

The Beatnuts

"The Trouble Is"

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Scopy Koof forever in the day checking out Sound Bombing III All in ya area, we on blast right now Cipa Sounds, Mr.Choc aiiight, toma, brrrrraaa The trouble is he's crazy Sound Sound Bombing Bombing Cipa Sounds {scratched} (The trouble is he's crazy) x2 Cipa Sounds {scratched} Cipa Sounds is scratching the hit The trouble is he's crazy The trouble is he's crazy Beatnuts Yeah, ghetto prose The trouble is he's crazy [Verse 1] But don't blame me, blame it on the Henny (come on) Beatnuts baby up in the mix Harassing the chick touching the ass and the tits While Cipa Sounds is scratching the hit Got you stuck scratching ya chin What the fuck, It's off the barometer Smack off ya yarmulke When I'm in the place give me my space like an astronomer Especially if I'm twisty off the whiskey It's risky to fuck with me And any rapper that thought I don't want it with them (what) Be dumb and be-come my next victim I be in front of my crib rocking slippers with tube socks Drinking a six pack, blasting a Boom Box Everyday routine, wake up do the triple s Shit, shave and shower and the rest triple x [Chorus] The trouble is he's crazy, The trouble is he drinks The trouble is he's crazy, The trouble is he drinks The trouble is he's crazy, The trouble is he drinks (yeah, yeah, yeah) The trouble is he's crazy, The trouble is he drinks (come on) [Verse 2] Hey stupid I don't wanna fight I wanna drink I'm a' fuck 'em at the end of the night money ya dig I'm the craziest nigga I know let it go 'Fore you really get a nigga upset, hit the road Keep thinking Ima meet you outside by the car fool Quick to break a nigga head with a bar stool Take the enemy out with a beer bottle (Q) How the fuck can a nigga with no ears model? Quick to make a nigga dumb out, pull the gun out Open fire (brraa) in the club, make'em run out Jealousy'll get you hot, but the Hennesy'll get you shot Work the J money kid you not, junk yard from the one baby With Dominican got it locked up and bust guns crazy Live niggas put ya hood in a frenzy Rick got gadgets slam Eddison and MZ [Chorus] The trouble is he's crazy, The trouble is he drinks (nigga keep ya head up) The trouble is he's

crazy, The trouble is he drinks (come on, uh, uh, uh)
The trouble is he's crazy, The trouble is he drinks
[Spoken all through the chorus] It's that drunk shit for
all the alcoholics out there Come on, where all my
ruler man's at?

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