

2 Pac "Troublesome '96"

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Troublesome nigga

[Chorus plays in background]

Troublesome 19-muthafuckin-96 (westside)

Let it be known nigga

Boss of all bosses, Makaveli

Menacin' methods label me a lethal weapon

Making niggas die witnessin' breathless imperfections

Can you picture my specific plan

To be the man in this wicked land, underhanded hits
are planned

Scams are plotted over grams and rocks

[song version 1:] Undercover agents die by the
random shots

[song version 2:] Outlaws motherfuckers die by the
random shots

We all die in the end, so revenge we swore

I was all about my ends, fuck friends and foes

Me, a born leader, never leave the block without my my
heata

Got me a dog and named her my bitch nigga eata

What could they do to me that little brat

Shit them niggas shot me and still terrified, I'll get their
ass

How can I show you how I feel inside

We outlawz motherfuckas can't kill my pride

Niggas talk a lot of shit but that's after I'm gone

Cause they fear me in physical form let it be known

I'm troublesome

[Chorus]

Tra la la la la all ya niggas die [several times]

Trouble shit

Gutter ways my mentality is ghetto

We're guerrillas in this criminal war, we all rebels

Death before dishonor bet on bomb on them first
niggas do

We came for murder, pullin' up in a herse

Westside was the war cry bustin' all freely screaming
fuck

All ya'll niggas in Swahili

Pistol packin' fresh out of jail, I ain't goin' back
Release me to care of my heartless strap
Say my name three times like Candyman
Bet I roll on your ass like an avalanche
A soul survivor, learned to get high and pull drive bys
Murder my foes, can't control my nine
Hearin' thoughts of my enemies pleadin' please
Busta ass motherfuckas tried to flee
Picture me letting this chump survive
Redin' up on his ass when I'm doped and died
Cause I'm troublesome

[Chorus]

Murder murder my mind states shit ain't change since
my last rhyme
The crime rate ain't decline
Niggas bustin' shots like they lost their mind
Like twenty-five to life never crossed their mind
Tell me young nigga never learned a thang
Dead at thirteen cause he yearned to bang
Sniffed a lot of flowers, but how can I cry
Try to warn the little nigga either stop or die
Mercy is for the weak when I speak I scream
Afraid to sleep in havin' of crazy dreams
Vivid pictures of my enemies and family times
God to forgive me cause it's wrong but I plan to die
Need to take me in heaven and understand I was a
sheep
Did the best I could, raised in insanity
Or send me to hell cause I ain't beggin' for my life
Ain't nothing worse than this cursed ass hopeless life
Cause I'm troublesome

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