

Trust Issues

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Timmy Da HitMan)

Bitch, you know that I don't trust you, huh
Grew up on the dark side, I got trust issues
I been turnt up, I been gone off juggaboos, I been rollin'
Made it out, my boo, she seen I'm rude, she can't control me, yeah
Keep that bag on me
I got bad bitches, I just switched my swag on 'em
I'm tryna bring a fan with me
And I keep one tucked, I brought it in with me, uh, uh
Drinkin' on that lean, ain't got no Henn' in it

Bitch, you ain't dumb, you know I'm slumped
Extra guns inside the trunk, ask 'em that I keep me one
Throw one curve and I'm sendin' somethin'
Baby, I'm a real gangster, tell her find another one
I live in the mountain and I came from nothin'
Wan' throw that cat, then give me some
I'm fresh and she like the way I put it on
Hold up, whip it out, I put it on her
Bitch bark, I'ma get you niggas gone
Then go platinum on another song
Thug nigga and shorty be fuckin' with me, I ain't givin' no fuck 'bout a nigga
She ain't nothin' like me, she be fuckin' with them niggas, every time she a round, it's tension
Popped with no prescription
Every time I pop my shit, these pussy niggas mimic
On they neck, each second, minute
Try some shit, I shoot that glizzy
Bitch, go, now start, let's get it
Done ridin' with these dirty bitches
Might wan' fuck every nigga with me

Bitch, you know that I don't trust you, huh
Grew up on the dark side, I got trust issues
I been turnt up, I been gone off juggaboos, I been rollin'
Made it out, my boo, she seen I'm rude, she can't control me, yeah
Keep that bag on me
I got bad bitches, I just switched my swag on 'em
I'm tryna bring a fan with me
And I keep one tucked, I brought it in with me, uh, uh
Drinkin' on that lean, ain't got no Henn' in it

Want somethin', take somethin'
Shoot that stick, then break somethin'
Stop this bitch, then face somethin'
Not no regular day if I ain't makin' nothin'
With that ass, she stuntin'
She gon' make me pass, I see she money hungry
BD nothin', he see me, better not run up on me
33 got the pint sent, I might cop 'bout three of 'em from 'em
Boot off X, not Santan, he might turn to Rudolph on 'em
From this Ben, we wave the cross, 38, we have shootouts on it
Bitch, this ain't commercial housin', stuck for life, this public homin'
Dirty bitch won't come up off me, lyin' to me, she fuckin' homie
I don't give no fuck 'bout homie, bitch, I just don't want you 'round me

I'm in that North, I'm strapped with choppers, how the fuck they found me?
She got me tatted, but takin' dick, one solid way to die on me

Bitch, you know that I don't trust you, huh
Grew up on the dark side, I got trust issues
I been turnt up, I been gone off jiggaboos, I been rollin'
Made it out, my boo, she seen I'm rude, she can't control me, yeah
Keep that bag on me
I got bad bitches, I just switched my swag on 'em
I'm tryna bring a fan with me
And I keep one tucked, I brought it in with me, uh, uh
Drinkin' on that lean, ain't got no Henn' in it

(Timmy Da HitMan)