

# Don't Trust 'Em

Ice Cube

You can't trust a big butt and a smile  
No, that's the old style  
In ninety-deuce, shit ain't quite the same  
Bitches gotta brand new game, yo  
It's kinda hard to see  
But the dating game ain't what it used to be  
Back in the day, if a ho wanted ya dough  
She give you a piece of ass and there we go  
Go and get knocked up and then get socked up  
You be broke and locked up  
But the news done hit  
Bitches all over on some new improved shit  
To y'all macks  
Come to find out that bitches are pullin jacks  
I remember every night all you had to worry about  
Was gettin caught at a red light  
And the nigga gettin ya five, day to days  
Now shit done changed  
Cos you gots to watch the ones in the skirt  
And it ain't about gettin burnt  
I know it sounds strange, but could you  
Stop thinkin with ya dick for a change  
Cos you'll get a bullet in your brain, Mr Rich  
And about that bitch, don't trust em

(Ice Cube comin at'cha with a crazy bitch)  
Don't trust no (Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!)  
(Ice Cube comin at'cha with a crazy bitch)  
You can't trust no (Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!)  
(2x)

Here's how the bitches jack:  
They try to catch a dumb nigga in the act  
You came to the club, stepped to the bar  
And pulled out a wad of Doves  
After you got buzzed, she walk by  
You saw how big her ass was  
Got her on the dancefloor  
And she started dancin like a ho  
Jimmy got stiff, she ain't have a ride home  
So you gave the bitch a lift  
She didn't wanna trouble you  
But hopped her big ass in your BMW  
Hopped to her house and started kissin  
And Jimmy just wouldn't listen  
Cos you got real horny  
And that ain't cool at four in the morning  
Started undressing the ho  
Got to the drawers and the ho said "No!"  
"Not on the first date  
"It's gettin kinda late, could you come back at eight?"  
You said "Yeah!" cos you thought you met a wholesome ho  
But nigga, she know you rollin in some dough  
And you'll regret and somethin 'bout a bitch you just met  
Don't trust em!

Eight o'clock on the dot, nigga's hot

Dick hard as a rock  
Straight on a solo creep  
Can't wait till her little boy go to sleep  
So you can seduce the G  
Bust a nut and make an excuse to leave  
You got her worked out cos you the man  
But the bitch got diff'rent plans  
She said "Take off your clothes, jump in the bed"  
While she powder her nose  
You get butt naked, cos you ready to wreck it!  
Cos you's a motherfuckin punk, next thing you know  
The door flies open with a blast  
With four niggas in ski masks  
Pointin a gun at the pimp  
You're scared as a motherfucker and Jimmy done went limp  
They beat you down just a taste  
Take ya to your house and make ya open up the safe  
Drove you far, tied up in the trunk of your own fuckin car  
Take you out and pop the cap  
I told you the bitch was a trap  
Don't trust em!

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