

Trouble

Twista

I, want, my, dough
Or it's gon' be trouble, somebody let them niggaz know
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I, want, my, dough
Or it's gon' be trouble, somebody let them niggaz know
I, want, my, dough
Or it's gon' be some trouble

Oh ain't no playin me, it's Twista
I gots to get mine, ya dig?

I need a stove and a pot from you, oh I need a jar from you
I'm 'bout to cook up somethin horrible
I make a big chunk and I chop it down to particles
and sell a part to you, get this money is what I'ma do, ooh
A tall dawg call me momma-do ooh, from sellin nuggets to your momma duke
Now I got money out the follicles
Try to stop me I'ma put your name up in the article
I turn a giant to a molecule
Peon and pussy were the man's parents
I see straight through you like you transparent
You ain't capo, you run your man's errands
Low on the totem pole, but me I hold the do'
I'm never freezin' below zero, I can't go below a 0
So now I got digits, got critics, fuck 'em
I got bitches that come back wit it, bust you in yo' cap fitted
You niggas ain't know I was that siddick
The chain flick up, peep the (Chronicles) of Twista nigga, fuck Riddick

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Uh-huh I rap scary, make A&R's get on they Blackberry
Type in to they boss that every track heavy
If rappers was reverends I'm that Jesse
Or comedians then I'm that Eddie, football I'm that Jerry
You could count on me when you throw the (Rice)
Married to the mob so throw the rice, you are just a prototype
Son of the devil call him Dolomite
I'm on another level but you wrote 'em, right?
You fiend for that 'dro to write
He ain't nothin I'm made, it's swift out the cuts when I daze him
Give him cuts and abrasions cause I'm too fuckin amazin
Huff don't get you paid and I'm makin big bucks off of haze and
My dope gon' keep on comin back like you fuckin with Jason
Vorhees, more ki's, get killed for the pies
They yours to serve but the hills have eyes, I'm watchin you
You should be through my money, huh?
Well when I come through have that money up
and I don't even wanna hear no funny stuff, hurry up

Buck buck, my guns fire horror
A lil' money you better wire momma because I am diabolical
To your life I say sayanora
Better call God or hire Allah, cause nigga I am lava
Flow out the volcano to burn the village
These cooking utensils ain't given to you boy you gotta earn the skillet
When it come to a cap you gotta learn to peel it
When it come to a track you gotta learn to feel it
when it's your turn to kill it
Musical masturbation I'm feelin' myself, I'm deadly and mannish
But I still'll leave you and your buddy damaged
Freakin' on the tracks so nasty that you can't understand it
'Til you see me sippin' dollars and eatin' a money sandwich
And the new Jag be lookin' so splendid
But I can't re-cop it 'til you get finished, it's been three days nigga
Give me mine, you know I gots to get paid nigga
Don't you know the consequences of fuckin' with a made nigga?