

## Frank Ryan

# "Can't Trust a Man"

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Sistas recognize no matter how you try to understand  
to understand them  
oh noo you cant trust a man

Look here, I'm goin out with tha homies  
And dont you even give me no lip like you own me  
You want me couked up so you can do yo thang  
But now it's time boot up and say some thangs gone  
change  
Like when yo pager rangs  
Whats up wit all these codes  
You turn tha thang upside down readin stuff from yo  
hoes  
I suppose thats why I got on my clothes  
Gon have a dance  
A drink or 2  
And I aint even trippin on you  
Cause tha things you think is slick really aint  
You think you bein a playa  
But looka here  
Dude you cant  
Cause I work everyday, but I dont pay nan bill  
Sex you only when I want  
And never do fix a meal  
But on tha real  
I be that pimpstriss, mackadame with game  
Got tha mind playin  
Met tha trick indeed to bring tha pain  
Cause yo lame excuses  
And yo tore up lies  
Left you hanging wide open  
And i aint even tryin to cope wit  
Yo mental cause it makes no sense  
Thats why nothins goin on between us but tha rent  
I spent alot of time tryna figure you out  
But now I finally understand  
You just cant trust no man

You cant trust a man ( why they always cheatin)  
You cant trust a man ( why they mess up tha way they  
do)

You cant trust a man ( why they always cheatin)  
You cant trust a man (You cant trust a man)

As long as a trick comes fallin down  
It gives me all motion to keep my suit fo tha clown  
I'se be like get on down  
Boy get on down  
i'm hella known fo my strut through my town  
Suga T here I be its me  
Momma always told me dont nathin come free  
They aint shh  
We knows how it goes  
Always tryna come up on tha roolly hoes  
But tha skys tha limit  
I keeps my hmm sewed up  
They backs up off tha hmm  
Because I'm tryna make a buck  
Chuggin tha lug cause i be down wit da funkin  
niggas be on my jock like a tree be on tha stump  
Packin junk in my trunk  
Must i buck em  
Callin me all on tha top notch to bust some  
Lyrical master in tha front  
Be on this rap scene  
Who do I be  
Cause i be that tool with tha classy  
Breakin em down  
Shakin em up gettin em stuck  
Supa bad and aint givin a fuck  
No love No lust  
Cause thats tha way it goes  
Cause they aint shh

chorus

(bridge)

You tear me up on tha inside  
I hope my hardhead understands  
Cause I cant trust no man

Damn even though he's a trip  
It's hard to let go cause I'm used to his tricks  
I'm scared to find anotha deal with his habits  
That might even turn out to be more drastic  
i'm mackin and he's ackin on his p's and q's  
But fo how long fo real until I get tha blues again  
I miss makin dinner fo 2  
Candelight, bubble bath and tha rendezvous  
But I do know i aint lettin him have his cake  
And his ice cream while he eats his steak  
I mean I aint down to share no I cant understand  
Some otha chick up in tha mix wit my man

So I'm bounce just to let him see  
That if I can't trust him then he cant be with me

chorus until end

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