

**Karl Moik****"Trust it's On"**

Visit "[Trust it's On](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Shyheim]  
27, yeah yeah  
Shyheim, 27  
Microphone check  
27, 27  
Wu-Tang Killa Bee  
Shyheim, 27

[Shyheim]  
Made my click vanish  
Ya'll be co-respeonding  
With my niggas in critique attings  
I run when the jiggy come, I'm on probation  
Can't get caught with another gun, serious buissnes  
That's why I never be in one spot for more than 5  
minutes!  
I'm menace like O-Dog, oh Lord  
You will be a body and your man will be a witness  
Do it for dolo, shot knees no existance!  
If I want my niggas then we co-defendant  
One love, one thug till the last love  
Made up mad slang when my phone was bugged  
You bite so much of mine or high-speak dub  
Copy my shit, I'll fuck you up in the club  
You can get your doors, glock a 44  
Do you think they stop making guns when they made  
yours?  
27, we get money and break laws, gettin' you sick  
We be all up in your porsche

[Chorus: Infamous Bluesteele]  
Yo, we shoulda blow  
Let your guns spark, It's on!  
When you see my fam commin' with the rush, It's on!  
When we crush, It's On!  
When we flush, It's on!  
Leave my fam, get the erv, you hit that dust  
It's on! We shoulda blew  
When you trust, it's on!

[Shyheim]

I'm like Ice Cube, to my shoes I bring it Mack 10  
With the death long vest on, more points than an  
african  
You can trust it's on, thats my word is bond  
I put that on twin, niggas is broke  
They don't bail out, they blood in  
Then they blood out when I bring the dog out  
Make them call for a loung-out on the concrete  
I rock a fellow like Bleek, niggas know me  
I think your CD is weak, if the shit ain't in my Jeep  
Straight cheese, skinny nigga but I walk like I'm ??  
Death to my enemy's...

[Chorus]

[Infamous Bluesteele]  
When I'll be yellin "blaze dem"!  
If you got the razor, chase e'm  
If you got the 44 then lift e'm up  
Raise e'm, jus't don't come  
Bunny back to me, son I grace e'm  
Raise e'm, son you better murder the man  
We need his body in this soil  
So we further the land  
You heard of the plan?  
Then you know how we rock you  
Never grace a nigga, niggas heartpiece stop  
And his heart leave not, likely a rush  
To leave a nigga leakin' this, slightly touch  
I think Mike need the bus cos presically he bust  
And he could turn a hardrock, I see the slot  
And the mic be the trust, that I gamed before  
If Kani got him 'sessed, son it's basically law  
Shy says fuck the roof and I'm raising the floor  
And my ? don't shit, that's why you praising the lord  
(Praising the lord) What?!  
(Nigga) (Straight Up)

Visit [Karl Moik](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.