

Street Smartz

"Don't trust anyone remix"

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Chorus x4:

Don't trust anyone
Ain't no one we can trust

Verse 1:

I wanna take it from starts and scrapes
By high bars and gates
This stars atapes
Hungry niggas that's thug relate
Money getters sniffin yards of yay
Honey hitters gettin charged all day
R.I.P. to B.I.G. and Marvin Gaye
Cause life's beyond critical
So I can't be seen wich means I'm non visible
Son your aim with a firearm's pityfull
You hit the wrong man and left his mobs miserable
Criminals usin this moment to show
What we distributin is potent
My ludacriss slogans be havin shorties brutally copin
I keep my pay collected and stay connected
To get niggas to play my record
And my name respected is the main objective
I'm leavin foes crushed with no points
On a dole night
I'm so nice
Niggas that play heroes I give 'em cold cuts
Adolescents packin Wessuns
With solid crack professions
He die from the mack's agression
Instead a black depression

Chorus x4

Verse 2:

Well if you thinkin what I said was soft
Watch the lead bust off
And have you runnin like a chicken with his head cut off
You're number one opponent
Make sure them guns is loaded
Before you find your sons extorted and unsupported
If I'm not firin, I'm gettin higher yeah

Motherfuckers is better off retirin
And playin violins on isle-lands
You're admirin my style cause it's quite vicious
Smack bitches like niggas smack niggas like bitches
Doin time for crime and facin
Now your mind is wasted
For tryin to shine with diamond bracelets
Mad flavour, the bag lacer
Take a pull of this
Shit have you feelin like a dragracer
Notice me, you ain't supposed to be attackin
On global and locally I master it
Lyrics is vocally immaculate
niggas is totally inaccurate
Packin iron for wreck
A lot of these niggas is dyin vervexed
But son, imagine havin lions for pets
Smokin cess
Fuckin any bitch you try to sex
I'm thinkin long term, more than just byin a Lex
I want the livest connect
With each man in my fam high as the next

Chorus 8x

Business is business
And even your peoples are playin for pape-papes
So many snakes, punk bitches and fakes, snitches and
jakes

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