

LL Cool J F/ Marc Dorsey

"Don't Trust Anyone"

Visit "[Don't Trust Anyone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 aggression

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

Visit [LL Cool J F/ Marc Dorsey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.