

# Nas "Trust"

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It's like a cold story repeated over and over  
In the winters of my mind  
This shit be real man  
Shit's crazy out here  
Yo yo, yo what up y'all  
That's my niggas over there  
Word  
[Verse 1]  
If you scared to take chances  
You'll never have the answers  
I could tell the future of a dude how his stance is  
Wonder will he shoot then you should study where his  
hands is  
Is he gonna cock it and pop it  
His waistband big  
But he don't have that thing in him  
Slanging just ain't in him  
Body language is off, he's soft  
But soft niggas all a sudden start dumping, fronting  
Cause he feel a way  
My niggas say the eyes is a giveaway  
One look could tell me if you really came to kill me  
Be the quiet nigga looking  
Laying with the milli  
Who that over there, creeping  
Who homie by the tree  
Better safe than sorry, look at p-noid me  
Few machine guns close, we could squeeze all three  
Be a cold day in hell fore they creep on me  
It's a lesson every premonition  
Lotta niggas killed 'cause they wasn't paying  
attention  
Listen  
[Hook]  
I want a bitch I can trust  
Some niggas I can trust  
Accountants looking over my figures I can trust  
A lawyer that's fighting for my decisions I can trust  
Damn my nigga trust  
I can never get enough  
A Ruger I can trust  
Shooters I can trust

Goons that know how to spot out a Judas I can trust  
And if I can't trust you, the fuck is you here for  
Some of you niggas' true colors becoming clear  
more

[Verse 2]

It's been so long  
Can't remember how we begun this war  
This is a ever-lasting thunderstorm  
Cause guns went off  
I see your mom's she still speak  
She don't know I ain't cool with her son no more  
It's old shit, see forever we holding this grudge  
Takes real men to squash beef  
End it with hugs  
We buried our dead, been years  
Why should I worry bout him  
Constantly watching my back  
Plus niggas telling I dread  
Another day I put a family in black  
Though I be calm and relaxed  
Though I know somehow it will come back  
Even if I'm in the right  
Cause still a life is a life  
What was it worth to see you covered in dirt  
It's quite redundant  
Whether you the hunter or the hunted  
Mother's cry, no statute of limitation on a homicide  
Just tattoos of my niggas' names  
I wonder will it change  
Let's ride

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

It's rare I listen to niggas who never been in my  
position  
A caterpillar can't relate to what an eagle envisions  
From the mind of a man who went at it with killers  
Sit down little man  
Let me school you in hood business  
Seen a lotta niggas blow  
Lotta dreams folded  
Some wasn't humble, ate too much, got bloated  
Ain't too much left to buy  
Bought it I'm loaded I guess  
Lear jets  
I ask myself do I need love or success  
They say the artist that truly suffers  
His stuff is the best  
Cause his heart bleed on his sleeve  
Pain pistols and sex  
Remember spray painting the word Fresh and then  
staring at it

Older folks angry, pointing, swearing at it  
Buildings I sprayed, nowadays drive the McLaren past it  
Same old man from years ago told me life is short  
So from infant to geriatric  
Trust your own judgment  
Live with it and love it  
[Hook]

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