

Royce Da 5'9" "Trouble (Prod. Carlos Broady, F. D Elite)"

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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
thatc12

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