

Dave Berry

"Don't Trust Em"

Visit "[Don't Trust Em](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You can't trust a big butt and a smile
No, that's the old style
In ninety-deuce, shit ain't quite the same
Bitches gotta brand new game, yo
It's kinda hard to see
But the dating game ain't what it used to be
Back in the day, if a ho wanted ya dough
She give you a piece of ass and there we go
Go and get knocked up and then get socked up
You be broke and locked up
But the news done hit
Bitches all over on some new improved shit
To y'all macks
Come to find out that bitches are pullin jacks
I remember every night all you had to worry about
Was gettin caught at a red light
And the nigga gettin ya five, day to days
Now shit done changed
Cos you gots to watch the ones in the skirt
And it ain't about gettin burnt
I know it sounds strange, but could you
Stop thinkin with ya dick for a change
Cos you'll get a bullet in your brain, Mr Rich
And about that bitch, don't trust em

Chorus

(Ice Cube comin at'cha with a crazy bitch)
Don't trust no (Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!)
(Ice Cube comin at'cha with a crazy bitch)
You can't trust no (Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!)
Repeat

Here's how the bitches jack:
They try to catch a dumb nigga in the act
You came to the club, stepped to the bar
And pulled out a wad of Doves
After you got buzzed, she walk by
You saw how big her ass was
Got her on the dancefloor
And she started dancin like a ho

Jimmy got stiff, she ain't have a ride home
So you gave the bitch a lift
She didn't wanna trouble you
But hopped her big ass in your BMW
Hopped to her house and started kissin
And Jimmy just wouldn't listen
Cos you got real horny
And that ain't cool at four in the morning
Started undressing the ho
Got to the drawers and the ho said "No!
"Not on the first date
"It's gettin kinda late, could you come back at eight?"
You said "Yeah!" cos you thought you met a
wholesome ho
But nigga, she know you rollin in some dough
And you'll regret and somethin 'bout a bitch you just
met
Don't trust em!

Interlude:

(scratching of BBD's 'Poison' and PE's 'Don't Believe
The Hype')

Eight o'clock on the dot, nigga's hot
Dick hard as a rock
Straight on a solo creep
Can't wait till her little boy go to sleep
So you can seduce the G
Bust a nut and make an excuse to leave
You got her worked out cos you the man
But the bitch got diff'rent plans
She said "Take off your clothes, jump in the bed"
While she powder her nose
You get butt naked, cos you ready to wreck it!
Cos you's a motherfuckin punk, next thing you know
The door flies open with a blast
With four niggas in ski masks
Pointin a gun at the pimp
You're scared as a motherfucker and Jimmy done went
limp
They beat you down just a taste
Take ya to your house and make ya open up the safe
Drove you far, tied up in the trunk of your own fuckin
car
Take you out and pop the cap
I told you the bitch was a trap
Don't trust em!

Chorus

