

Royce Da 5'9 "Trouble"

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

Uhh, yeah

Royce 5-9, my nigga Bow Tie

My nigga Cee, Six July

Gangsta, what, gangsta, what, uhh

Gangsta, niggaz is gangsta

Yo, I'm out here all day

From when you hear the sounds of the car skiddin

Then start dickin, gangsta from start to the finish

Whassup - never socialable, nigga we too disposable

If I get close to you it's probably to dispose of you
quicker

Go 'head, try somethin - live or die by these numbers

I'd rather live paralyzed than to die runnin, you feel it

Stay out his path, he's chaotic and mad

Pull a K out and blast, and treat every day like his last

I'm just a street nigga rhymin some words

Dabble in the finest of furs, cowboy minus the spurs
and saddle

Prefer for battle; most deserved

in highest level in cowboy status is not from herdin
cattle

One strange guy, I'm - nuttin like you mayn

Guns all look the same to the un-trained eye

Easy to find, tell me how a gorilla can hide

The realest nigga breathin, ain't no nigga realer alive

[Chorus 2X: Royce]

Y'all niggaz in trouble (in trouble)

Y'all niggaz in trouble (in trouble).

Y'all niggaz in trouble (in trouble)

Y'all niggaz in trouble, you don't want this

[Bow Tie]

It's the black Elmer Fudd, fuck a mansion and a yacht

I got a project buildin, weed runnin on the block (c'mon)

A sweet tooth for chronic, shit got me speakin in
ebonics

Killer cracker, respect me for my talent

Sniff 'em out like a bloodhound

Like they bag mills out in Vegas on the Greyhound
I never plead guilty, come to court filthy
Lawyer drunk off Henny, parole violators with me
And still I walk cause it's real
Take they ass to trial then they lose a quarter mil', now
that's a deal
Filthy rich at his best
Love hell I write, with a 7 on my chest
I come, real street knowledge, boulevard trade school
Paid dues, cause niggaz know I honor the rules
Left no clues, X found, case is closed
While you go against the grain, with a plane of fo's
Take that slang to go, with the rubber handle steel
Spit dum-dums at labels, with a 50-50 deal
Explode to your guts, that part left hollow
Show the world your nuts, I'm the hoodlum role model
To all the competition that'll follow
Just remember damage to the 99th power
No one knows the hour, that the Bow will strike
Took the sword from Hitler, that they stuck in Christ
Now who's nice? .. Now who's nice?

[Chorus]

[Cee]

Yo, you see the press is too hot (uh-huh) when you rush
my flows
I got, three for twenty-five, rhymes flip like blows
What you never heard this voice, it's big Cee from the
state
(where you from nigga?) Where we pimp hustle hard,
bang it out for the weight
Eyes wide, cause me and my niggaz organize crime
You either get it in the streets, or runnin from the jail
lines
My game's at command, I show the world my status
It's filthy to the death blastin black automatics
You niggaz talk pain, he will catch these shells
Twenty-three hours on lockdown, one out your cell
I know it sounds sick, when you deal in this form
My city, the home where the killers is born
Close capture, East and West, now that you have to
leave a little room for this Midwest rapture
And there's no endin, to the words I spit
I sacrifice my soul for this filthy rich shit (gangsta shit)

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Y'all niggaz know it's trouble, y'knamsayin?

I got my Detroit niggaz
I got my New York niggaz
I'm a Chi-Town nigga
And it's goin down for the new millenium
motherfuckers!

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