

# Trouble On My Mind

The Game

Killers hanging outside the windows, aye  
Oh my, oh my, I got trouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
I know my enemies run when that pistol shake  
Nah, nah, nah, nah, I got trouble on my mind, trouble

It's a stolen G ride whenever we ride  
It's war where we reside so I gots to keep my  
Pistol close, even cops killing folks  
Give their ass the whole magazine, fuck a centerfold  
Sixteen with it, ho, one in the chamber  
Mask on my face so I remain a stranger  
Death round the corner run inside when we pull up  
Learn the negotiations, how you talking to a bulldog?  
Blap, blap, blap - what you hear when them shots go off  
Devil on my shoulders told me squeeze my Glocks on y'all  
Only the angel that I seen was the logo on the fitted  
I'm a seven black nigga, all my enemies'll get it  
Bloody rag wrapped around my motherfucking tech  
Snoop "Murder Was The Case" what was playing in the deck  
How else could I live my life  
When yesterday's promise turn to present day's lies?  
With the

Killers hanging outside the windows, aye  
Oh my, oh my, I got trouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
I know my enemies run when that pistol shake  
Nah, nah, nah, nah, I got trouble on my mind, trouble

Yeah, fuck shooting brothers for the color of their rag  
I'm shooting at the niggas with the badge  
Catch you walking out the station, that's your ass  
Nigga, that's for Mike Brown, pussy, that's for Eric Garner  
Pig, that's for Sean Bell, die from these nine shells  
Go against the SWAT team, meet us at the swap meet  
Bloods and Crips together, peace treaty like it's '93  
They the real enemies, they the ones that killing me  
Killing you, they killing us, judges don't do shit for us  
Cops kill a nigga, bet they'll never get a sentence huh  
Get promoted right after getting off suspension  
What the fuck is this world coming to?  
Unarmed black kids, they putting guns at you  
That's been happening for years so that's nothing new  
Got me sick to my stomach, fuck a stomach flu  
Tell captain or the police that we coming through  
With troops that ain't scared to die and they love to shoot  
Some out the roof, it sunk

Killers hanging outside the windows, aye  
Oh my, oh my, I got trouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
I know my enemies run when that pistol shake  
Nah, nah, nah, nah, I got trouble on my mind, trouble