

Don't Trust Her (Badwayz)

Too \$hort

[Badwayz]

Yeah, don't trust her

Don't trust yo' nigga

Yeah, uhhNow do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?

Now do you love your nigga or do you trust your nigga? Yeah[Verse One]

Now do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?

Cause niggaz gotta tendencies to follow they dick

You down with Too \$hort girl? He a ho

Cause I'll snatch a bitch up e'ry show, and hit the mo-mo

But certain niggaz fall in love with them hookers

Nigga the pussy ain't yours cause another nigga took her

Seen a little mo' game, she took a rang and some bigger and better thangs

Starin at the chain and the karats in the rang

Now who she wanna leave with, she know we got the sticky

The niggaz wearin dickies or the niggaz givin hickies

She know what she want, she want that California funk

Them hundred spoke thangs with that juice up in the trunk

She wanna ride down the sho' with the top back

But she know I gotta hit before we start that

Man don't trust her[Interlude One]

(Aiyyo) Man, see that's what the fuck I'm talkin about

(What?) You can't trust a bitch!

(The fuck you mean?) What'chu mean? Where the fuck you been?

(Me and my girl Robin went to the car wash)

I don't wanna hear that shit

Robin called me lookin for yo' motherfuckin ass

What the fuck you think? (whatever, whatever)

That's what the fuck I'm talkin 'bout, I'm talkin 'bout

(You trippin) I can't trust yo' motherfuckin ass

You need to get yo' ass the fuck up outta here

(Nigga let's just fuck, okay?)

No I ain't even fuckin, ain't worth that motherfuckerNow do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?

Now do you love your nigga or do you trust your nigga?

Nigga what what, what what wha-what?[Verse Two]

Now you thinkin you be trustin yo' man, but I'ma tell you right now

The peter man make the plans

It's like when I step up in the club I gotta catch my breath

9 times out of 10 I cain't help myself

I don't really mean to cheat, I ain't lyin I'm a freak

Pager goin beep and I'm steady tryin to creep
I admit, I'm a - sinner
I did what I had to do just to get in her
I simply whispered in her ear
Tell her I'm the man, tell her what she wanna hear
Now I'm knowin I can hit it
Cause the shit was soundin good cause she bought it and she bit it
I'm down with \$hort Dawg, I'm the next thang comin
You heard Badwayz? Yeah I'm the first one
My name Stud baby girl, you ain't heard of us?
"\$hort Records: In Platinum We Tru\$t?"
I hadda died if I wasn't high - you ain't heard that?
But matter of fact, I got some weed in the 'llac
We can finish these drinks and go smoke that shit
And from there, ain't no tellin where we gon' get
But don't trust her[Interlude Two]
That's the type of shit I'm talkin about (what?)
That fuckin around shit man that shit is not cool
(Fuckin around nigga, you been fuckin around too with some-a your hoes)
(Now how you gon' come off on me like that?)
Man you ain't got no clue, you don't know what the fuck's goin on f'real
(Anyway) I'm bout to handle business (I know)
Oh yeah baby what's up? (I know what you doin out there okay?)
Bitch, what the fuck you think I'm doin?
(Well as long as you bringin that lucci home to me baby)Now do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?
Now do you love your nigga or do you trust your nigga?
Nigga what what, what what wha-what?[Verse Three]
You see it's way after 12 and I'm out wit'cho bitch
Tossin up, while you workin on the midnight shift
Got you fucked up mad, bout to start a rage
She won't answer the phone, won't return your page
Gettin took for what you got yet you treat her real dapper
She takin all yo' change and she spend it on us rappers
Fuckin all in yo' house, bustin all on yo' sheets
When I come to yo' town, I be doggin yo' freak
Then you come back home lickin all on that ho
Would have a fit ever knowin she was suckin Joe
She love money and excitement, that's why y'all always fightin
And youse a workin-haulic, she want you to be ballin
When it all falls down, you cain't trust that bitch
If she make you too mad you might bust that bitch
Be locked down in county for assaultin shit
But for love and the pussy you done bought that bitch
Don't trust herDon't trust her, don't trust that bitch
Now do you love your bitch or do you trust your bitch?

Don't trust her
Now do you love your nigga or do you trust your nigga?
Nigga what what, what what wha-what?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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