

Trust

Nas

Its like a cold story repeated over and over

In the winters of my mind

This shit be real man

Shits crazy out here

Yo yo, yo what up yall

Thats my niggas over there

Word

[Verse 1]

If you scared to take chances

Youll never have the answers

I could tell the future of a dude how his stance is

Wonder will he shoot then you should study where his hands is

Is he gonna cock it and pop it

His waistband big

But he dont have that thing in him

Slanging just aint in him

Body language is off, hes soft

But soft niggas all a sudden start dumping, fronting

Cause he feel a way

My niggas say the eyes is a giveaway

One look could tell me if you really came to kill me

Be the quiet nigga looking

Laying with the milli

Who that over there, creeping

Who homie by the tree

Better safe than sorry, look at p-noid me

Few machine guns close, we could squeeze all three

Be a cold day in hell fore they creep on me

Its a lesson every premonition

Lotta niggas killed cause they wasnt paying attention

Listen

[Hook]

I want a bitch I can trust

Some niggas I can trust

Accountants looking over my figures I can trust

A lawyer thats fighting for my decisions I can trust

Damn my nigga trust

I can never get enough

A Ruger I can trust

Shooters I can trust
Goons that know how to spot out a Judas I can trust
And if I cant trust you, the fuck is you here for
Some of you niggas true colors becoming clear more

[Verse 2]

Its been so long
Cant remember how we begun this war
This is a ever-lasting thunderstorm
Cause guns went off
I see your mom's she still speak
She dont know I aint cool with her son no more
Its old shit, see forever we holding this grudge
Takes real men to squash beef
End it with hugs
We buried our dead, been years
Why should I worry bout him
Constantly watching my back
Plus niggas telling I dread
Another day I put a family in black
Though I be calm and relaxed
Though I know somehow it will come back
Even if Im in the right
Cause still a life is a life
What was it worth to see you covered in dirt
Its quite redundant
Whether you the hunter or the hunted
Mothers cry, no statute of limitation on a homicide
Just tattoos of my niggas names
I wonder will it change

Lets ride

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Its rare I listen to niggas who never been in my position
A caterpillar cant relate to what an eagle envisions
From the mind of a man who went at it with killers
Sit down little man
Let me school you in hood business
Seen a lotta niggas blow
Lotta dreams folded
Some wasnt humble, ate too much, got bloated
Aint too much left to buy
Bought it Im loaded I guess
Lear jets
I ask myself do I need love or success
They say the artist that truly suffers

His stuff is the best
Cause his heart bleed on his sleeve
Pain pistols and sex
Remember spray painting the word Fresh and then staring at it
Older folks angry, pointing, swearing at it
Buildings I sprayed, nowadays drive the McLaren past it
Same old man from years ago told me life is short
So from infant to geriatric
Trust your own judgment
Live with it and love it
[Hook]

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