

## Pearl Copper

### "Troublesome"

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Born to wreck shit, poppin bubble gum  
Others call me up, but momma call me troublesome  
Learned to shoot a gun, before I learned to read or write  
Never touched a pipe, made my money every night  
Till I gotta (ride), a motherfuckin Benz  
Bitch talked to every snitch, they jeopardized me gettin rich  
Only fifteen at a spot full of rock teens  
Full of hard knocks, ready to clock, FUCK the cops (yeah!)  
And we was fat like Trump  
Every nigga packed a pump, so time to be poppin trunks  
I stood at the top of the organization  
Ready to pop a cop with no hesitations (fuck the police) yeah  
Now I'm makin all the others run  
Cause here it comes, look out for brother troublesome

Yeah y'all, hehe  
A nigga named Troublesome

I learned from my mistakes I'm twenty-one now  
I gotta pack of jackers out for me they hold a gun battle  
Ain't old enough to save but I behave just like a true vet  
That's cause for all the dirt I did and dirt I didn't do yet  
Tryin to pop my pistol for a profit  
Copper tried to stop I didn't drop and so he got it (yeah)  
And I don't give a fuck about it  
(Aiyyo you think you'll ever quit this shit?) I doubt it  
So why not take all of me  
Cause I just love to be the nigga that nobody else has the balls to be  
These suckers always searchin for me, with funk  
They in a hurry to get buried with they locs up  
And once I let my gun pop  
Another motherfucker drops  
I smoke a gang of buddha better yet some indo  
Crack through your window, nigga where the fuck the

ya-yo?

You tried to hesitate I couldn't wait to rush him  
I didn't trust him, he sneezed and I had to bust him  
I'm criminal I'm workin doin wicked shit  
So catch a Christmas cause I'm murderin your  
witnesses, I'm troublesome

Yeah!

Yeah, a nigga named Troublesome

Now I'm on top got plenty open  
I ain't no fuckin joke so you can label me King of  
Oakland, huh  
As I sit back and rake my, dough in  
I let my money grown in just got rich off what they owin,  
huh  
And flippin hoes, there's no open  
Keepin a sister broke I'd rather take it from the token  
(give it up)  
A psychopath when provoked then  
all you see is smoke I pull a pistol from my, coat  
I told you we ain't havin it (c'mere)  
Give up the dough, reached for his coat, started  
grabbin it  
Bang bang! Was the sound as I jetted  
A bullet in the head so the sucker don't forget it  
But I knew that I'd be dead soon  
Crime in my head, makin decisions in my bedroom  
I see task at my front do' (ahh shit)  
But I ain't goin alive, so what the fuck these niggaz  
come fo'  
Just because you got a vest don't mean you escape  
from death (bitch)  
I put this AK to your chest it'll take your entire breath  
Threw a grenade in the front yard  
Six cops lunged then got crunched, here they come  
God  
The other cops are closin in  
Deja vu, what do I do, here we go again (here we go  
again)  
I'd rather take my life than have these suckers clown  
me  
When they found me, they call me troublesome

Troublesome, word up  
Uptown, they got a Troublesome  
In Crooklyn, they got a Troublesome  
In the Bronx, they got a Troublesome  
In Uptown, they got a Troublesome  
South South Bronx, they got a Troublesome  
The jungle, they got a Troublesome

Washington D.C. troublesome  
Baltimore (troublesome) Miami  
Troublesome, Seattle  
All over this motherfuckin country (troublesome)  
in every single ghetto (troublesome)  
As long as there ain't money there's gonna be  
troublesome  
Troublesome, word up  
Troublesome  
Troublesome, troublesome  
Troublesome  
My nigga named Troublesome

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