

Who Can I Trust

Spice 1

Who can ya trust?
Who can ya trust, cause niggas is all snakes and rats
Hollerin at your baby mama all behind your back
Smilin in your face though they plan on takin your place
Paid the lawyer ten g's, still lost the case
You say you got a lust to bust
But when it comes down to it, man, you sho' go nuts
Who can ya trust? Some niggas want to roll with us
But when the bodies start droppin, man, they ain't sayin too much
Out of touch, quiet as a church mouse, not a squeak or a sound
When we really let em know how we get down
Who can ya trust, scandalous bust's tryin to set you up
And though you didn't plan on swimmin they wet you up
Who can ya trust when a nigga ballin out of control
And all the haters want to get you for your diamond Rol'
Tired of suckers tellin me that I don't kick it no mo'
I'ma kick that ass ridin for my cash for sho'
Who can ya trust?
When a nigga ballin out of control
You see it's hard to tell the difference from a friend or foe
(Who can be trusted?)
Lord, I want to be a baller, please
But these savage-ass streets keep on callin me
(Who can be trusted?)
When a nigga ballin out of control
You see it's hard to tell the difference from a friend or foe
(Who can be trusted?)
Lord, I want to be a baller, please
But I been diagnosed with the thug disease
...gettin sticky when I roll up
Niggas dippin too close and you don't know me, nigga, hold up
Get your hands our your pockets, I don't trust nobody
Cause see, the game ain't nothin but a gangster party
I been thuggin for years, tryin hard to stay alive
Cause violence and vengeance came close too many times
Sparks light up the night, niggas duckin from ricochets
Baldheads or braids, you can die in six million ways
In the heat of the drama, who can ya trust?
Hella niggas sayin they down, but they ain't ready to bust
They ain't walkin how they talkin, they just yappin they mouth
Speakin on that thug shit and ain't a strap in the house
Who can you trust, everybody gotta watch they back
Thought he was your homeboy till he faded to black
Walked up to your mama house, hit you up for the sacks
Now you bailin in the hooptie rollin round with the gat
You can't trust nobody in these days and times
Miss my homie, sittin on his grave with nines
Wishin I was at the murder scene lightin it up
For my playboy partna, I was the one he could trust
We choose 100's and 50's over tig-old bitties
It's m.o.b., ride or die in the heart of the city
Hella busters be fallin victim, swallowed up in the game
Black demons, I hear em callin, still screamin my name
Fall in the game, but you can never know all the games
Shot in his head with his vest on - who do you blame?
A victim of circumstances, gone with the wind
And to my niggas stuck on death row, caught in the pen

Never let em see you sweat, we're all born in sin
Suckers'll never really see through the hearts of the real men
When the shit goes down niggas be up in the clouds
Suckers ain't sayin nothin, they just talkin aloud
Entertainin the crowd tryin to get a few stripes
I ain't down for ballin, already got two strikes
Niggas tryin to make me k out
And some people say, "My A.K. is the way out"
Stay out of bullshit and keep my head over the water
Lot of niggas, see em hungry, blood-thirsty for dollars
Ridin for the cream, niggas think I'm doin 3 months
But on the real, homie, you can be touched
Now who can ya trust?