

# Ya Can't Trust Nobody (feat. Daz Dillinger)

## Kurupt

Man, what you need, man?  
Yo' bitch ass always come around here  
Wit' this whole three dollar, two dollar, five dollar hit shit  
Nigga come around here with a twenty sack of somethin' nigga  
My bills gotta get paid motherfucker  
I'm outta here, catch me next week beotchHop in my Chevy get to wheelin' down the block  
Makin' sales, whether slangin' weed or rocks  
Clockin' major strapped up, me and my niggaz in the house  
Might as well back up, bustin' on niggaz if they act up  
On a mission with my gang, around here we run thangs  
Get paid, every night, where we hang  
'Cause it's a street thang, cops and automatic weapon  
Keep a nigga intact, for these niggaz half-steppin'  
Daz Dillinger, got sewed up for real  
Dealers servin' these niggaz for a quarter a mill'  
Ninety-eight my motto to kill, that's how it is  
Fuck my family, fuck my friends, when my dope come in You feel like fuck trust, a nigga lose  
his life  
Tryin' to trust on motherfuckers like us  
Stackin', stolen stack stackin' it ain't nuttin' but murders  
Kidnappings jackings and vault cracking  
Crackin' up in these parts, heat sparks up in these partsThe dark parts of the motherfuckin' park  
The tarantula's loose and I'm heated now  
With somethin' in my right palm to keep y'all seated down  
Repeated, headhuntin', huntin' for heads  
Shot in the chest neck arm and legs  
Ain't no fakin', we all out to get paid  
Wettin' niggaz what we do nowadays  
(Nigga)Around here, you can't trust nobody  
Anybody's somebody tryin to jack somebody  
(Somebody)  
Whether it's weed or your life or narcotics  
Anyway you get, you can't trust nobodyWe jack a nigga for a half a thang, we back up in this  
With a flock of these chickens, worth three and a half million  
Now we set, we relaxed chillin', livin' the boss life  
Every day every night me and the Columbians take flight  
Eight hundred ki's to fly across seas  
When I flip it I make about twelve million G's  
I'm a two thousand Ricky Ross, transportin' the sauce  
And it pay to be the boss cause when yo' ass get crossed  
Every nigga on the street gets paidA couple pieces spread, bear arms nigga, warfare nigga  
Shut down the alarms nigga

Time to hit off, get off then break off  
If he don't kick in the bread then take off  
Columbian ties, Columbian mob members in Columbian neckties  
Columbians disfigured, Daz MIDI machine Dillinger  
Two shotty Young Gotti, 'bout to put it on somebody  
And my mindstate today is fuck  
everybody  
Around here, you can't trust nobody  
Anybody's somebody tryin to jack somebody  
(Somebody)  
Whether it's weed or your life or narcotics  
Anyway you get, you can't trust nobody  
Around here, you can't trust nobody  
Anybody's somebody tryin to jack somebody  
(Somebody)  
Whether it's weed or your life or narcotics  
Anyway you get, you can't trust nobody  
Shit, who the fuck at the door?  
Aww man, the police, fool  
C'mon get out of here man c'mon  
Flush the shit, flush the coke  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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