

Karaca Cem

"In Trouble"

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[Intro: Shyheim]
"In Trouble"
Yeah, yeah, word, what?
"In Trouble"
That's my word, Allah
"In Trouble"
Get me out of this one, please!
"In Trouble"
I'll never do it again, for real
"In Trouble"
Word, somebody help me, it's real
"In Trouble"
Please make everything be ok
"In Trouble"
I'm in a well, I can't get out
"In Trouble"
I'm trapped, for real
"When you're down.. in trouble"
I'm tellin' you
"In Trouble"
Nobody gon' be there for you
"And you need some love and care"
Come on, I need you son
I'm tellin' you, you better listen to me
I'm your son and I love you
That's my word
Listen son, listen
Yo yo yo yo
For real, yo, yo, yo
For real, yo, yo, yo
I'ma keep it real, yo, yo, yo
I'ma keep it real

[Shyheim]
Three-to-six facin', new indictment
Plus violation of probation, I had to do the boogie oogie
Absent from court like class, I had to play hookey
The pressure was on, tippy tippy, I'm on my toes
Fuck risin' to the occasion, the temperature been rose
Set it off like intros, blast you and your kin folks
A trouble maker, bitcher taker, a scorio

Naughty by Nature, my Unit brings the Flavor
We cake up like make up, and in New York
Fuck the daily news, Shyheim, I made the paper
Want a anchor and a lock, drop-top, three-and-a-
quarter
My mother in Hell said, "People in Hell want ice water"
It'll be a manslaughter, private-eye, that's an order
I know where them cowards be standin', on the corner
Is it 'caine or money order? One love cousin
I thought it was when it wasn't, the dust had me
buggin'

[Break: Shyheim]

Pssh.. word up son
"When you're down, In Trouble"
When you down, they scatter like roaches
"And you need some love and care"
They be scared to death to pull them burners out them
holsters
Yo, word to my mother, I think they eat holsters
For real, son
But y'all I'ma bring it like, yo..

[Shyheim]

Yo, yo, yo
How the fuck y'all was thinkin'? Shyheim/Abe Lincoln
So what you ain't hear me on the Clan album, featurin'
At best I'm kept secretive like Mase and trees
Wanna hold me in captive in Babylon like Julias
Maccabees
That's blasphemy, Shaolin'll blast for me
I eat niggas like plates, from Applebee's
Wu-Tang Killa Bees, we cause casualties
Collect annual fees, from y'all pussy-ass niggas
Who album should've come with a piece of gum and a
tattoo sticker
A lot of my niggas, they've returned to the Earth
And in front of their horse, I kick the same verse
Cuz everythin' the pastor said was fake and it hurt

[Break: Shyheim]

"In Trouble"
That's my word
Niggas don't be there for real
"And you need some love and care"
Word bond, all you get is a five-- five minute
conversation
Word, they like, "Yo, remember him?"
"In Trouble"
For real, "Remember them?"
Word up, son, man

"And you need some love and care"
God won't even give no flowers on your tombstone
I'm tellin' you, knowin' who is your homies
Niggas'll be stingy that you hang with
Uh, uh, uh..

[Shyheim]

When I was ten years old, I realized that with an O
I could flip that and bring back a brick in coke
Never took a short, never took a snort
Caught a warrant in New York for not appearin' in court
But I'll still survive, some of my closest homies died
Murdered in homicides, I just couldn't let it slide
Fuck money, jury and bein' a rap star
I hoped out shootin', soon as my bitch stopped the car
Plus Shyheim with the scar did it
That's what everyone said on my trial menace
They thought I was finished, but then I got acquitted
And pried niggas in their eye for the fuckin' spinach
Not for Olive Oyl

[Outro: Shyheim]

Yea, word, for real
This goes out to all my (spoiled) real peoples
"In Trouble"
Graduated, on the real, from the School of Hard
Knocks
One thug to the last slug
"In Trouble"
To all my niggas, bein' out for the law
People that come and diss you, official Outlawz
Forms of snakes and all that
"In Trouble"
And all my niggas, man, suck a dick 'til you hiccup
Dugly, keepin' it bloody
"And you need some love and care"
Keepin' it real, Shyheim
To my whole family, Shy feel yo
"In Trouble"
We down, but we hold up, son
I'm tellin' y'all
"And you need some love and care"
For real, it's on, nigga
Yea, twenty-seven, we roll up the punches
"In Trouble"
Wu-Tang, we punch, mothafucka
Shaolin, Staten Island
"And you need some love and care"
"When you're down, In Trouble"
"And you need some love and care"
"When you're down, In Trouble"

"And you need some love and care"

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