

## **Cocoa Brovaz F/ Professor X**

### **"Trouble Man"**

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[Inspectah Deck]

Check out the avenue, New York, New York the Rotten  
Apple

We grapple in the streets to stack loot and slip the  
shackles

I'm currently, servin twenty-nine to life

Duckin the searchlight, no sleep for like the third night

The big life is trife, got the young kids hyped

Cops shoot on sight, heat pipe be blowin through the  
night

The land where you ain't fam, there's no pity

Similar to Chocolate City, ten times gritty

Hittin hard, liquor's God, niggaz plottin on the come off

and come off, quicker than the clothes on the stripper

and slide like she doin up and down the railing

Bitch tailing in the Range with Golden Arms smooth  
sailin

The clock's tickin, somebody's on the block snitchin

The plot thickens, phones are tapped, cops listen

Too hot for prison, plus too cold to hold my girl

cause I married this life and she's my whole world

Chorus: {unknown singer}

It's just a sign of the times

Calmly listen - to these lines..

I'm goin out of my mind

Livin - the street life..

[Inspectah Deck]

Aiyyo, aiyyo

Make me wanna holla way they do my life

My life, is like a carousel one endless night

Where most die for pies, some holdin their chrome

A large percent die for causes not even their own

When the Inspectah Deck be long dead and gone

long live the INS clone they workin on

Til then, I hold a section, I stand alone no co-defendant

Showin the weapon, this saga had no story endin

It's ghetto heaven, and at the same time hell - shots  
propel

The one that missed me got Chanel  
In the future ruled by computer, I self tutor  
The music is the simulator, facin the user  
I do it for those who walk the same road  
And no regrets do I hold for the path I chose  
No sleep since the intro, patrol the windows  
I reminisce, with the chalice and my eyes half closed  
If I could do it again, I'd probably do it the same  
Thought I was through with the game, I'm goin through  
it again  
The hood life, I'm in it to the limit  
Couldn't quit it for a digit, die for it cause I live it

Chorus

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, been around the world but just can't seem to leave  
the state of mind that causes tangled web I weave  
Made my home in the heart of it  
Move like Seagal, "Hard Target"  
Most want no part of it, it's logic  
Cutthroat party in the Shark Pit  
Cold blooded souls carry bulldogs and oxes,  
knowledge this  
Maintain and remain sane  
In the cold world where the rules ain't changed  
Still Rebel to society, government be eyein me  
They probably watchin me right now as I'm speakin  
But all I'm guilty of is teachin you the truth  
They got proof, so you know I'll be home before the  
weekend  
The hood life, I'm in it to the limit  
In it from the scrimmage, livin it, lovin every minute  
and every hour, til the powers that be  
eventually stress me to the death

"Y'all know the science right?"

"Death with the intellect"

"aight.. aight.."

"Represent, I make it hot"

"13th.. chamber.. specialist.. from the Bricks"

Chorus

{unknown singer}

Street life.. so trife..

Street life.. for life..

Feels like.. feels like..

my paradiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiise..

"Yeah y'all.. uh-huh.." (7X to fade)

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