Cemetery Of Scream
"Can't Trust Nobody"

What? Ugh, what? Ugh
Yeah (ha ha) check it out

Are you a rapper or a criminal who's tired of livin
minimal
These labels wanna burn you, so a lotta rappers turn to
the streets, where mine don't eat, sheets, now beats
No record plays, back to the old days and old ways
To a hustle, back around like a belt buckle
Yo it's a struggle, for a dealer who can't shuffle
I throw the three up, plus I'm gon' be up
Hit my man on the hip, plus a nigga gotta re-up
No more bein sociable, goin on promotional
tours or in-stores, music floodin them seats indoors
Back on the block breakin laws
You was just up in the sky with the stars
Thinkin about a Lexus, now you gettin restless
Cut off from the guest list, now manifest this and test
these
waters, cos your per dium's ain't feedin niggas' sons
and daughters
It'll make a thug harder, I'll know

[Kool DJ EQ scratching]
"You can't trust nobody" (x8)

Yeah
And fake friends with fake grins and fake skins
Wonder why you're one's ain't ten's, concerned with
ends
It feel hectic, plus it's real hectic
How many entertainers went from hit records to jail
records?
They thought their deal was their meal ticket (Yeah)
Went from a pack of double mint, to a single chicklet
I show 'n' tell, you never fall til you fell
and hurt yourself, over-exert yourself
You got to go and get the shovel and dig the dirt
yourself
Learn how to work yourself, assert yourself
In this game of masturbation, you got to jerk yourself

And try to spread like Ebola, it's not always the real thing
like Coca-Cola, a baby couldn't move without a push from his stroller
Too many turn to drugs, they can't deal with it sober
And it's a big chance that you ain't never gettin over
But I don't know

"You can't trust nobody" (x8)

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