

Pusha T

"Trust You"

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[Hook: Kevin Gates]

These women ain't shit but hoes with tricks
Baby girl, you different
When you're not around, it feels like something's
missing
And I know you keep it real
Never tell no lie
No, you heard what they say
True love all divine
I just might trust you with my drugs
Trust you with my money
I just might trust you with my drugs
Might trust you with my money
Girl, I'll trust you with my drugs
Might trust you with my money
Might just trust you with my drugs
Might trust you with my money, girl

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

Started out as just a fuck mission
Who'd have thought I'd have fucked with ya
Dope boy, they got trust issues
Never imagined being stuck with you
Years later, we in the villa suites
Top back, we on vanilla seats
Reminiscing about my episodes
With the extra hoes, but you didn't cheat
Cold nights when you couldn't sleep
Celine bags with the giving treat
C-class helped you see past
All them other hoes, and that they niggas weak
Whoo!, I'm good money, got you talking in dollar
signs
It's all good that you the top bitch
But she just wanna know the bottom line
I don't blame her, I don't change her
I just sit back and give her options
Phillip Lim, Dereck Lim, every baller gotta know she
sponsored
Whoo, you earned that, now where the fuck did you
learn that

We turned up, we turned out
We too far gone to ever turn back

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Locked phones, passes tense
Passcodes we pass this
Pass time, presidential, Rolex is both sexes
Blue bezel, we both flexin, big diamonds, we both
flexin
Pitch though, touchdown
Both sports I'm o jackson
Your bitch fronting that's you
My bitch stunting that's me
I break it down and break her off
I'm breaking bread and that's key
We everything that they talk about
No them haters be watching
Them bitches lerking they page locked
And they still know when you shopping
They still know that I'm balling
You still know that I'm all in
Your ex nigga, your next nigga gon hate the fact that
I'm spoiling
Whoo, but you earned that
Now where the fuck did you learn that
We turned up, we turned out
We too far gone to ever turn back

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Girl I mixed on molly, I just sneaked some time in it
Requirement is you just gotta make sure you and me
on mine
Standing there standing with your bowlegged stance
Trust me or nothing you could hold in your hand
Hustle in the hood, strong with the bands
I be doing something more than a ho I can smash
I feel something bad like a bone in the bag
Pole in my pants grab attention
When you stepping out the shower and your ass is
wiggling
Glance at the ceiling, now your glass is empty
Thinking back what's really
I done grabbed a vixen that's supposed to be up
In a rapper video, that's a really blow
That spaghetti sauce
See you when you not around
We text each other when out of town

We remain the same no matter up or down
These other women stay pretending
Money up and they help to spend it
But will fuck my niggas in a very minute
I was down and out and had to go to prison
Got play our road it's nothing and again I say I love em
My name is my name

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