

# Can't Trust Em Remix

Dizzy Wright

Yeah, fuck these niggas, I don't trust these niggas  
Pull the knife out the AK, and cut these niggas  
Put the knife back on the AK, I throw the AK away, I get the nunchuck and nu  
nck these niggas  
I am, out of my mind, Jarren, you gon' really sniff all of those lines?  
Where the fuck were you when I was out on my grind?  
Stress bout to blow my brains out of my spine  
Insane in the membrane, sick with the pen game, y'all niggas been lame  
Frickin' faggot, gagged and fucked in the ass like the Gimp did Ving Rhames  
Eastside tyrant, little bit of vibe when I flee from the sirens  
I hit a nigga in the leg with a tire iron, and crack him in the fucking skul  
l with a fire hydrant  
I'm a beast, I'm a God, I'm a killer, I'm a pimp, and I walk with a limp  
You're a geek, you're a lame, you're a bitch, you're a fag, bitch you talk w  
ith a lisp  
Like "Hey Dizz, pull your dick out, all we wanna do is party"  
Meanwhile, I'm with your fucking baby mom at the drive-thru at Hardy's  
She say "Yeah, I thought you were ballin'", bitch you see the Hardy's at Arb  
y's  
Bougie ass trick still let a nigga hit, so I fucked her in the back of an RV  
What up to my nigga named Dizzy, hoes throw the pussy at a nigga like a fris  
bee  
Hatin' ass niggas gon' hate, better load up the guns, till the pussy ass nig  
gas come kill me, feel me  
Chop ya, body up, put it in my locker, freeze it, cook it, put it in my past  
a  
The chopper go 'brah' in your mouth like banaca, drop ya, call the fucking c  
oroners and doctors  
Duct tape and rape ya, As-  
Salāmu 'Alaykum, killers from Jamaica, they gon' let you meet your maker  
Funk Volume bitch, we don't need a fucking major, Mr Benton sickest motherfu  
cker from Decatur

I can't trust none of these niggas  
Can't trust none of these hoes  
I'm killing shit  
So I'm chilling with a marijuana cloud and my bros  
They talking shit but we talking goals  
Gettin' money that's all I know  
In this shit and I been the shit  
And I did this shit all on my own

Okay, they let me loose and I'm at it  
Bitch I'm noose neckin' this rap shit  
Got a gang of hoes on my matress  
You a bitch nigga, you manson  
Man I'm too much for you niggas  
I could murder you on yo own song  
Give my flow some turbo  
End up breakin niggas like O-zone  
Kill a nigga quicker than a mili to his temple  
Drag his fuckin' body beneath the 2 cylinder  
You too weak, and me I'm too villainous  
Ain't shit safe bitch I ain't through killin' it  
Bitch I'm hard as I do claim, bitch I'm harder than you claim  
I get on anybody's song and make that shit part of my food chain  
Boom, bang, bang, boom, bitch back, back better gimme some room

I got a wild mind, I'm on a million shrooms  
Codeine cups look like a million prunes  
I'm ill, and I want it, those two deadly components  
Anything I'm in, I always win  
Can't even picture havin' opponents  
Bitch!

They done fucked up, fetch the bong  
Remix bitch I'm extra on  
I'm rollin weed, overseas  
Funk Volume bitch we finna set the tone  
Can't trust 'em, fuck it, put em' in a bucket  
Wanna see my dick so you could hug it?  
Came a long way for niggas to fuck with me the long way  
Independent on the motherfucking budget  
Man I'm never putting this mic down, right now it's my lifestyle  
Change your lives on a high cloud, I got marijuana all in my white owl  
So the hoes wanna hit it, niggas get to witness the bitches that really grou  
pie for a livin'  
I'm at the show, she at the front, now she at the hotel trying to get the mo  
therfuckin' business  
Hold up, hold up, why everybody on my dick?  
Is it cause I rip songs, hit bongs, with hit songs and niggas wonder how I'm  
getting on like this  
Damn, find another lover  
Can't trust 'em cause we tired of each other  
Brother, Las Vegas will never have another  
Tell XXL want the motherfuckin' cover