

## Dj Flex

### "Trouble In The Water"

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Featuring De La Soul]

INTRO

What's up world?

Goin' give you a little love right here

My man DJ Honda blessed us with a joint

Word up De La up in here ha

We goin' to spread a little love

To some folks who up in my hair right now

Ah'ight? Check it out

Verse One

It was a big deal moving my big wheel to L.I.

Had a back yard tho' shit moved slow

Caught a cat on the humble wassup wassup kid?

Ya'll be memorizin' flicks of the wild things we did

We was brick-ball niggas, six small niggas

And they knew it, and wasn't no-body runnin' through  
us

Steppin' in the backyard parties was a blast

Fucking up our sneakers on the wet grass

Remember getting stabbed in ya ass?

Your Moms sat us all down

Said we was niggas and clowns but it was just love

And plus love showed me that she was a diamond

Findin' out God, took a hit me dead on my heart

And made the eye water start

But you was strong, can ya hear me Huggy?

Keep your mind crystal clear when your thought gets  
muggy

We them easy street kids from Mr. Bryant's basement

Wishin' for the Apollo, tryin' to get dough

Now my time moves slow, ain't it all full circle?

A dove cry makes the whole scene turn purple

Remember that night you had to hide in the freezer?

For real, see them kids were real, we still ?slear?

But now we grown niggas, and we handling kids

We been since day one, and the days ain't over

Gotta share a back seat, push with the chauffer

My Pops said he's waiting for your ass in the zone

So we can fly to the land, and welcome you home

Rob-O see we good to go, you know the rest...

Don't stress, love-love baby. Ah'ight?

Chorus

If you got time to give, I got time to think  
See, it could all change in one eye blink  
While you in the trouble water I hope ya don't sink  
Don't sink, don't sink, don't sink

Verse Two

Check it out

Some rarely saw the negative cause  
From the depths of one's blurred everything's now  
Cleared by laws

Mad for mere seconds, in the span of dying  
Trying to tell you don't go, I'm about to blow  
No mo' innocence, it's about the dollars

And events of fame

Aren't you? Search your name

From the group? Search your name

On the dotted line, back before the rhyme I had  
reasons

To punch the kid who tried teasin' during lunch

It was a matter of pro-mo-ting de-cen-cy

But the 'de' and the 'cy' fell off, so I sinned

Again and again, until Jesus came down

Wait, I'm still sinning! I guess he hasn't reached the  
ground!

Thoughts of me, before my voice could

Even recall, couldn't afford the physical peep

How then was now, but now is not

Yo, I'm a minute wiser but it seems, kid

I got some beef, can't take or shake off the wrong

Accept my apologies to Bob, pass the horn!

No need for false alarm

Word up!

The Nuyopian charm is for show back again

It's rememberin' the was that is now gone

For the access of the now so I can move on

For the access of the now so I, so I

Chorus x2

Outro

G'night world, g'night world

De La, yo

My man DJ Honda is on the beat like this

Don't sink, don't sink, don't sink, don't sink ya'll

Just letting ya'll into the fleeing moments

Of the memories of mine

And about like this, one time, one time

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