

Trouble

Little Feat

[Unknown Girl]

Cities, streets, that's where I learned
Play with fire, you'll get burned
When the heat was on, I turned
Turned to trouble... trouble[Lil Wayne]
Yeah, yeah, C three, yeah
New Orleans baby, a street called Eagle
And everybody's ill, yeah, illegal
People steal cars, we steal people
We eat like dogs, but we still people
And even when ya lost, trouble still see you
And even if ya dead broke, we are still equal
One time for the lil people
Eat ya meal, don't let ya meal eat you
(I run with trouble... trouble)
Street runner we crazy with dis one
I run... with... trouble

[Lil Wayne]

And just the other day, my nigga Chris killed his self
I pray to God, that I never feel the way he felt
Where do we go when there's no help?
He figured Heaven, so he went left
Ya'll know that ain't right
Plus, he was high as a plane that same night
Shit, I probably been on that same flight
Shit, I probably had that same fight
I just kept swingin
Twelve rounds comin, bells ringin
(I run with trouble... trouble)
Introduced to the game, when I was just a child
Mama love a drug dealer, straight quit her job
And took his life, and along with him, I died
And she died, we died
Then came my daughter, to my bed side
Told me daddy, don't cry, I'm alive
I look her in the eyes, and see me with no sins
But this is how the note ends

[Lil Wayne]

Ya know, let's kick it back
I can't call it
(I run with trouble... trouble)
Ya know, heheh

Yeah, yeah[Lil Wayne]
The tool, it poke out the jeans
The coke smell just like a bunch of coffee beans
Ya nah mean? and everything ain't what it seem
Ya nah mean? and don't play that game, without your team
Kill for my bread, kill for my G's, kill for my cream
I will have that red beam on hot beam
Now I hear sirens, wait I think I see one behind me
I ain't trippin baby, money got me
Unh
(I run with trouble... trouble)
And fuck the police, fuck the feds, too
I ain't jumpin in that jump suit
A one, I'm on my one, two
Check me out, I fuck around and check you
Respect due, pay yours nigga
Mines under the seat, by my feet, where's yours nigga?
Too much hoarse liquor, huh?
Too much pressure, too much force
Too much money, never heard that before
Shit
And we stop the snitches at the door
Cut that tail off the rat, he won't rat no more
(I run with trouble... trouble)
Shit, that's right, get trapped fuck with my G's
Keep shootin, 'til I burn my sleeves
Nigga please, these boys is G's
Represent New Orleans, like a Florida leaf
Shit, what you know about it, we more than thieves
We steal from the rich, so the poor can eat
Yeah, niggas act up, my niggas act accordingly
Hey soldier, don't war with me
Jump on it

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>