

## Trust Issues

Cardi B

I don't really trust them no more  
All these bitches do is talk behind your back that's a no go  
And I don't really stress it no more  
Getting all this money made my heart so cold  
Middle finger up to you hoes  
Hating on me I'm making moves on the road though  
And I don't really trust them no more  
I don't really stress it no more  
I don't be trusting them  
I don't be stressing them  
I swear I just flex on them  
I swear I just flex on them

Carbi B, me bad one  
You bitches sad ones  
I just get my money and I style on them  
All them bitches broke and they mad I just dab on them  
Wave bye hit the gas on them  
200 on the dash on them  
I don't say much I just swag on them  
I be killing them I go Fab on them  
Left right throwing jabs at them  
Night night I'm a black on them  
Hit the game raw no magnums  
Can't stop winning God finna go platinum

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NY Cardi next in line  
Yeah it's my time real hittas gonna respect mine  
I got deadlines  
I'm a hit the headlines ain't no bed time young boss nigga I ain't lying  
I fuck shit up then I come for my checks  
What you expect Cardi in full effect  
I see they mad  
I see they vexed  
But it's not my fault when I shoot it's all net  
Like swish now they look at the flick of the wrist  
They sending shots but I swear it's all miss  
Cardi fall off yeah bitch you wish  
You must be drunk off all of those liqs

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