

Who Do I Trust

Jarren Benton

(Kill the Koyote)

Who do I trust? Me, that's who
Money over all you bitches, none of these hoes ain't special
I feel that morning sun, oh thank God, he blessed you
I just extended my clips 'cause some of these niggas might test you

Who do I trust? (Who do I trust?)
Yeah
Who do I trust? (Who do I trust?)
Yeah

Who do I trust?
These bitches is shady, these niggas is crazy
They waiting to cut when you visit your lady
They crack down the window and spray your Mercedes
I'm paranoid, rappers get killed on the daily
I made it home safe, keep a K on me lately
They prey on the weak, man these niggas are snakey
Please, Father, have mercy, I cannot be shaky
I stick to myself, I don't follow the crowd
These niggas are fools, don't bother my child
Official, my nigga, go prowl through my files
She swallowed my child, I brought her a towel
I told her I'm out, she thought I was foul
Ayy, bitch, we just fucking, you walk down the aisle
I count up my blessings, I thought I should smile
Been at it ten years, probably fathered your style, yeah
Who do I trust?
They stab at your back, man, they gruesome as fuck
You think they your friends, they just using you up
And they only show up when they need a few bucks
So they leeches, they take and they leave and you stuck
Now its fuck 'em, it's nothing that we can discuss
Took my heart off my sleeve, time to even it up
Hold up, let me see who do I trust?

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Who do I trust?
No money back then, had to cruise on the bus
My grandma was worried, was down on my luck
I was ready to die, let me drown in my cup
Had to go through some shit, now we countin' it up
Life is short, you get found in a fountain of blood
This the way that shit go when you out in the mud
No cap and get- don't run out on the plug
Who do I trust?
That bitch took my heart, now it's ruined, it's crushed

I could kill that little bitch, had the tool in my clutch
Love is a bitch, have you doing too much
Shoot myself to love you (Yeah)
If I love myself, I'd be shooting you
Shit, it get dark as the Crucible
Always fuck me, bitch, the feeling is mutual, uh (Ah)
Who do I trust?
I pick at the scabs, I endured a few scuffs
When shit hit the fan, niggas knew you weren't tough
You did all of that talking and no one got stuffed
How you shit on the fam? They was showing you love
Ain't surprised, niggas know you a ho, you a scrub
It ain't good for my health, shouldn't be holding a grudge
I've been fucked over too, nigga, come join the club

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