

# I Don't Trust You!

REASON

Yeah

Days feel short, long road night trips  
We was workin' hard, nine to five by the day  
Top caught up, whole life got flipped  
Had good times with some women that I love  
Shit moved fast but I love overspent  
Last time shorty hit my line, she was salty  
Came to the city so I put her at the Ritz  
Feel like I'm the next man up  
City on my shoulder right next to the chip  
Money still blue like I got it from a Crip  
Year been good like I got it from a blip  
I remember when you turn me down  
For a nigga with some money and a chain, can't blame one bit  
Money make 'em come then the money make 'em go  
Save me the feelings and the time would've spent  
Now nigga paid, got a nice deal  
Spent bands on the chain, that's a light bill  
Pulled up to the city for a light thrill  
Shit smooth but it gotta have the right feel  
I be moving 'round like I'm normal  
Niggas call like they did somethin' for me  
Wasn't homies but it's love, we was cordial  
Niggas changed like oil pressure wrong  
Handled that with the posse  
Pressure hit 'em niggas turned to Tekashi  
Crucifixion to some niggas to cross me, wait  
Why you talkin' like we partners? Wait  
I do business with the bosses  
Business meetings over Veuve and fresh calamari  
Blessings, God put 'em on me  
I don't want it, if the shit wasn't for me, real shit  
Life hard, lost homies, I was real sick  
Kept pushin' that's the shit you gotta deal with  
Fast food, I'm tryna get a meal quick  
Fast food, I'm tryna get a meal quick  
Look I came from nothin' so everything that I'm giving', I love it  
I remember sellin' sacks to the public  
Now I'm in Saks, this barely a budget, it's REAS'

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One thing on my mind and it's a feelin' so true  
Keep you on my line, I can't pretend I love you  
You brought me outta the fire, you  
Always on my mind and it's a feelin', feelin'

Feelin' complacent, I've been wastin', am I waitin' too long?  
I mean let's face it, now that I mention, I've been way too calm  
It's been portraits and autographs, last year was Mardi Gras  
Inchin' I've been patient but you takin' too long  
I need myself to catch up to who I become  
No teacups or belly dancers to entertain my demons and  
I need more space and more grace from like everyone and  
I need myself to catch up, catch

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Shit, goddamn it  
They wanna talk but they call me a ignorant motherfucker  
Bitch, I'll be ignorant  
I'll be ignorant, bitch  
Every day you wake up worried about some shit, bitch  
I ain't got shit to worry about 'cause I don't know a goddamn thing  
Police come around askin', "Who did this?", "Get did what?"  
That's how the motherfuck you get caught up, bitch  
Talkin' too God damn much, shit  
Shut the fuck up  
You know, you think you know, you think you know  
You think you know and then thinkin' two different things, you dumb motherfucker  
I don't think about nobody so I don't know shit

Ignorance, livin'  
I find my peace in forgettin' (yeah)  
Focus on all that I got  
Forget about times we didn't (uh)  
Know any second we can lose those hours  
So I never waste single minutes (yeah, yeah)  
Them tough times stuck in my hands  
No wonder my brain always tickin'  
Reminiscin', mama made my sandwich with the chips in the center  
Remind me so much of a heart, I swear, the best part is in the middle  
Now I question life, if I'm doin' it right  
Ironic, make livin' off riddles  
Work hard, I can't play second fiddle (nah)  
No, I cannot play second fiddle

I told my demons, I can't hold you  
Regrets and pride gon' turn you to the old you  
You can't let that ignorant shit mold you  
I can't chase my dreams like I'm supposed to  
I can't shake that shit from the

No matter where a nigga name goes, still a nigga  
No matter where a nigga fame goes, still a nigga  
No matter how a nigga chain glows, still a nigga  
No matter if I push a Range Rove, still a nigga

It ain't been easy either, shit  
Heartbreak, nigga, loss  
Real loss  
Failure  
I done seen you walk up on this block  
Up and down, I done seen the ups and the downs, feel me?  
A lot of things been unsure, we  
We may not know what come but  
One thing we know, we got family  
We got real family  
No fuckin' Dom Toretto shit, nigga, I'm talking 'bout that real life  
Family, nigga  
You can depend on a whole lot of shit that ain't gon' last, nigga  
This money ain't gon' last  
These bitches ain't gon' last  
Some of these friends ain't gon' last, nigga  
Your family gon' be here

Family come first, nigga