

2 Forks

38 Spesh

... Trust!
Nine-five, motherfuckers
Get live, motherfuckers
Huh, yeah, Trust Gang
Nahmsayin?
Nine-five, motherfuckers
Interstate 38 on the way nigga
Nahmean?
Get live, motherfuckers
That shit'll be here real soon
Ayo, ayo (Green Lantern)

I cook up everything, but I don't do pork
Four pots on the stove, so I hold two forks
Got a flow that remind you of the old New York
Changed the game, we 'bout to make a whole new sport
And I know you talk, you done told so much
That you don't even get checked when you go through courts
And your small chains show you got no support
You wan' hang, lil nigga, but your rope too short
Huh, trips OT, had to book a few rentals
Ain't pack no clothes, but I took a few pistols
Fiends take a hit and start looking through windows
Use the coat hanger as a cookin' utensil
Huh, please pardon my jewels
I wonder if my bitch father know that his daughter a mule?
But if she can't get drug through the mud, she harder to use
Hoes ain't shit but gardening tools
Y'all is confused, all I do is just count
Organizations, articles and accounts
Fuck the streets, I'm having barbecues at the house
Ten bricks got moved, I hardly moved off the couch, huh
Real shit, I'm away from the block scene
Y'all not kings, and y'all Mercedes is not clean
I took my lady to buy rings
We got a love and hate thing like Radio Raheem
Trust!

Nahmsayin? 1995, nigga
You know? I'm rappin' over all that classic shit that I grew up to, n
ahmsayin?
Interstate 38 on the way, nigga
Believe that, that shit be here real soon, nigga
Right now I'm giving y'all straight bars, nigga
Trust! '95 shit
Huh, huh, huh