

French Montana

"Trouble"

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I heard you were trouble and you heard I was trouble
But your name is a wave washin' over me
No games, just a slave to you totally
Cause I don't care what they say about you Virgo
(I don't care!)
And you don't care what they say about me Virgo
But you know what they say about trouble...

Pull me down if you want to and I hope that you want to
Cause I wanna be your man and I wanna say it loud
You can show me where trouble goes
Tell me secrets only trouble knows
Cause you wanna be my girl and you wanna say it loud

Went and got a hustle, put a muscle on it
Went and got a grip and put a muzzle on it
N-gga in that paint, I'm Bill Russell on it
Mulsanne with everything custom on it
Number one hits, got every bitch touching on him
Price of fame you lose your brain when you touch it,
don't ya?
N-gga, all that change ain't changed me
Cause my body full of lean tryna stay sleep
I done came up that black hole
And I popped up in that black Rolls
BET awards, Versace black robe
Four heaters up n-gga that's a hot stove
Illuminati for that new Bugatti
Self made, who they ask when they ain't got it
Ten-mill' shield for this holy war
Cash chills, you don't know, n-gga
'll kill you for this brick of raw

I want you to know that I've got your back
Even when the whole foundation seems cracked
Two punk kids up against the world
Yeah trouble, there goes trouble
We could be king and queen of the moonlight
Two young lovers and when the mood's right
You'll hear me say I want you
To pull me down if you want to

Don't bring your chair over here, n-gga
Can't get a seat if you ain't bring nothing to the table,
n-gga
They say you can stand dolo if you believe in
something
Tell 'em: "f-ck 'em all"

I'm riding dolo, knock the horse of your polo
Life's a bitch and your sister with manolo
When your right hand done changed on you
And got your left hand grippin' things on it (paow!)
Dope boy dreams, mansion and a lambo
And all you get is cases lawyers can't handle
His granddaddy got me candid channels
Clean them bullets, loading choppers, grippin' handles
Bumpin' Roc-A-Fella, duckin' Rockefeller law
Beats from Rico Love, or a hundred from a RICO law
And all the blessings couldn't stop a bullet
When they creep on him, ski mask, black hoodie
LaFontaine by the post office
Hit him in the brain for a closed coffin
For a grand my lil man blow his nose off him
Hundred hit him, paramedics ripping clothes off him

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