

Leah Haywood

"Don't Trust Anybody"

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Who do you trust?
Can't trust your bitch, can't trust your partner
And you sho' nuff can't trust the white man

You trust yourself

[VERSE 1]

I'm strugglin and strivin, hustlin and divin, and duckin
from the five-o's
And from them marks right down the way we call our
rivals
Young soldiers ten deep on the grind spot
We got the trumps and dimes hot and here's where the
line stops
And I can't keep my nine in the bushes, Spice
Cause them jealous niggas and them dopefiends and
the fuckin vice
Want a nigga to close shop because I'm tearin a grip
I got they spot shook down, let's empty the round,
down the clip
They try to ride, must thought we leave, nigga, but
never that
They send some dopefiends over to kill us, nigga, but
never that
Straight punks call the task
They can't work the helicopters, k9's and gats on that
ass
Niggas hit the fences droppin all they twamps,
intentions fail
Tryin to make it to my hooptie, but my homie scooped
me
Hittin fences, one of my boys got snagged
We tried to get him loose, but the k9's came and
chewed his ass
My other boy's on the roof jumpin house to house, he
lost a step
And fell to the ground and broke his fuckin neck
They're killin my crew off, they're killin my crew off
We gotta split up or these k9's and helicopers gonna
get us
So I bail, never look back, I think I lost him

Killed his k9 dog, I cut him up and then I tossed him
My other boys said fuck it, they stopped and had a
showdown
Before they got took the task counted four down
My other bro was hurt, he hit his knees and threw his
hands up
They put two zips of coke in his pockets, then they put
him in handcuffs
I was almost through the share and breathin heavy
If I made it when I got behind the wheels I knew they
couldn't fade it
I done told you bout them do's and can't's and that
shift kick
I hit them corners and five-o got ditched quick
Them niggas ratted us out, the five-o banged coke and
gatted us out
Now I'ma show you fools what bein mad is about

[CHORUS 1]

The five-o, hoes and niggas know
I can't give them my trust
Cause if I turn my back on them
They just might start to bust

[VERSE 2]

I started with ten niggas, I'm down to the dome
I got no block to call my spot, I got no hood to call my
home
I must stay strong and maintain D.T.A.
My real homies are gone, so now that gotta be the way
I started in the streets like a hobo, now I'm mobile
I organize my business, but I still duck the robo
I make mo' money, breakin ounces down sellin sacks,
fuck them savages
Kickin my dough down, lookin for packages
I had to down my Chavelle and come anew
Cause I was hot from the block when I used to run the
crew
In Oakland on the East Side you know how we ride
We like to swing and slide, whip them old schools and
make them inches tight
So I flip the 50 with deposit tractions
Sitton on chrome, Toni supercharge ?Braxton?
You hear me then you wonder where I am
The Flowmaster dude's barkin hard with the hitters and
them camps
First 50 in the Town with the racing stripes
Smokin it up like them dopefiends basin pipes
Niggas know I got the sack
They got a drop but I don't, but they know the trigger
got my back

I see they mouths droolin, niggas gettin shifty-eyed
They wanna jack me cause they know that my 50 ride
One fool tried to jack me on the late tip
Aimed for this chest but I caught him in the hip
Keep one in the chamber with the meter on my dick
Since the safety's on the trigger you'se one dead nigga

[CHORUS 2]

The five-o, hoes and niggas know
I can't give them my trust
Cause if I sleep, they'll creep on me
And then I will be fucked

[VERSE 3]

Now I got them zippers and them quarters and them eights
My stack is gettin fat, so I'm lockin it up in safes
I got the combination tatoed on my brain
Hear all them busters sayin, "That dude's rollin caine"
Whenever the niggas are rollin the dank and the stank
I'm makin the bank
I set up a shop on the block cause drivin and servin the
fools I can't
I told you in the first verse my first shop got shut down
100 grand strong from the dank, I gives a fuck now
A daily operation, more than 40 grand a week
And if they raise the profit, the Goldy man'll speak
The rollers give a fuck about the niggas grindin dime
sacks
They always slap em up and scare em just to find
where I'm at
Shit, there was a time when I was a soldier on the block
myself
Now I'm stressin and I'm knowin now that I got my
wealth
Now I'm the man with the team that's worked with
under me
But I don't trust none of them fools as far as I can see
I know I should cut em loose
Cause if they get caught and have to do 5 they turn me
in and settle for 2
Plus they're bringin me five g's a day
I can't let em go, I'm stuck, so I gota hit my knees and
pray
Cause I'ma go out like I came in, a soldier
And if I get corner shopped, you all be sayin I told ya
And what I made is mine
Fuck you hoes tryin to find where my safe is at
You all get your face a smack
I don't trust anybody
I be one locked up or dead nigga with a hidden safe

full of money

[CHORUS 1 & 2]

The five-o, hoes and niggas know
I can't give them my trust
Cause if I turn my back on them
They just might start to bust
The five-o, hoes and niggas know
I can't give them my trust
Cause if I sleep, they'll creep on me
And then I will be fucked

Yeah, muthafucka
Watch your backsides and your frontsides
Don't trust any muthafuckin body
You can't trust the white man
You can't trust that janky bitch you're with
You sho' nuff can't trust the next nigga
Come up to the head, bra
Get your money up
Fuck ya

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