

## Shyheim "In Trouble"

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[Intro: Shyheim]  
"In Trouble"  
Yeah, yeah, word, what?  
"In Trouble"  
That's my word, Allah  
"In Trouble"  
Get me out of this one, please!  
"In Trouble"  
I'll never do it again, for real  
"In Trouble"  
Word, somebody help me, it's real  
"In Trouble"  
Please make everything be ok  
"In Trouble"  
I'm in a well, I can't get out  
"In Trouble"  
I'm trapped, for real  
"When you're down.. in trouble"  
I'm tellin' you  
"In Trouble"  
Nobody gon' be there for you  
"And you need some love and care"  
Come on, I need you son  
I'm tellin' you, you better listen to me  
I'm your son and I love you  
That's my word  
Listen son, listen  
Yo yo yo yo  
For real, yo, yo, yo  
For real, yo, yo, yo  
I'ma keep it real, yo, yo, yo  
I'ma keep it real

[Shyheim]  
Three-to-six facin', new indictment  
Plus violation of probation, I had to do the boogie oogie  
Absent from court like class, I had to play hookey  
The pressure was on, tippy tippy, I'm on my toes  
Fuck risin' to the occasion, the temperature been rose  
Set it off like intros, blast you and your kin folks  
A trouble maker, bitcher taker, a scorpio  
Naughty by Nature, my Unit brings the Flavor

We cake up like make up, and in New York  
Fuck the daily news, Shyheim, I made the paper  
Want a anchor and a lock, drop-top, three-and-a-  
quarter  
My mother in Hell said, "People in Hell want ice water"  
It'll be a manslaughter, private-eye, that's an order  
I know where them cowards be standin', on the corner  
Is it 'caine or money order? One love cousin  
I thought it was when it wasn't, the dust had me  
Buggin'

[Break: Shyheim]

Pssh.. word up son  
"When you're down, In Trouble"  
When you down, they scatter like roaches  
"And you need some love and care"  
They be scared to death to pull them burners out them  
Holsters  
Yo, word to my mother, I think they eat holsters  
For real, son  
But y'all I'ma bring it like, yo..

[Shyheim]

Yo, yo, yo  
How the fuck y'all was thinkin'? Shyheim/Abe Lincoln  
So what you ain't hear me on the Clan album, featurin'  
At best I'm kept secretive like Mase and trees  
Wanna hold me in captive in Babylon like Julias  
Maccabees  
That's blasphemy, Shaolin'll blast for me  
I eat niggas like plates, from Applebee's  
Wu-Tang Killa Bees, we cause casualties  
Collect annual fees, from y'all pussy-ass niggas  
Who album should've come with a piece of gum and a  
tattoo sticker  
A lot of my niggas, they've returned to the Earth  
And in front of their horse, I kick the same verse  
Cuz everythin' the pastor said was fake and it hurt

[Break: Shyheim]

"In Trouble"  
That's my word  
Niggas don't be there for real  
"And you need some love and care"  
Word bond, all you get is a five-- five minute  
Conversation  
Word, they like, "Yo, remember him?"  
"In Trouble"  
For real, "Remember them?"  
Word up, son, man  
"And you need some love and care"

God won't even give no flowers on your tombstone  
I'm tellin' you, knowin' who is your homies  
Niggas'll be stingy that you hang with  
Uh, uh, uh..

[Shyheim]

When I was ten years old, I realized that with an O  
I could flip that and bring back a brick in coke  
Never took a short, never took a snort  
Caught a warrant in New York for not appearin' in court  
But I'll still survive, some of my closest homies died  
Murdered in homicides, I just couldn't let it slide  
Fuck money, jury and bein' a rap star  
I hoped out shootin', soon as my bitch stopped the car  
Plus Shyheim with the scar did it  
That's what everyone said on my trial menace  
They thought I was finished, but then I got acquitted  
And pied niggas in their eye for the fuckin' spinach  
Not for Olive Oyl

[Outro: Shyheim]

Yea, word, for real  
This goes out to all my (spoiled) real peoples  
"In Trouble"  
Graduated, on the real, from the School of Hard  
Knocks  
One thug to the last slug  
"In Trouble"  
To all my niggas, bein' out for the law  
People that come and diss you, official Outlawz  
Forms of snakes and all that  
"In Trouble"  
And all my niggas, man, suck a dick 'til you hiccup  
Dugly, keepin' it bloody  
"And you need some love and care"  
Keepin' it real, Shyheim  
To my whole family, Shy feel yo  
"In Trouble"  
We down, but we hold up, son  
I'm tellin' y'all  
"And you need some love and care"  
For real, it's on, nigga  
Yea, twenty-seven, we roll up the punches  
"In Trouble"  
Wu-Tang, we punch, mothafucka  
Shaolin, Staten Island  
"And you need some love and care"  
"When you're down, In Trouble"  
"And you need some love and care"  
"When you're down, In Trouble"  
"And you need some love and care"

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