

Cardi B, Trust Issues

[Chorus]

I don't really trust them no more
All these bitches do is talk behind your back, that's a no go
And I don't really stress it no more
Getting all this money made my heart so cold
Middle finger up to you hoes
Hating on me, I'm making moves on the road though
And I don't really trust them no more
I don't really stress it no more
I don't be trusting them, I don't be trusting them
I don't be stressing them, I don't be stressing them
I swear I just flex on them, I swear I just flex on them
I swear I just flex on them, I swear I just flex on them

[Verse 1]

Carbi B, me, bad one
You bitches, sad ones
I just get my money and I style on them
All them bitches broke and they mad I just dab on them
Wave bye, hit the gas on them
200 on the dash on them
I don't say much, I just swag on them
I be killin' them, I go Fab on them
Left right, throwing jabs at them
Night night, I'ma black on them
Hit the game raw, no Magnums
Can't stop winning, God, finna go platinum

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

NY, Cardi next in line
Yeah, it's my time, real hittas gonna respect mine
I got deadlines, I'ma hit the headlines
Ain't no bedtime, young boss, nigga, I ain't lying
I fuck shit up then I come for my checks
What you expect? Cardi in full effect
I see they mad, I see they vexed
But it's not my fault when I shoot it's all net
Like swish, now they look at the flick of the wrist
They sending shots but I swear it's all miss
Cardi fall off, yeah, bitch, you wish
You must be drunk off all of those liqs

[Outro]

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I don't be stressing them, I don't be stressing them
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