# Trust Me

## EVE 6

I got the 944, I got the three day stubble
I got my foot to the floor, to the floor
I got the saccharine smile, been flashing it for a while
My jaw's starting to get tired, to get tiredIt's nothing personal, dog
But if you're out for a jog
You'd best look out for the plates
That say, GodI'm the type of guy you can't throw very far but
You can trust me, you can trust me
I'm the type of guy who likes to shoot for the stars
And baby, if you love me then you'll trust meI got the friends in Dubai, I got the place in Hawaii
I got the decadent style, it's the style
An expensive cigarette, a twenty year old brunette
A dog you'd better not pet, yeah, you betMy life is pretty extreme, it's not easy as it seems
Just walk a day in my shoes, in your dreamsI'm the type of guy you can't throw very far but
You can trust me, you can trust me
I'm the type of guy who likes to shoot for the stars
And baby, if you love me then you'll trust meYou won't believe my flat, you can quote me on that
I got an elevator and an endangered cat
We'll do a couple of lines, you'll have a splendid timeI'm the type of guy you can't throw very far but
You can trust me, you can trust me
I'm the type of guy who likes to shoot for the stars
And baby, if you love me then you'll trust meI'm the type of guy you can't throw very far but
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