

## **Fel Mula**

### **"Trouble"**

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[Verse 1]

I  
Run  
With  
Trouble

Trouble is where the home is.  
The mothers need help, dads disown their kids  
And wonder why they're wild... ain't seen them in a  
while  
Teach them not to sell crack. Tell them youngin, crack a  
smile

But when the times are hard, they seeing what he saw  
The trouble seems perfect. Lose your life, is it worth it?  
But when your life is worthless and you don't like living  
Getting killed or do the killing is an easy ass decision

Run with trouble, tried to run from my past  
But the past is exact. You will never get it back

You gotta deal with the future  
So niggas go and deal to provide for their future  
I had to face the fact I couldn't take it to the rack  
And I know that crack kills so I chased a record deal

Try to make a mill and make it out this hell  
That we call home where the trouble makers roam  
Shots of that Goose got me loose and Patron got me on  
In my zone bout to find my way home

Run with trouble, tried to run from my past  
But the past is exact. You will never get it back

We still living in the present  
I know that it's a gift, I'm just looking for the second  
Give him just a second, youngin' gonna make it bubble  
Then he went and made the double. All thanks be to  
trouble

Find his own way, yes he will  
But what the trouble do? It got him killed  
It's that real

[Verse 2]

I  
Run  
With  
Trouble

Runnin fast, I get burned by the rubber  
Shorty said she burning. She forgot to use a rubber  
No trouble, then she wouldn't be pregnant  
At the clinic bout to send him up to heaven; God's  
present

Trying to achieve a better future  
In the race, victory, I won't lose ya. I need ya!  
Because even though I pledge allegiance to the flag  
Obama will not be there when they put me in a bag

Just another murder, probably won't make the paper  
So we all live and die, run and chase the paper  
And my niggas hustle 'til they get caught  
Now they gotta dress up to go to court

And get sentenced  
The drug game ain't nothin like they thought  
Run away from trouble was his last thought  
I'm a witness!

The cage is where the trouble ends  
But he just had a baby so another one begins  
Cause he won't be there to show his son right from  
wrong  
And make sure that he and trouble doesn't get along

Then I'll have to sing the same old song  
Bout a good boy that went wrong, so long

From the tomb where it's already assumed  
That the father isn't there or there isn't any room  
He left before the birth, from the womb to the tomb  
Deadbeats, they kill their sons before their lives have  
begun

We still in the war  
The battle is not won  
All the soldiers; they are dying  
Cops are killing, they are lying

Paper chase, yes sir, I hear the sirens  
Forgive me for my sins, but this is where it ends

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