

Trouble

Cypress Hill

It's been a while now, been around the block many miles
Many faces, many places, that I found friend's traces
Where I spend time, places where my mind roam
Places I can call home, places I can get stoned

I just wanna be alone, when I'm feelin' in my zone
People wanna knock me down, 'cuz they never have their own
They won't get the best of me, but they try hopelessly
Why you wanna fuck wit' me? I'm not, what you s'posed to be

You did not give a damn, coulda just killed a man
Sawed off in my hand, but I had to kill the plan
Think I've found my piece of mind, feet planted on the ground
I just had to redefine, what I thought to myself

It all goes around me, and others who would down me
Who I don't give a fuck about, trouble always found me
I know I used to welcome it, with my arms open wide
Trouble's hand's on the door, but it can't come inside

No, trouble's at my door
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
No, trouble's at my door
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)

Trouble on the line, all the fuckin' time
Got me contemplatin' the solution, the fusion my wicked mind
Got suckers that hate me, but it don't really matter
I'm like a gat when I bust, niggaz run and scatter

Movin' in circles, throwin' elbows and fists
You got to be a real nigga in the Cypress Hill pen
Like the critics talkin' shit, but I'm not concerned
A hundred G's for sixty minutes is the bank I earn

I try to put it to you bluntly, so you bitches can learn
That nobody get tired when it's time to burn
With so many phonies out there, a lot of you have been fooled
Into actually believin', that some shit is cool

Take the blinders off and go look for yourself
Fuck hearin' about shit, from somebody else
I'm down for myself, I back up myself
Put in all on the line, make sure that I'm felt

No, trouble's at my door
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
No, trouble's at my door
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble? No)

Look, the wall's closin' in, and my shoe's wearin' thin
Had to be the biggest clown, that you couldn't comprehend
Some hated on my game, said I wouldn't be the same

Called me, Rock Superstar, Insane In The Brain

But I know I haven't changed, so I brush you to the side
Trouble's knockin' on the door, anxious jus' to come inside
Times I gotta block it out, no one likes to talk it out
Trouble keeps comin' in and I can't seem to lock it out

Got my hands on the phone, I don't wanna have to talk
If you're feelin' froggy son, then I guess you gotta jump

I can see it in your eyes, you don't seem to recognize
I wouldn't fall into your trap, for many lives to compromise
I'm not fallin' for your shit, you ain't gonna take me there
You can talk all you want, but I don't got your weight to bare

No, trouble's at my door
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
No, trouble's at my door
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)

No, trouble's at my door
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)

No, trouble's at my door
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)

You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?
You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?
You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?
You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?