

## Hill Cypress "Trouble"

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B-Real]

It's been a while now

Been around the block many miles

Many faces, many places

that I found ?friend's? traces

Where I spend time, places where my roam

Places I can call home

Places I can get stoned

I just wanna be alone

When I'm feelin' in my zone

People want to knock me down

'cos they never have their own

They won't get the best of me

But they try hopelessly

Why you wanna fuck wit' me?

I'm not, what you s'posed to be?

You could not give a DAMN

Coulda just Killed A Man

Sawed off in my hand

But I had to kill the plan

Think I've found my piece of mind

Feet planted on the ground

I just had to redefine, what I thought to myself

It all goes around me and others who would down me

Who I don't give a fuck about, Trouble always found me,

I know used to welcome it with my arms open wide,

Trouble's hand's on the door, but it can't come INSIDE!

[Chorus 1 : B Real (repeat 2x)]

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO, TROUBLE'S NOT MY  
GOOOOOOOOOOAL!

You want trouble, c'mon,

You want trouble?

You want trouble, c'mon

You want trouble?

[Sen Dog]

Trouble on the line, all the fuckin' time

Got me contemplatin' the solution, the fusion my  
wicked mind

Got suckers that hate me but it don't really matter

I'm like a gat when I bust, niggas run and scatter

Movin' in circles, throwin' elbows and fists

You got to be a real nigga in the Cypress Hill pen

Like the critics talkin' shit, but I'm not concerned

A hundred G's for sixty minutes is the bank I earn

I try to put it to you (?) so you bitches can learn

That no-body get tired when it's time to burn

With so many phonies out there a lot of you have been

fooled

In to actually believin' that some shit is cool

Take the blinders off and go look for yourself

Fuck hearin' about shit from somebody else

I'm down for myself, I back up myself

Put in all on the line make sure that I'M FELT!

[Chorus 1 (Repeat 2x)]

[B-Real] Noooooo!

[scratching interlude]

[B-Real]

Look, the wall's closin' in

and my shoe's wearin' thin

Had to be the biggest clown that you couldn't  
comprehend

Some hated on my game, said I wouldn't be the same

Called me "Rock Superstar", "Insane In The Brain"

But I know I haven't changed

So I brush you to the side

Trouble's knockin' on the door, askin' jus' to come  
inside

'times I gotta block it out, no-one likes to talk it out

Trouble keeps comin' and I can't seem to lock it out

Got my hands on the phone, I don't wanna have to talk

If you're feelin' (?), son, then I guess you gotta jump

I can see it in your eyes, you don't seem to recognise

I wouldn't fall into your trap, for many lives to  
compromise

I'm not fallin' for your shit, you ain't gonna take me there

You can talk all you want, but I don't got your (?)

[Chorus 1 (Repeat 2x)]

[Chorus 2: B-Real {Sen Dog} (Repeat 4x)]

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO, TROUBLE'S NOT MY  
GOOOOOOOOOOAL!

{You want trouble right now? C'mon

You want trouble right now? C'mon}

[B-Real] You want trouble, c'mon

You want trouble?

[Repeat 4x

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