

# Trust Issues

## Rico Nasty

[Intro]

Yeah, Rico

Kennyyy[Verse 1]

They keep tryin' hard to get at me but I don't think it's stickin'  
They only wanna beef with me because they see I'm winnin'  
It's diamonds in my ear, so it's hard for me to listen  
Bitch I'm worth a check, I bet you want for me to hit you  
We ain't that close, I bet you wanted me to kiss you  
Outfit sick, I should be walkin with a tissue  
Bitch, I'm a dog, but I just broke up out the kennel  
Car paid full cash and you ridin' in a rental  
Diamonds in my dental, crazy in my mental  
Stab you with a pencil if you don't get the memo  
This shit too simple, smokin' on emdom  
Racks in my pocket, so it made me limp slow

[Verse 2]

I just got to the party so I'm gonna sip mo'  
Pockets fat, so you know they won't fold  
She just pooped a bean, I ain't talkin' 'bout a pento  
If you lookin' for me, I be everywhere you can't go[Hook]  
I'm with the shit, good or bad, either way it go  
If you got a problem wit me, can you let me know?  
I-I-I got a lotta issues, I try not to let 'em show  
I got trust issues, don't nobody get too close[Post-hook]  
I got dough like a roll  
Choppa make 'em hit dem folks  
I-I-I-I got a Cali plug, he pull up on me in some loafz  
Walkin' through the airport and I got a Fenty tote  
Ridin' with my bitches and we stay with plenty poles

[Verse 3]

Shit, adiós, I need my money vámonos  
I like cheese, no nachos  
They like, where you get those?  
I touch mo' money than a bitch that work at Wells Fargo  
I got people turnin' heads everywhere that I go  
Kenny on the beat, so you know the beat fye  
Talkin' too much, my niggas pull up with that fye  
Five racks to the face, bitch, that's a high five  
You work a nine to five, I make nine bands five times  
Guns like we in the army, hope you roger that  
You tryna get a follow back but I be where the dollars at  
I make mo' money than my old teachers and I'm proud of that

You thought you was teachin' me, well, bitch, I shoulda bought yo ass[Verse 4]  
I hope that they ready for it, life come at you fast  
What ever you say outcho mouth you gotta stay true to that  
I hopped in a foreign, I might just do the dash  
Rich bitch in the passenger, I hope I don't fuckin' crash[Hook]  
I'm with the shit, good or bad, either way it go  
If you got a problem wit me, can you let me know?  
I-I-I-I got a lotta issues, I try not to let 'em show  
I got trust issues, don't nobody get too close[Post-hook]  
I got dough like a roll  
Choppa make 'em hit dem folks  
I-I-I-I got a Cali plug, he pull up on me in some loaf  
Walkin' through the airport and I got a Fenty tote  
Ridin' with my bitches and we stay with plenty poles  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>