

Trust

Nas

It's like a cold story repeated over and over
In the winters of my mind
This shit be real, man
Shit's crazy out here
Yo yo, yo what up y'all?
That's my niggas over there. Word

If you scared to take chances, you'll never have the answers
I could tell the future of a dude how his stance is
Wonder will he shoot then you should study where his hands is
Is he gonna cock it and pop it? His waistband big
But he don't have that thing in him, slangin' just ain't in him
Body language is off, he's soft
But soft niggas all a sudden start dumpin', frontin'
Cause you fell away; my niggas say the eyes is a giveaway
One look could tell me if you really came to kill me
Be the quiet nigga lookin', layin' with the milli
Who dat over there, creepin'? Who homie by the tree?
Better safe than sorry, look at p-noid me
Few machine guns close, we could squeeze all three
Be a cold day in hell 'fore they creep on me
It's a lesson every premonition
Lotta niggas killed 'cause they wasn't payin' attention.
Listen

I want a bitch I can trust
Some niggas I can trust
Accountants lookin' over my figures I can trust
A lawyer that's fightin' for my decisions I can trust
Damn my nigga trust, I can never get enough
A Ruger I can trust, shooters I can trust
Goons that know how to spot out a Judas I can trust
And if I can't trust you, the fuck is you here for?
Some of you niggas' true colors becoming clear more

It's been so long, can't remember how we begun this war
This is a ever-lasting thunderstorm, 'cause guns went off
I see ya moms she still speak,
She don't know I ain't cool wit her son no more
It's old shit, see forever we holdin' this grudge
Takes real men to squash beef, end it with hugs
We buried our dead, been years
Why should I worry 'bout him
Constantly watchin' my back
Plus niggas tellin' I dread
Another day I put a family in black
Though I be calm and relaxed
Though I know somehow it will come back
Even if I'm in the right, 'cause still a life is a life
What was it worth to see you covered in dirt?
It's quite redundant, whether you the hunter or the hunted
Mother's cry, no statute of limitation on a homicide
Just tattoos of my niggas' names. I wonder will it change?
Let's ride

It's rare I listen to niggas who never been in my position

A caterpillar can't relate to what an eagle envisions
From the mind of a man who went at it with killers
Sit down little man, let me school you in hood business
Seen a lotta niggas blow, lotta dreams folded
Some wasn't humble, ate too much, got bloated
Ain't too much left to buy, bought it I'm loaded I guess
Lear jets - I ask myself do I need love or success?
They say the artist that truly suffer his stuff is the best
'Cause his heart bleed on his sleeve, pain pistols and sex
Remember spraypaintin' the word "Fresh" and then staring at it
Older folks angry, pointin', swearin' at it
Buildings I sprayed, nowadays drive the Maclaren past it
Same old man from years ago told me life is short
So from infant to geriatric, trust ya own judgment.
Live with it and love it