

# Trust Nobody

Don Q

It's Highbridge affiliates over everything  
Fuck the rest  
Don Season

I don't trust nobody  
Ride shotty with the shotty  
We just crashed the party  
Matching black Ferrari's  
Where the Paparazzi?  
This shit 'bout a half a ticket  
Then count it ourselves so we had to get it  
I get on them pills I'm an addict with' it  
I get in that ghost and turn Casper in it  
Yeah I got that pack I'm in traffic with' it  
Yeah we ran it up and they mad we did it  
The weed for that chain, that's a bad decision  
Moral of the story, ain't no happy endin's  
Look, I don't trust nobody  
I'm lookin' like a 'Rari  
Pussy, come and try me  
You know that we got it  
Play me it's a hommie  
Ain't no other option  
We come from the gutter  
Shootouts in public  
They duckin' for cover  
Man, fuck undercovers  
Next nigga snitch and we figure it out  
We gon' scissor his nose and his tongue to his mouth  
Stood on the corner with onions and butter  
I done seen friends shoot they guns at each other  
I done seen real niggas turn into suckers  
I done seen school niggas turn into hustlas  
I done seen niggas get sentenced up top  
And they main bitch be fuckin' the nigga they shot!  
We blessed with success 'cause we been through a lot  
I'm dressed to impress gettin' bent in the drop  
I don't trust nobody  
And nigga I'm serious  
Went and dropped a quarter at the dealership  
Keep a shooter with' me when I'm wheelin' it  
Keep that strap on his lap, no concealin' it  
So get back for he snap, start revealin' it  
Movin' I'm clearin' it  
Too many questions  
You makin' me curious  
Bag full of percs and I'm takin' a pair of 'em  
I don't trust nobody  
Ain't nothin' nice man we grew up a mess  
Whenever you seen me I threw up the west  
I'm about to start giving y'all jewelry the test  
I heard the diss  
I ain't truly impressed  
I been that nigga since Coogi was fresh  
I spent my days on the stoop and them steps  
If only you knew what we'd do for a check  
Fuck your comparisons

I got some bitches in Maryland that'll do trips in the caravan  
Suitcase with money a couple of packages  
Clothes on the top it's gon' look like they travelin'  
I post on the post with an 'O' of that coke  
Watchin' for ops and the toast in my coat  
Shots off the blunt then get low from the folks  
When you come to my hood they gon' call me the GOAT  
Whoa!