-an, in this game,
I ain't trying to be better than,
only as equal, as the better man.
You can only imagine the ghetto,
if you ain't raised in it.

That's where I'm from,
childhood glory days in it.
I wade in it, what? The waters.
Take me on down the stream, I'm going farther.
It's still from coast to coast, shore to shore.
I stand accused of being a pimp, from root to floor.
Doin' work constantly, thinkin' bout your family.
As soon as you think it's time to chill,
God damn it be, time for another project, another
deadline.
Man, we're at the end of this rhyme, and I done said
mine.

[CHORUS x2]

[music fades out with women singing...]

My friend, we are one, so please hold on...

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