

# Trouble

## Cypress Hill

It's been a while now, been around the block many miles  
Many faces, many places, that I found friend's traces  
Where I spend time, places where my mind roam  
Places I can call home, places I can get stoned  
I just wanna be alone, when I'm feelin' in my zone  
People wanna knock me down, 'cuz they never have their own  
They won't get the best of me, but they try hopelessly  
Why you wanna fuck wit' me? I'm not, what you s'posed to be  
You did not give a damn, coulda just killed a man  
Sawed off in my hand, but I had to kill the plan  
Think I've found my piece of mind, feet planted on the ground  
I just had to redefine, what I thought to myself  
It all goes around me, and others who would down me  
Who I don't give a fuck about, trouble always found me  
I know I used to welcome it, with my arms open wide  
Trouble's hand's on the door, but it can't come inside  
No, trouble's at my door  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
No, trouble's at my door  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
Trouble on the line, all the fuckin' time  
Got me contemplatin' the solution, the fusion my wicked mind  
Got suckers that hate me, but it don't really matter  
I'm like a gat when I bust, niggaz run and scatter  
Movin' in circles, throwin' elbows and fists  
You got to be a real nigga in the Cypress Hill pen  
Like the critics talkin' shit, but I'm not concerned  
A hundred G's for sixty minutes is the bank I earn  
I try to put it to you bluntly, so you bitches can learn  
That nobody get tired when it's time to burn  
With so many phonies out there, a lot of you have been fooled  
Into actually believin', that some shit is cool  
Take the blinders off and go look for yourself  
Fuck hearin' about shit, from somebody else  
I'm down for myself, I back up myself  
Put in all on the line, make sure that I'm felt  
No, trouble's at my door

(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
No, trouble's at my door  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble? No)  
Look, the wall's closin' in, and my shoe's wearin' thin  
Had to be the biggest clown, that you couldn't comprehend  
Some hated on my game, said I wouldn't be the same  
Called me, Rock Superstar, Insane In The Brain  
But I know I haven't changed, so I brush you to the side  
Trouble's knockin' on the door, anxious jus' to come inside  
Times I gotta block it out, no one likes to talk it out  
Trouble keeps comin' in and I can't seem to lock it out  
Got my hands on the phone, I don't wanna have to talk  
If you're feelin' froggy son, then I guess you gotta jump  
I can see it in your eyes, you don't seem to recognize  
I wouldn't fall into your trap, for many lives to compromise  
I'm not fallin' for your shit, you ain't gonna take me there  
You can talk all you want, but I don't got your weight to bare  
No, trouble's at my door  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
No, trouble's at my door  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
(You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)  
No, trouble's at my door  
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)  
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)  
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)  
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)  
No, trouble's at my door  
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)  
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)  
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)  
(You want trouble right now? C'mon)  
You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?  
You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?  
You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?  
You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?