

Common Market

"Trouble Is"

Visit "[Trouble Is](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Service, work it

The vagrant came upon a plot, shop set it down
Found vacant, he gon' make it into something better
now

Barn hand, conversant in farm land, planted seven
rows

Will it ever grow? Heaven only knows, though he's
Hopeful, never boastful about the ethic
Set it deep into the earth, work and serve, all the rest
let it

Come or not, hot summer sun, son bumper crop
Over night, or so some thought (now they're talkin'
that)

What you really did to get this windfall, spendin' all
year estranged?

Better not be mystical, typically the criminals here they
hang

Aint nobody ever seen you cultivate, rake or till, ya dig?
Take a lot to win a pot, wanna pay the rate? The stakes
raised, you bid?

In or out, what the men around here bout, finna count a
pound of cheese

Double down, you intend to win the prize, otherwise
bounce and leave

We don't care where you came from, since day one
seen the game constructed

We gon' watch it all fall, frauds claim to save it in the
name of love? Nuh uh.

Bubble, fizz what the trouble is?

This is hustle biz what the trouble is?

A couple kids what the trouble is?

Muzzle ripped, tell em what the trouble is, come on now

Trouble is love don't want you, boy, see the
Trouble is love don't want you, baby, see the
Trouble is love don't want you, no, see the
Trouble is love don't want you here

Not one to gamble, lit the Camel, took a long drag
Sat back and blew, inside he knew these folks had
gone mad
Through the smoke proposed a wager: tails, you can
take my fields
Heads, you accept my station; they deliberated, deal!
Coin turned for what seemed like eternity, slow breath
Some folks wept and fretted while the peasant never
broke a sweat
Confident he had em in the talisman's descent
By the time they shouted TAILS, he done packed his
bags and went

Best never try to test the vets, you wanna settle? Better
pay your dues
To the boss you done lost your crops, in one toss I'll
take your food
Better be gone, set about and keep on a boulevard
towards the boat
Ever come back get about a ton of that d-CON down
your throat
In the meantime we find these fine fruits do quench a
thirst
And for pay we may persuade and convince some of
these men to work
In the end we sup and supplement the income caught
in the trap
We must be blessed, best of all that farmer's gone,
thank God for that

Double-dipped what the trouble is?
That's hustle biz what the trouble is?
A couple kids what the trouble is?
Knuckle, fist, tell em what the trouble is, come on now

Trouble is love don't want you, boy, see the
Trouble is love don't want you, baby, see the
Trouble is love don't want you, no, see the
Trouble is love don't want you here

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