

Trouble on My Mind (feat. Tyler, The Creator)

Pusha T

It's the blackout, 'rari got the back out
Showin' my black ass engine in the glass house
Started in the crack house, Obama went the back route
Killed bin Laden, another four up in the black house Still got the Macs out, pull the mask down
like a mascot
Still trick with bitches out with money or with ass shots
Good, had room for one more, I took the last spot
Re-Up gang hit the jackpot Whole 'nother level, then you add fame
That's a whole 'nother devil, legit drug dealer
That's a whole 'nother bezel, the carbon Audemar
That's a whole 'nother metal but still keep it ghetto, woo Behind the scenes, pull strings like
Gepetto
The gun blow steam, whistle like a tea kettle
Runnin' like the rebels, you and LV Sport shoe on a pedal
I let you niggas settle, yeah
Trouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind Trouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind, on my mind Pharrell said, "Get 'em" so I got 'em
Tripped on Bristol Palin then I accidentally shot 'em
Then it ricocheted and killed the game, I'm a problem
'Cause I wanna fuck the world but not a fan of usin' condoms Pardon my French, I'm goin' hard
as my dick
When I envision my tip on the crust of bitch's lips
Mr. Lipschutz has been trippin'
Since I mentioned Reptar's Triceratops dinosaur dick
I feel it in my gut to kill these motherfucks
As a musk like the arm of my pits
You niggas comin' shorter than a Bush Wick Billy costume
On sale durin' Christmas in Philly Um, well, not really, it's gettin' kinda chilly
Let's hit a couple bars and give some bitches wet willies
Soaked, gettin' jiggy with it and Bel-Air's britches
With a bag of pills, couple berries and a biscuit Trouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind Trouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind, on my mind I'm a fuckin' walkin' paradox and a really shitty

rapper

In my favorite pair of socks, ironed pair of dockers
Two Glock's cocked screamin' Westside
With the speakers blastin' a pair of PacsYonkers 10 milli, you're silly
Thinkin' that this 'preme wasn't free willy
The feelin' is neutral, the gang is youthful
And fuckin' tighter than Chad Hugo's pupils
It's Wolf Gang and theWith the Re-Up's, a hell of a buzz
Rick James said cocaine's a hell of a drug
Who else could put the hipsters with felons and thugs
And paint a perfect picture of what sellin' it does?This is for the critics, who doubted the
chemistry

Two different world, same symmetry
And this black art, see the wizardry
When you at the top of your game, you make enemies
You'll never finish meTrouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mindTrouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind, on my mind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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