Trouble

DJ Quik

I'm not ya one hit wonder
And when you see me on the streets in a black jeep
Know I got the heat up under
Not up under the seat, up under my cheek
Like so close to me that when I move it squeaksI ain't no big buff dude I'm a rap singer
I exercise one muscle that's my strap finger
And I can't call it how I see it no more
'Cause these niggas'll take ya words back and twist em' like a pretzel
And these bitches be the same too
Comin' with that sob story crocodile tears trying to gang you
And that's exactly what the game do
And if you ever get caught dirty with a nigga she gon' blame youSo what in the hell you want to floss her for?
It's supposed to be 'bout what a baller nigga cost that ho
You givin' a game of black eye in ya S-5
While you niggas kick back poppin' X you let that cuz' dry
And that bitch supposed to carry her own car note
And don't be going for that shit "I got a sore throat"
Give that bitch a couple of secrets
Or give that that ho that application down on Vernon to that duplexWhen I bump on this trouble
Niggas gettin' big money on the double
Fast lane, champagne, rubber to burn
Gettin' rich bitch is the only concernWhen I bump on this trouble
Niggas gettin' big money on the double
Fast lane, champagne, rubber to burn
Gettin' rich bitch is the only concern
The only concernBitch you get fucked, can't suck
But you want a nigga with a million bucks
A 5-double-0 and a Rover truck
I bend 'em all over 'til I know they stuck
Want to tell your friends that you fucked with A
But how many dicks did ya suck today?
Do we play ball? Do we move that weight?
All I got for a motherfucking ho is hateBitch want to get drunk and high
Point that booty on to the sky
Square ass bitch go bake a pie
Get a tattoo of a dick in ya eye
Want to be flied call Continental
The Benz ain't a rental
Sippin' on shit that ya can't pronounce

Ho quit staring at my bank accountWhen I bump on this trouble
Niggas gettin' big money on the double
Fast lane, champagne, rubber to burn
Gettin' rich bitch is the only concern
I'm the bomb bitch, I'm seizing
P the reason you know
'Cause pimpin'll have you seeing me with a bad ass ho
Legendary my name
Secondary you came
And you won't see me stop making hits 'till I walk with a caneStill 5'11", 6 feet with shoes
Compton, OG nigga givin' niggas the blues
Etched in stone, makin' yo bitch fetch the bone
I'm calling the cops punk motherfuckers catch the phone
The walkie talkie, the 2-way and all of the above
Nightstick up yo ass 'til we all see blood
Fuck ya, I'm a cop too
I'm a cop me a kilo of yay
and try to get it crackin' like it's '82With Monte Carlos and European firms cop them El Co's on that gold lace
Dippin' round the whole place
Fuck a 6-pack nigga cop the whole case
And when them marks come nigga crack they whole face
The way my glock cock keep a niggas full
got him spittin' like that pitcher from the KC Royals
Socked the P.D., haters R.I.P.
Very sincerely yours
Quik nigga pleaseWhen I bump on this trouble
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