

Can't Trust Her

Gucci Mane

Ooh, ooh

Can't love her, can't trust her (fuck that ho)
I swear that I can't put no one above her (what)
That money (money), what we live for (gettin' it)
Sign that, thanks for stealin' I'm a kill her
Swear I can't love her, can't trust her
I'd be a damn fool just to cuff her
Can't love her, can't trust her
Can't love her, can't trust her

Drop, Phantom, [?], Rolls
Tripped her out her panty hose
She heard Gucci Mane's a dog (woof)
You know the way I handle hoes
All my hoes got bitches too
All my guns come with extensions
Girl who the fuck you talkin' to?
Better watch your tone and get out my business
She always home I'm always gone
Ho stick to me just like cologne
Kush, we still go off that strong
I smell like five pounds of She won't believe me, she won't believe me
She don't believe me, she don't believe me
G-G-Gucci Mane be real and flexin'
I can buy thirty five SS's
She call my phone I hit decline
And I ain't fine with fuckin' textin'
Cold dirty world you better wear your boots
You know it's hurtin' me to hurt you it hurts me too
I know I got a cold heart but baby not about you
I know I lie but if the shoe shines you lie too
My ride or die bitch she gone and I miss my boo
I ride by you in the coupe fuck I miss my roof

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Who? Rich Homie baby
First of all, I can't trust no woman
So baby leave, all my bitches
Take off like Bessy Coleman
Bitch you freakin', niggas ain't speakin'
Let them know this
Them niggas leachin', give me back
All my shit you owe me
That trigger squeezin', shootin'
At all these motherfuckers
Breakin' on polices, fuck dinner trays
Got three covers
Straight out them trenches

Me and my nigga workin' double
He love them millions
Know what the crazy thing is?
I hate I love 'em (I do)
Oh, me and Guwop straight up East Atlanta with it
Word around town? (What's that?) Your new drop rented
(I know) I got loose knots in my denim (yeah)
And a shoe box full of binges (Rich Homie)
Two shots and I'm in 'em

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