

# Trouble on My Mind

Pusha T

It's the blackout, 'rari got the back out  
Showing my black ass, engine in the glass house  
Started in the crack house, Obama went the back route  
Kill bin Laden, never throw up in the black house  
Still got the Macs out, pull the mask down like a mascot  
Still trick with bitches out with money or with ass shots  
G.O.O.D had room for one more, I took the last spot  
Re-up gang? done hit the jackpot  
Whole 'nother level, then you add fame  
That's a whole 'nother devil, legit drug dealer  
That's a whole 'nother bezel, the carbon Audemar  
That's a whole 'nother metal, but still keep it ghetto  
Behind the scenes, pull strings like Gepetto  
The gun blow steam, whistle like a tea kettle  
Runnin' like the rebels  
You and LV Sport shoe on a pedal, I let you niggas settle

Trouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
Trouble on my mind  
So much trouble on my mind

Pharrell said "get 'em", so I got 'em  
Tripped on Bristol Palin then I accidentally shot 'em  
Then it ricocheted and killed the game  
I'm a problem cause I wanna f-ck the world but not a fan of using condoms  
Pardon my french, I'm going hard as my dick  
When I envision my tip on the crust of bitch's lips  
Mr. Lipschutz has been trippin' since I mentioned Reptar's  
Triceratops dinosaur dick  
I feel it in my gut to kill these muthaf-cks  
As a musk like the arm of my pits  
You niggas coming shorter than a Bush Wick Bill costume  
On sale during Christmas in Philly  
Uhm, well, not really, it's gettin' kinda chilly  
Let's hit a couple bars and give some bitches wet willies  
Soaked, getting' jiggy with it and Bel-Air's britches  
With a bag of pills, couple berries and a biscuit

I'm a f-cking walking paradox  
And a really shitty rapper in my favorite pair of socks ironed pair of dockers  
Two Glockes cocked screamin' west side!  
With the speakers blastin' two pots  
Yonkers 10 milli, you're silly  
Thinkin' that this 'Preme wasn't free willy  
The feeling is neutral, the gang is youthful  
And f-ckin' tighter than Chad Hugo's pupils  
It's Wolf Gang and the

With the re-up's a helluva buzz  
Rick James said cocaine's a helluva drug  
Who else could put the hipsters with felons and thugs  
And paint a perfect picture of what sellin' it does?  
This is for the critics, who doubted the chemistry  
Two different words, same symmetry  
And this black art, see the wizardry

When you at the top of your game, you make enemies  
You'll never finish me