

Juvenile F/ Lil' Wayne "Trouble in Paradise"

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Intro: Nikke Kixx

Uhh, yo Trouble, this is for you G
Some crazy shit, but I gotta do what I gotta do

Verse One: Nikke Kixx

Her booty bang bang, gotta keep the flow
so you know my girl Trouble
Always on the elevated motivated kind of level
Cause, down down to the ground as I feel when I heard
the news
Guess I got the blues, bust the next move
I check, then I wreck, then I got upset
Couldn't fade the fact, she would never be back
Damn... I fell to my knees
and I asked the Lord please; then I boo-hoed
waitin for the big suit, so what's the next move, huh?
While I reminisce, while I reminisce, yeah
From show to show to show to show, ya know
My girl Trouble yup, always kept such a fat flow
Gotta get a grip, gotta get a grip, uhh
And I will always make you mine, in time
this is for you G, the T-to-the-R-to-the-O
to-the-U-to-the-B-to-the-L-E, rest in peace
And I'm kickin it for you in ninety-three
Here I go, here I go

Verse Two: King Tee

Not to get the eyeballs drippin
But when They Reminisce Over You, I be trippin
It seems like two days back
We was chillin in the studio, peepin out a track
Talkin on the blahzay blah tip
Yo, here comes Trouble with the hit
Not too many could last
They flunked when Trouble talked class
They say God works mysterious
...but I'm curious
It's like a tasket a tisket, girl you ain't missed shit

Tryin to get a meal ticket and stay fit
I know you're upstairs chillin
And when you was here you made a killin
Rest easy in peace, don't be agitated
From King Tee, it's dedicated

Chorus: Big Mac

We're gonna miss you Trouble, we're gonna miss you
(repeat 8X)

Verse Three: Nefertiti

Trouble, Trouble, Trouble
Back in the days, and ahh we used to rage and ahh
so put the pages, I fight back the tears and cry
Not singin no sad song, just lettin out my feelings
cause umm, Trouble's gone whether who's right or
wrong
I'm comin at cha
Ya see what I mean, it's left to me to pave the way
I walk the walk and steady leavin back my state of mind
Tryin to recreate the scene and wonderin why
Call Motown, let em know we doin a Trouble song
The posse's deep we growin stronger than stronger
than strong
It's a deep thang, if you can't hang, don't try to swang
You're not able to see you could never be down with me
We're doin a song to blow our horns, yo it's not to
mourn
Consider me bein born, but over your death I'm torn
So good everlasting, I'll shout it out
I'm thinkin of past things you said that helped and
watched me out
West coast mobbin, niggaz that thought that we was
nothin
Pooh makes funky tracks it's the chronic so keep on
puffin it
Teela's got That Triflin Album that them niggaz be lovin
Yo-Yo's still real loco, gettin them speedin tickets
And kickin them funky lyrics
I'm keepin the vibes alive, I gotta keep them vibes alive
I hope you watch me strive.. the rest of the time alive
I keep the spirit in my hand, I hope the record shall
slam
Damn, I'm thinkin about Trouble, MC Trouble

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