

## 2Pac "Troublesome"

Visit "[Troublesome](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Troublesome,  
Nineteen muthafuckin' 96'  
West side, 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  
Under handed hits are planned, scams are plotted  
over grams of rock  
Undercover agents die by the random shots, we all die  
in the end

So revenge, I 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, named him Mobb Bitch Nigga Eata  
What could they do to me that little brat? Shit them,  
niggas

That 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

All ya niggas die, put it down to the fullest  
Spittin' rhymes and bullets, troublesome, I know what  
time it is  
Call the punk police please, they cant stop us niggas  
run the streets

Troublesome, 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  
We came for murder, pullin' up in a hearse  
Westside was the war cry bustin' all freely screaming

fuck

All y'all 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 candy man, 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 lettin'  
This chump survive, redin' up on his ass when I'm  
doped  
He die, 'cause I'm troublesome

All ya niggas, die young, strapped and I don't give a  
fuck  
I'm hopeless, I live a thug life loosin' my focus, baby  
I'm troublesome, bad boy killa, there is no one realla  
What you saw was the rough, rugged and raw, outlaw

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  
Sent a lot of flowers but how can I cry  
Tried to warn the little nigga, either stop or die  
Mercy is for the weak when I speak, I scream  
Afraid to sleep I'm havin' crazy dreams

Vivid pictures of my enemies and family times  
God to forgive me 'cause it's wrong but I plan to die  
You can take me to heaven and understand I was a G  
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, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die in your wildest dreams  
You couldn't picture a nigga like me, I'm troublesome

Visit [2Pac](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.