

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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