

# Troublesome

## 2Pac

We still bad boys killas, y'all don't fill us  
Menacin' methods label me a lethal weapon  
Making niggas die witnessin' breathless imperfections  
Can you picture my specific plan  
To be the man in this wicked land  
Underhanded hits are planned  
Scams are plotted over grams and rocks  
Undercover agents die by the random shots  
We all die in the end, so the feds we swore  
I was all about my ends, fuck friends and foes  
Me, a born leader, never leave the block without my my heata  
Got me a dog, get nigga mobb, bitch, nigga eater  
What could they do to me that little brat?  
Shit them, niggas shot me and still terrified, I'll get their ass  
How can I show you how I feel inside?  
We outlawz motherfuckas, can't kill my pride  
Niggas talk a lot of shit, but that's after I'm gone  
'Cause, they fear me in physical form let it be known  
I'm troublesome  
Tra la la la, all you niggas die, troublesome  
Oh, gutter ways, my mentality is ghetto  
We're guerrillas in this criminal war, we all rebels  
Death before dishonor bet on bomb on them first niggas do  
We came for murder, pullin' up in a hearse  
West side was the war cry bustin' all freely screaming, "Fuck"  
All ya'll niggas in Swahili  
Pistol packin' fresh out of jail, I ain't goin' back  
Release me to care of my heartless strap  
Say my name three times, like Candyman  
Bet, I roll on your ass like an avalanche  
A soul survivor, learned to get high and pull drive bys  
Burned my folks, can't control my nine  
Hearin' thoughts of my enemies pleadin', "Please"  
Busta ass motherfuckas tried to flee  
Picture me lettin' this chump survive  
Ran up on his ass when I dumped he died, 'cause I'm troublesome  
Tra la la la, all you niggas die,  
troublesome  
Murder, murder my mind states  
Shit ain't change since my last rhyme  
The crime rate ain't decline  
Niggas bustin' shots like they lost their mind  
Like twenty five to life never crossed their mind  
Tell me young nigga never learned a thang  
Dead at thirteen cause he yearned to bang  
Sniffed a lot of flowers, but how can I cry  
Try to warn the little nigga either stop or die  
Mercy is for the weak when I speak I scream  
Afraid to sleep in havin' of crazy dreams  
Vivid pictures of my enemies, family times  
Lord, forgive me, 'cause I'm wrong but I plan to die  
Now, either take me in Heaven and understand I was a sheep  
Did the best I could, raised in insanity

Or send me to Hell, I ain't beggin' for my life  
Ain't nothing worse than this cursed ass hopeless life  
Cause, I'm troublesomeLa la la, all you niggas die

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