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]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/