

411**"I Don't Trust Dem Boys"**Visit "[I Don't Trust Dem Boys](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm straight up out dat ghetto lookin' fo' a come up
I gotta make dat cheese talkin bout mega bucks
I'm spittin much game and I'm pull 'em in this thangs
But man this shit is slow, I need to try some other
thangs
My brother, heavy on the low, boomin' into town
I see he living straight, he need to front his girl a pound
I be so fucked up, that's da chance I gotta take
I'm dropping outta school, cause this cheese I gotta
make
I holla at my brother, he done set his girl straight
Whatever for that cheese, on the track real late
I'm pushin so much dope, I done fell off in the mall
Me and Mac Doody, man we shop until we fall
I'm tryin not to splurge, gotta keep it on the low
But dawg that's hard to do, when you was used to
being broke
I'm out here living nice, niggas jockin' my life
I got a karat gold smile and I'm dripped up in ice, shit

(repeat 2x)

I don't trust dem boys, get em all way from round here
Everybody talkin' how we flashin' all the time here
Police niggas snitchin' when I'm tryin to sell these
pounds here
Need to shut the fuck up, you get yo' self drowned here

I got a Benz on twenties but I'm still in the hood
My neighbors wonderin how the fuck did I get it so
good
There you go, nosy ho, all up in my biz
Ain't no questions asked when I'm out there feeding
your kids
I wonder why the police always riding my block
They need to take they ass on, I'm tired of swallowin
rocks
Man I'm always getting sweated, man these bitches be
at me
I tell em that my folks died and they left me that fetty
They ain't tryin to hear that shit, a punk bitch and a
snitch

These boys hatin' cause I'm hustlin', trying to get rich
You wanna cut my water off, cause your dick is too soft
Nigga you ain't getting paid followin' the law
If you shut the fuck up, then I might give you something
But naw bitch, fuck you , I ain't givin yo hatin' ass nothin
So you can snitch to the folks, but you gotta have proof
Don't let me find out who you are, then it's over for you,
bitch

(repeat 2x)

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It was five in the morning, police kickin' in my front
door
Wit them Tech 9's asking me where the damn dope
I ain't got no dope, but they slam me to the fuckin' floor
They ain't have to do it like that, I'm a jazzy ho
They didn't find no dope, but they took my ass anyway
Trying to run the game, bout they shippin' me upstate
Get me to the station and they lookin' at each other
Askin me some questions, showin pictures of my
brother
Trying to make a deal, see they thinkin I'm a stupid
bitch
They ain't find no dope, so these hoes ain't got shit
I ain't sayin' a word, shit they got amy family
background
Even thought it's true, I ain't trying to make a damn
sound
72 hours in the tank, goin crazy
I don't give a fuck, I can't snitch on my family
So they cut me loose, got no evidence to keep me in
Back out on these streets and it's going down once
again

(repeat 3x)

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