

# Troublesome

## The Game

Real gangstas stand up, hold they dick  
Bitch niggaz sit down to piss - what type of nigga is you?  
I'm the type to pack a gat or few  
Pull out and pop, simply cause I'm mad at you  
(2x)

Y'all niggaz see me when I'm come through; and ain't no denyin  
that them big motherfuckers is twenty-five  
Swayin in and out of white line, six double-oh  
Deuce zeroes, I'm feelin like the streets is mine  
Mines hustle, mucho dinero, heat's confined  
See more fall guys than Foreman/Ali combined  
If there's beef, I'm releasin mine  
And I won't stop bustin 'til them Escalade seats recline  
The kid roll with a greasy nine, come through and blast  
I return shots like Arthur Ashe  
You do the math, ten shots, ten dead bodies  
Fuck bein sorry, it ain't nuttin but a gangsta party  
And I'll make sure ain't a nigga survivin  
Shoot up the ambulance, make sure it ain't a nigga there to revive him  
And the Game ain't tryin to win, fuck the awards  
So keep that little-ass horn, and that Neil Armstrong nigga

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Trust me dog, ain't shit you can put in your rap  
that'll make you a gangsta, you a bitch and that's that  
Niggaz thinkin I retired my Chuck, put the gun back in the holsters  
Cause I weave through traffic in a roaster  
But that don't stop the heater from bangin, or me comin through  
Droppin all y'all niggaz with three in the chamber  
Keep two mac-10's when I'm rollin, one in the changer  
One when I push the button's right next to the cupholder  
Dog we can get this shit over, I got ten on the Game  
Let's say that Lee Harvey crack ya brain  
Ain't gotta look over my shoulder, I'm good with the aim  
Good with the handle and the bullet's good with the bloodstains  
And the coroner's real good with that pickup  
A1 good with the carpet cleaning, they can get the rest of that shit up  
Cause I kill like the hiccups, two at a time  
Put you niggaz next to each other how I do 'em in line

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Come through in a big boy, leave the bullshit at home  
If beef cook then I'm bringin the chrome  
If I die then I'm leavin a clone; but if I live  
through the drama one mo' time then them boys gotta dig  
When I think about who shot me, I listen to Big  
When I'm rhymin on the road, I listen to Jig  
Bump Nas off that purple, sittin on the block

And when I'm loadin up them clips, I listen to 'Pac  
A semi with me like Eddie Murphy, got mo' guns  
than F-A, B-O, L-O, U-S got jerseys  
And you might get 'em all in the face when shit get thick  
Make the back of your head look like Jerome Kearsey  
And ain't nuttin to do a driveby in the hood  
We ain't even got survival, but I'ma still take that ride  
Bet my drink on it, bet my main squeeze mink on it  
Think this shit a joke? Bet the S-5 pink on it

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