

# Trouble

## Cypress Hill

[B-Real]

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 roam  
Places I can call home  
Places I can get stoned  
I just want to be alone  
When I'm feelin' in my zone  
People want to knock me down  
'cause they never have their own  
They won't get the best of me  
But they try hopelessly  
Why you want to fuck wit' me?  
I'm not, what you s'posed to be?  
You could 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 used to welcome it with my arms open wide,  
Trouble's hand's on the door, but it can't come INSIDE! [Chorus 1: x2]  
No, TROUBLE'S NOT MY goal!  
You want trouble, c'mon,  
You want trouble?  
You want trouble, c'mon  
You want trouble? [Sen Dog]  
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, niggas 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 ? so you bitches can learn  
That no-body get tired when it's time to burn  
With so many phonies out there a lot of you have been fooled  
In to 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! [Chorus 1: x2] [B-Real]  
No! [B-Real]  
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, askin' jus' to come inside  
Times I gotta block it out, no-one likes to talk it out  
Trouble keeps comin' and I can't seem to lock it out  
Got my hands on the phone, I don't want to have to talk  
If you're feelin' (?), son, then I guess you gotta jump  
I can see it in your eyes, you don't seem to recognise  
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 (?) [Chorus 1: x2] [Chorus 2: x4]  
No, TROUBLE'S NOT MY GOOOOOOOOOOAL!  
You want trouble right now?  
c'mon  
You want trouble right now?  
c'mon [B-Real: x4]  
You want trouble, c'mon  
You want trouble?

Songwriters

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