

## **Sway & Tech f/ Chino XL**

### **"Trouble"**

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[Chino XL]

One more time, Tech  
Uh, uh, uh  
I'm trouble

Chorus: Tracey Lane  
Everywhere I go  
It seems like  
Trouble keeps following me  
Niggas, y'all better stop fucking with me  
Cause I keep the heat  
Right up under my set  
Everywhere I go  
It seems like  
Trouble keeps following me  
Homey, ya don't really want no problems with me  
Cause I'm used to beef  
And I'm from the streets

(Verse 1)

Chino is born with a feeling of anguish  
Hate my primary language  
Survive beef thick like Black Angus  
Street famous, to wore your vest  
Have you talkin' Through a Wire like you Kanye West  
I'm the Puerto Rican sire with the fire lyrics  
That been known to slap a nigga with my gun and my fist  
And I been known to diss a nigga on my compact disc  
But I gone a little smarter when the walls doing list  
And yes  
All I know is writing  
On my tombstone write  
Won't write shit, I'm incapable of dying  
When I ain't implying, I stay prime  
I whip yo ass, but you a homo, I'd be sentenced for a hate crime

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 2)

The king of innovating, ventilating verbal data  
These rappers, they keeping me so pissed, I got an  
empty bladder  
Does it even matter that I flow good?  
Off my head, like I'm surrounded by terrorists in black  
hoods  
Smokin' blackwoods  
You in my infrared  
You wanna play The Godfather?  
Marlon Brando's dead  
Trouble followin' me  
Niggas ain't fuckin' with me  
It's Friday, I whip Devo's ass with a ten-speed  
Mix-breed, made for beef, in war, you'll never win  
You ain't fuckin' with a kid, you fuckin' with a veteran  
Reach up under the leather and blast, bullshit, you right  
I'm nice  
I got suicide comittin' life  
Spittin' right while you forcin' yours, just got a check  
I ain't seein' so many zeros since the last Source  
awards

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

It's a damn shame you about to die at the top of your  
health  
Boo-Yah T.R.I.B.E. smuggled me an AK off the shelf  
They say I look like The Rock, it's why I'm winnin' the  
belt  
It's like a room full of pool tables, how much I'm felt  
Bitches  
Heads, Spreewell rims, how I'm spinnin' 'em  
And women, please keep staring to a three minute  
minimum  
The Porsche struck emblem flashy, can mammi get in?  
Ah, depends like what old people shit in  
I'm hear 'em whisperin', listen, you +Limp+ wristed  
Do not horseplay if you softer than Seabiscuit/+Bizkit+  
Don't risk it  
With adequet acts to get swung  
We ain't laughing with you, we laughin' at you like  
William Hung  
(So where you from?) The home of Fu-Gee-La and  
Naught By  
In Channel Live, Joe Buddens, Marc the 45  
Queen La', Redman, Joe Pesci, Rah Digga  
Wild niggas, crooked cops, Sopranos, scheming  
bitches  
Fiending riches religious  
Street scriptures

Everywhere I go is trouble  
God is my witness

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Tracey Lane]  
From the streets

[King Tech]  
Come on...  
Come on...

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