Trouble Man (feat. Vinia Mojica)

Inspectah Deck

[Inspectah Deck]
Check out the avenue New York New York the Rotten Apple
We grapple in the streets to stack loot and slip the shackles
I'm currently servin twenty nine to life
Duckin the searchlight no sleep for like the third night
The big life is trife got the young kids hyped
Cops shoot on sight heat pipe be blowin through the night
The land where you ain't fam there's no pity
Similar to Chocolate City, ten times gritty
Hittin hard, liquor's God, niggaz plottin on the come off
and come off, quicker than the clothes on the stripper
and slide like she doin up and down the railing
Bitch tailing in the Range with Golden Arms smooth sailin
The clock's tickin, somebody's on the block snitchin
The plot thickens, phones are tapped, cops listen
Too hot for prison, plus too cold to hold my girl
cause I married this life and she's my whole worldChorus: {unknown singer}It's just a sign of the times
Calmly listen - to these lines..
I'm goin out of my mind
Livin - the street life..[Inspectah Deck]
Aiyyo, aiyyo
Make me want to holla way they do my life
My life, is like a carousel one endless night
Where most die for pies, some holdin their chrome
A large percent die for causes not even their own
When the Inspectah Deck be long dead and gone
long live the I-N-S song they workin on
Til then, I hold a section, I stand alone no co-defendant
Showin the weapon, this saga had no story endin
It's ghetto heaven, and at the same time hell - shots propel
The one that missed me got Chanel
In the future ruled by computer, I self tutor
The music is the simulator, facin the user
I do it for those who walk the same road
And no regrets do I hold for the path I chose
No sleep since the intro, patrol the windows
I reminisce, with the chalice and my eyes half closed
If I could do it again, I'd probably do it the same
Thought I was through with the game, I'm goin through it again

The hood life, I'm in it to the limit
Couldn't quit it for a digit, die for it cause I live itChorus[Inspectah Deck]
Yo, been around the world but just can't seem to leave
the state of mind that causes tangled web I weave
Made my home in the heart of it
Move like Seagal, "Hard Target"
Most want no part of it, it's logic
Cutthroat party in the Shark Pit
Cold blooded souls carry bulldogs and oxes, knowledge this
Maintain and remain sane
In the cold world where the rules ain't changed
Still Rebel to society, government be eyein me
They probably watchin me right now as I'm speakin
But all I'm guilty of is teachin you the truth
They got proof, so you know I'll be home before the weekend
The hood life, I'm in it to the limit
In it from the scrimmage, livin it, lovin every minute
and every hour, til the powers that be
eventually stress me to the death"y'all know the science right?"
"Death with the intellect"
"aight.. aight.."
"Represent, I make it hot"
"13th.. chamber.. specialist.. from the Bricks"Chorus{unknown singer}
Street life.. so trife..
Street life.. for life..
Feels like.. feels like..
my paradiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiise.."Yeah y'all.. uh-huh.." (7X to fade)

Songwriters
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