

Don't Trust

YG

Roll that shit up, nigga
That California...
(Put that on the beat, hoe)

I ride for my niggas, I die for my niggas
But hopefully none of us go - we keep gettin' money
We stay one hundred, and I'll put the Rollie up for hoes
We don't trust you niggas... fuck you niggas
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We don't trust you niggas... fuck you niggas
We don't trust you niggas

We don't trust you niggas...
We'll fuck your bitch, then make her fuck my clique
If I can't get you...
Then I'm a get her - and play piano with her clit
Niggas try and go against the clique
But how some broke niggas gon' go against rich?
It's all bad if I crack your bitch, I'm gettin' money
I should go gold, this is thick, yeah
They say you live and your learn, well I learned
Niggas won't be shite with a perm
Youse fuckin' with me, now it's fuckin' with me
You say you real? Then you a real-ass dummy
Karma might have somebody pop your bitch ass
Now your mama hopin' she ain't lost your bitch ass
Keep callin' my phone, askin' me for favors
So I had to put a block on your bitch ass

EBG, everybody get it
Certified young nigga give a damn 'bout a nigga
YG man, fuck these niggas
If a nigga cross us we'll hash out a nigga
Can't compete my right hand with my left hand
Glocks don't jam, shootin' shots at you niggas
Bad bitch she in California and rollin' California, OG kush, nigga
When I'm in the club, shooters outside
They don't give a damn 'bout a nigga standin' in the crowd
If a hater turnt up, lift my head up
Bet them young niggas gon' turn his ass down
I don't trust nobody, don't trust me
Took a lot of niggas' shit when I was on E
You know Young Scooter you know the street
Man, fuck y'all niggas, 'cause I gotta eat