

## **Ghostface Killah "Troublemakers"**

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For real? Can I get a juice, Lord?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, squad niggas, boy, for real  
Uh, huh, for real, man, word, open the door, man  
Hustle flow shit, yeah, aiyo, pass the cigar, Lord  
Come on, man, stop playing, man

We in the cabin playing backgammon, gorilla monster  
slammers  
Brothers higher us, try us you gon' die, son  
Green medicine, blow veterans  
Run in Adidas store, six more valors, drawers feather  
skin

Hair cutted up, hollering, seven through three sixes  
No, we ain't the devil, where ya llama, dick?  
Can't stand the other side, niggas know we rich, we  
color guys  
Loose up your mother, true lullabies

Gangsta ever readies, take off my shirt, no batteries,  
nigga  
Just one mean magnum killer  
Snow mobiles jetting out the Timber, feel Chef altitude  
Yo, I can't breathe, check the splendor

Brazilian honey dip, I'm on my rifle day, nigga  
Times is roughing, Timberland cuffing  
One knee up, G up, all the re-up  
Hope we can pull it back, my throat my only weapon,  
blow the beat up

Stuff pillow pads in the rat holes, reduce that faggot  
ass nigga  
Who wanna jump like a frog to a tadpole  
Gag it up, sliding through the ER, batted up  
A tube in your dick, you can't piss when standing up

Hands is shaking, doctors is taken to operating  
Nah, he might not live, so they start debating  
You in bad shape, in the neck of New York  
Your slithering ways, lay with you a bad snake

Smash bake, eight stab holes in your shoulder blades  
You wilding on the stretcher and shit, bitch tryna hold  
your legs  
Nah don't hold his legs, tell that bitch ass nigga to chill  
Put something in his meat like boiling eggs

Got gophers that sleep in the woods, car hard down  
Padlock your bow-legged spot, where your rocks now?  
You ain't moving no crack, yous a moving ass rat  
After you lay up in that morgue, I'mma fuck your back

Yeah, nigga, die slow with your smirk on  
Night, night lights, dim it down, get your mirk on  
Later I see you in hell, get your bird on  
Filled with embalming fluid, get your serve on

My sherm on in the hood when I ride by  
My eyes looking like I learned how to sky dive  
The world is yours, there's rules you abide by  
Ride with the fly guy on I-95

They said a nigga return but I never left  
I told Big L through me, he could resurrect  
I'm that nigga like Puff in L-O-X  
I took one L and life is still Double X

Brick City where I bleed on the streets at  
The E's in M&M's, I need a relapse  
And bitches, grab my mic, give me feedback  
Reggie you an asshole, baby, I be that

Yeah, I get cocky when the beat pumping  
You know you doing it when your tire lip running  
I keep a freak and I call chicken McNugget  
'Cause this super bad nigga, she McLovin'

Fiends get killed in my hallways, we parle  
My feet been killing me all day  
Your boy down for lot, like them killas in raw way  
It's all work and no play 'cause this block ain't nothing  
like Broadway

Revenge is sweeter then sorbet, you all become  
believers  
Once this heaters in your face, just a part of my funk  
swear  
Y'all don't want no part of the gun spray  
I would hate to pull it in one stray

That's where the innocents by stand  
We trapped inside these tenements like damn

Why mama tryna feed us this spiced ham  
Connects tryna cheat us with light grams

Co-defendants try to lighten they sentence, snitching  
to white man  
Turned state evidence, fam, we ain't jellin'  
Felons ain't felons no more, they straight tellin'  
Ain't nothing worse than a rat, you can't smellin'  
And ain't nothing worse than a track, you can't sellin'

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