

## Hootie & The Blowfish

### "Trust Me"

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[Intro: P.R. Terrorist (9th Prince)]

Yeah, yeah, got me son? (yeah no doubt)  
You gonna hold me down on this one, kid (yea, no question)  
That's what I'm talkin' about  
You don't be believin' the shit I be sayin' sometimes  
(nigga, go ahead wit that shit)  
Don't be likin' that shit, son, get on my nerves, son  
For real, you supposed to be my nigga, son, for real (I got you, son)  
Yo, yo (I got you), yo

[Chorus: P.R. Terrorist]

You can trust me on this, son, and trust me on that  
You can trust me on this, son, and trust me on that  
You can trust me on this, son, and trust me on that  
Smack your ass wit the face of the gun, her ass crack  
Smack your ass wit the face of the gun, her ass crack

[Chorus: 9th Prince]

You can trust me on this, God, or trust me on that  
You can trust me on this, black, or trust me on that  
You can trust me on this, blood, or trust me on that  
Smack your bitch wit the front of the gat, her ass crack  
Smack your bitch wit the front of the gat, her ass crack

[P.R. Terrorist]

Smack your ass wit the ass of the chrome, the Spanish viking is home  
Recitin' poems, to leave your weak ass in the zone, home  
The kid's known, from my grain to the others  
Bust a shot for my brothers, still poppin' rubbers  
Keep a drop on the undercovers, and oversears wanna be us  
But still can't see us wit the heaters  
We got many of those, bullet holes left in your fuckin' clothes  
Your fuckin' foes'll froze, for leakin' out your mouth and nose

I can't trust you, a year ago, almost had to bust you  
A bust due, makin' this CREAM just disgust you  
Gun scream, makin' this CREAM, it just digust you,  
yeah

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