

## Trouble Won't Last (Interlude)

Carl Thomas

But I'm sayin'  
Here I am, say lying and praying  
That I'm laying something hot  
Cuz baby, it's cold outside  
And even when it's not, it still is

Baby shorties ask me what the deal is  
Not listenin' to they mom and them  
Cuz they all know what they talkin' 'bout, like Willis  
I say what shorty desire, be what real is  
And when I first came to her  
I was still wet behind the ears  
So I was just the lame to her  
I heard older cats lay claim to her  
And say they speak game to her  
But they never put a name to her

So I called her desire  
Like so many street cars that I did for  
For her promises, little brothers, there bids for  
And little sisters sacrifice they head for  
Even street-wise vets wind up dead for  
See she will attempt to straight pimp you  
You'll scream "Fuck the world"  
But soon go them too

She proclaim that my esteem was way off the rack  
I had style but it was the Caddy I lack  
The gangsta white walls and the diamond in the back  
I asked her was she white or black  
She said neither one, or somewhere in between  
Plus she was mean and had been seen  
In places where cats got big faces  
Has made some trade in freestyles for freebases

I knew that my best friend was meddling  
But I continued peddling  
But I got arrested before I got rich  
Trying to make some scratch  
Like trigger fingers that itch  
She told me she call me an ambulance  
If I ever called her a bitch

(I'm so glad)  
Alright, I tried to be online  
(Trouble don't last)  
But the matrix had a major glitch  
(Always)  
She said my style could never switch  
I was her nigger for life  
(Always)  
She said her peeps  
Probably couldn't pronounce Malik Yusef  
But they could pronounce us man and wife  
(I'm so glad)  
So the script I attempted to flip, flop  
(Trouble don't last)

Flip floppin' to backwards, know  
(Always)  
In the backseats