

Nas F/ Large Professor "Don't Trust a Bitch"

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[Hook: Boogy Nikke]

Don't trust a bitch for nothin'
She's easy to get but sneaky, sneaky

[Tony Tone]

Let her catch ya slippin'
she's takin' your cash, and then she's leavin'
Sayin' that she love you, but she really don't
She wants your name and your fame
and that's just what she want

Listen up

No disrespectin' to you ladies
But I gotta tell you about yourself
'Cause your ways are shady
Thinkin' that ass is gonna drive me crazy
Thinkin' 'cause you look good like you should
But it's only front to get what I want
Is that all I want? And then you're on your own
See I grew up in a household of women
So I know your schemes - I know plans
I know your dreams - I know everything
See, nothin's changed about me
Oh, I'm gullible, 'cause I'm in this industry?
Fuck that shit - fuck that bitch
You was only good for suckin' dick
Remember my click, it makes me sick
When I think about it at times
Like Freaknic when you were around
You still thinkin' you down?
Hell, naw - I don't think so
You lied on me, ho
This bitch just tried to come between me and my
niggas
She gots to go

(Hook)

Boogy Nikke:
The game you can not trust 'em
Them bustas, them cluckas

Them sucka muthafuckas can't love ya for nothin'
They always got they sneaky ? look up in they eye
(Why you lookin' like that?)
And why they wanna try to fuck up
A good thing with the B-double-O-G-Y?
Uh-uh, not I - too much of a soldier - mentally and
physically
Got tatted on my back
I work for the bishop and me
Which means bitch get up and pearl
If you think the Boog got your world done
Bitch, you got a nigga cold caught up in the midst of
your twist
Better check your lips because the eye, they never lie
Try to spy, the lies, hey guy
Don't trust a bitch for nothin'
She's easy to get, but sneaky, sneaky

(Hook)

[Mo! Hart]
You'll never get a chance to break this heart again
Trick me good, 'cause I thought I had a friend to the
end
Just about gone too far - just about had enough
Tryin' to test my mental skills
Will get your ass lumped the fuck up
So keep runnin' your mouth
You make me wanna sweat your grill
Steadily rollin' 'round town like you was God's gift to
man
Wantin' my love, and in a hellified-ass way
But you don't know how to come
So you persist in playin' silly ass games
Throwin' you coochie at 'em
Now, I gotsta get ghosts on you fast
'Cause I ain't down for what's eventually comin' to pass
All in my pockets, tryin' to stick me for my paper
(Gimme my shit)
This bitch isn't straight, (bitch)
Now pray, not down for doin' time for one domestic
caper

(Hook)

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