

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

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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

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