

Trouble

Brotha Lynch Hung

I'm hot enough to make your skin bubble
Packin a Smith & Wesson
Uh oh, trouble, don't say nothin
You can tell that I'm evil
By the arch in my eye bra
But I ain't got no pitchfork
I stick niggaz with this sawed-off
Clear your porch
Hit the floor, duck behind your couch
If I don't hear enough screamin
I'm burning down your house
Apocolypse the barbarian
I kill humanitarians
Pillage your village
Slaughter your children
And rape your women

Bustin through that door like dun da dun da
Bitches hit the floor on the double
Bust off a couple
Rounds and let it bubble
In your belly
Bullets dipped in formaldehyde
So when they hit you
You embalmed and ready
To get carried
Buried up in your grave
Trust me, I'm that deadly
Just test me if you brave
Eklypse I stay sick
Eith Pit, Playboy, and Lynch
Kill a bitch nigga quick
And run a train on his bitch nigga

I wish these niggaz would try to rough me for the chips
I got metal muscle with silent tips
And pistol grips give violent trips
First I'm cool with you
Then I'm not
When you run up on me I pop pistols
Gun up on me it's all official
I'm chewin bone grissels
Your family gonna miss you
Do away done with you
You should of had a gun with you
I got pistols
You know cookin utensils
That shit that'll make your skin bubble
Fuckin with these plague niggaz
You gotsta know you in trouble

Trouble (8x)

I keeps it real that's the deal
Headbuttin motherfuckers like Evander Holyfield
I makes a full course dinner
Out of roadkill

Pops some pills
Smoke some sherns
Drunk as fuck
Rollin up a blunt
When I get through smokin it
I'm comin to your house nigga
What's for breakfast
Kickin in your door
At 3:47 in the morning
I got my ?? yawnin
Time to wake up, so I can do your bitch ass wrong
Hear comes trouble
Hell's angel, some niggaz call me spawn

Shit I'm off that ??? again
Ready to load the pump again
Soon as I put somethin in
See i'ma aim it at your chin
Blame it on your friend
Your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man
I can make niggaz follow me like the pod piper can
Arachnophobia, I'm the sniper man
Doom to put 'em in the pan
Heat 'em and eat 'em as fast as I can
Stretch your neck like elastic like plastic
Man I'm first, you last to land
Tephlon bullets they crash and land
Nigga I'm double time
You in trouble time
I'm a bubble mine

I'm titani and scandalous
I do random hits
Load up all my extra clips
And lets go handle this shit
Trouble is what we lookin fo
Kick in that fuckin door
Put a gag up on that hoe
Slit that niggaz throat
Light up the door
Smoke until we choke
I wish you motherfuckers would try to locc
And get his neck broke
Kick in the door
Shotgun up the asshole
Brains blown
Eyes closed
Nothin but trouble