

## **Johann Freund**

### **"Trouble"**

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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  
that's a deal  
Filthy rich at his best  
Love hell I write, with a 7 on my chest  
I come, real street knowledge, boulevard trade school  
Paid dues, cause niggaz know I honor the rules  
Left no clues, X found, case is closed  
While you go against the grain, with a plane of fo's  
Take that slang to go, with the rubber handle steel  
Spit dum-dums at labels, with a 50-50 deal  
Explode to your guts, that part left hollow  
Show the world your nuts, I'm the hoodlum role model  
To all the competition that'll follow  
Just remember damage to the 99th power  
No one knows the hour, that the Bow will strike  
Took the sword from Hitler, that they stuck in Christ  
Now who's nice? .. Now who's nice?

[Chorus]

[Cee]

Yo, you see the press is too hot (uh-huh) when you rush  
my flows  
I got, three for twenty-five, rhymes flip like blows  
What you never heard this voice, it's big Cee from the  
state  
(where you from nigga?) Where we pimp hustle hard,  
bang it out for the weight  
Eyes wide, cause me and my niggaz organize crime  
You either get it in the streets, or runnin from the jail  
lines  
My game's at command, I show the world my status  
It's filthy to the death blastin black automatics  
You niggaz talk pain, he will catch these shells  
Twenty-three hours on lockdown, one out your cell  
I know it sounds sick, when you deal in this form  
My city, the home where the killers is born  
Close capture, East and West, now that you have to  
leave a little room for this Midwest rapture  
And there's no endin, to the words I spit  
I sacrifice my soul for this filthy rich shit (gangsta shit)

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Y'all niggaz know it's trouble, y'knamsayin?

I got my Detroit niggaz  
I got my New York niggaz  
I'm a Chi-Town nigga  
And it's goin down for the new millenium  
motherfuckers!

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