

Destinys Child Featuring Wyclef Jean

"Trouble Man"

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(*Begins with piano*)

[Interlude: *horns and scratches*]

[Buddy Slim]

I declare war

The joy becomes a rappifyin weapon

If you step in

When your draws get mobbed behind enemy lines

You become a sittin duck but fuck

I ain't givin em livin trifle

The pen and pad becomes a 12 gauge rifle

This is no laughing matter

Step into this you step in a minefield

Your body's scattered

You people drop pickin up the pieces

But only corny niggas

The attack from a brotha like the Buddy never ceases

Without a moment of silence the violence thickens

So if you ain't got it together you slim pickings

Shorts and prisoners are never taken

If you fakin all the booty competition

I'm a bag fuck a white flag

Get down and dirty like a brotha in the trench

Leave a nigga dead and stinkin as he wonders what his stench is

I'm bustin clip after clip

My artillery will funk on the punk

When ya wanna test my shit

[Interlude: *horns and scratches*]

[Breezly Brewin]

Tell it to hell is it

I feel my brain swell like meningitis

With the slightest mind motion

Givin me the notion

That I got it bad

I think I got a brain tumor

Brain rumor

Such a pain to analyze the strain and then understand

it

The seed was planted
That shit is ill but still
The thought I'm lovin got the dome growin
With the biscuit in the oven
Shovin nothin but the nutrients
My diet to support me
A whiff of the spliff
A guzzle of the forty to inspire fire thought
To the mic there was marriage
Causin competition
Verbal miscarriage of the mental fetus
Greet us with the rugged rhythm then I'm showin
I think I feel my water breakin thus I'm flowin
Timin my contractions
Concentratin on my breathin
Heavin curses at the father he has the funk
Cuz if I flunk my shit ain't livin
Pushin givin every bit of what I'm worth
And as the Brewin drops the lyrical
The miracle of birth

[Interlude: *horns and scratches*]

[Buddy Slim]

I be the sick ass brotha, nasty ass nigga
A phony motherfucker grave digga
I know this sounds rough
But I had enough to funk
So part of me the heart of me
So if you corny nigga
It's like cloggin up my artery
You cuttin circulation
So now it's do or die
While niggas always try to test my shit
Only preservation of the funk is why I kick this
As I give a simple diagnosis of the sickness

[Breezly Brewin]

Now upon the fruits of my labor
Your ear feasts
The beast from within
It's some shit ain't it
The picture painted
From the use of a noun and a verb might disturb
We make you say, "Damn that nigga's crazy"
Well if we crazed, deranged well then we fittin
If you say the world's a normal place
Who the fuck you kiddin?
Your mind's blind if you say you haven't seen this
As I walk the fine line between insanity and genius

[Interlude: *horns and scratches*]

(*Fades out with piano*)

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