

# La'Chat, I Don't Trust Dem Boys

I'm straight up out dat ghetto lookin' fo' a come up  
I gotta make dat cheese talkin bout mega bucks  
I'm spittin much game and I'm pull 'em in this thangs  
But man this shit is slow, I need to try some other thangs  
My brother, heavy on the low, boomin' into town  
I see he living straight, he need to front his girl a pound  
I be so f\*\*ked up, that's da chance I gotta take  
I'm dropping outta school, cause this cheese I gotta make  
I holla at my brother, he done set his girl straight  
Whatever for that cheese, on the track real late  
I'm pushin so much dope, I done fell off in the mall  
Me and Mac Doody, man we shop until we fall  
I'm tryin not to splurge, gotta keep it on the low  
But dawg that's hard to do, when you was used to being broke  
I'm out here living nice, niggas jockin' my life  
I got a karat gold smile and I'm dripped up in ice, shit

(repeat 2x)

I don't trust dem boys, get em all way from round here  
Everybody talkin' how we flashin' all the time here  
Police niggas snitchin' when I'm tryin to sell these pounds here  
Need to shut the f\*\*k up, you get yo' self drowned here

I got a Benz on twenties but I'm still in the hood  
My neighbors wonderin how the f\*\*k did I get it so good  
There you go, nosy ho, all up in my biz  
Ain't no questions asked when I'm out there feeding your kids  
I wonder why the police always riding my block  
They need to take they ass on, I'm tired of swallowin rocks  
Man I'm always getting sweated, man these bitches be at me  
I tell em that my folks died and they left me that fetty  
They ain't tryin to hear that shit, a punk bitch and a snitch  
These boys hatin' cause I'm hustlin', trying to get rich  
You wanna cut my water off, cause your dick is too soft  
Nigga you ain't getting paid followin' the law  
If you shut the f\*\*k up, then I might give you something  
But naw bitch, f\*\*k you , I ain't givin yo hatin' ass nothin  
So you can snitch to the folks, but you gotta have proof  
Don't let me find out who you are, then it's over for you, bitch

(repeat 2x)

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It was five in the morning, police kickin' in my front door  
Wit them Tech 9's asking me where the damn dope  
I ain't got no dope, but they slam me to the f\*\*kin' floor  
They ain't have to do it like that, I'm a jazzy ho  
They didn't find no dope, but they took my ass anyway  
Trying to run the game, bout they shippin' me upstate  
Get me to the station and they lookin' at each other  
Askin me some questions, showin pictures of my brother  
Trying to make a deal, see they thinkin I'm a stupid bitch  
They ain't find no dope, so these hoes ain't got shit  
I ain't sayin' a word, shit they got amy family background  
Even thought it's true, I ain't trying to make a damn sound  
72 hours in the tank, goin crazy  
I don't give a f\*\*k, I can't snitch on my family  
So they cut me loose, got no evidence to keep me in  
Back out on these streets and it's going down once again

(repeat 3x)

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