

Three 6 Mafia "Don't Trust 'em"

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What? What? What?
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My nigga told me once
Don't you trust them motherfuckers
They act like they your thugs
But they phoney motherfuckers

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You trust no you trust no fucking bitch
'Cuz if you trust a fucking bitch you be in the ditch
Oh no you let a hoe
Set you up and now its time to let these hoes know its
go

You kick in'z they door you lay them on the floor
You put the gun to they motherfucking forehead bro
Is it fucking come? Is it fucking go?
I kill a hoe like I kill a fucking nigga bro

I thought you fucking knew you fucking with the six
You fuck with us we put your body in a fucking ditch
Bitch you done fucked around with the clique
Click A motherfuckers gun sound bitch

We don't trust no hoe, we don't trust no man
We got our own fucking thing don't you understand

Now how the fuck the hoes think they taken something
You take nothing you only taken the fucking drama

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How could you betray your folk
Haters like you should be smoked
Killed wrapped in plastic body bags 'cuz you're
[unverified]
Trick we coming after ya death is looking drastical

Strapped up spectacular then suck blood like Dracula
Best make sure you haven't said never hide the
evidence
Use to be my nigga now I'm rampaging your residence
Pay my dues down the juice, stealing what?

'Cuz you [unverified] back in middle school
What happened to blazing bags
Hanging out and skipping class
Now you in the [unverified] position bitch you wanna
blast

Hating us superior, murder your ass now meeting the
criteria
Ain't no use in being shamed blood on your mirror
frame
And that was provided from my [unverified] a nigga to
the brain
I'm deranged born crazed, shimmy to the turning lane
Couldn't drop this nigga so I took his ass to the game

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Ash to ash, dust to dust
How many motherfuckers that I can't trust
I can't trust suckers, I can't trust suckers
And I sure can't trust that nigga that be riding in that
back trunk

And I can't trust my gal 'cuz my gal she snitch
And I can't trust that bitch 'cuz a bitch is a bitch
And I can't trust that nigga that I use to hang with
'Cuz that nigga I use to hang with he'll flow like a bitch

And I can't trust chuck 'cuz chuck hear what
Have me walking round here singing shookey like
dookey
And I can't trust my [unverified] bust out my window
and I [unverified]
All over my car nigga you know who I am

Rat tat tat is my level pushing bodies in bags
Bodies in bag and have your ass walking the
procession
Fuck with me my nigga putting bodies in bag

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