

# Trouble

DJ Quik

I'm not ya one hit wonder  
And when you see me on the streets in a black jeep  
know I got the heat up under  
Not up under the seat, up under my cheek  
Like so close to me that when I move it squeaks  
I ain't no big buff dude I'm a rap singer  
I exercise one muscle that's my strap finger  
And I can't call it how I see it no more  
'Cause these niggas'll take ya words back and twist em' like a pretzel  
And these bitches be the same too  
Comin' with that sob story crocodile tears trying to gang you  
And that's exactly what the game do  
And if you ever get caught dirty with a nigga she gon' blame you  
So what in the hell you want to floss her for?  
It's supposed to be bout' what a baller nigga cost that ho (yeah)  
You givin' a game of black eye in ya S-5  
While you niggas kick back poppin' X you let that cuz' dry  
And that bitch supposed to carry her own car note (c'mon, yep)  
And don't be going for that shit "I got a sore throat" (yeah)  
Give that bitch a couple of Sucrets (mmm hmm)  
Or give that that ho that application down on Vernon to that duplex (see ya)

When I bump on this trouble  
Niggas gettin' big money on the double  
Fast lane, champagne, rubber to burn  
Gettin' rich bitch is the only concern

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Bitch you get fucked, can't suck  
but you want a nigga with a million bucks  
A 5-double-0 and a Rover truck  
I bend 'em all over 'til I know they stuck  
Want to tell your friends that you fucked with A  
But how many dicks did ya suck today?  
Do we play ball? Do we move that weight?  
All I got for a motherfuckin ho is hate  
Bitch want to get drunk and high  
Point that booty on to the sky  
Square ass bitch go bake a pie  
Get a tattoo of a dick in ya eye  
Want to be flied call Continental (bitch)  
The Benz ain't a rental  
Sippin' on shit that ya can't pronounce  
Ho quit staring at my bank account

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I'm the bomb bitch, I'm seizing  
P the reason you know

'Cause pimpin'll have you seeing me with a bad ass ho  
Legendary my name  
Secondary you came  
And you won't see me stop making hits 'till I walk with a cane  
Still 5'11", 6 feet with shoes  
Compton, OG nigga givin' niggas the blues  
Etched in stone, makin' yo bitch fetch the bone  
I'm calling the cops punk motherfuckers catch the phone  
The walkie talkie, the 2-way and all of the above  
Nightstick up yo ass 'til we all see blood  
Fuck ya, I'm a cop too (what?)  
I'm a cop me a kilo of yay  
and try to get it crackin' like it's '82 (ahh yeah)  
With Monte Carlos and European firms cop them El Co's on that gold lace  
Dippin' round the whole place (whole place)  
Fuck a 6-pack nigga cop the whole case (whole case)  
And when them marks come nigga crack they whole face  
The way my glock cock keep a niggas full  
got him spittin' like that pitcher from the KC Royals  
Socked the P.D., haters R.I.P.  
Very sincerely yours  
Quik nigga please

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Ahh