

The Dingees, Can't Trust No Man

Kickin' at the curb strollin' mothers bay
Little naked kid it's where I used to play
Dad paints the house on the stereo
Reggae music plays and it just goes to show

You can't shake what you've been sold
Roots so deep I can feel the fold
Had not a clue that my mind been mold
Now I've gone and done what I've been told

I can't trust no man because of those days
I can't trust no man I can't trust no man

It don't bother me that I grew up this way
They way it was coulda blew my mind away
A scale of dope a couple bars of gold
No man got my trust over my control