

Trouble On My Mind (Clean)

Pusha T

It's the blackout, 'rari got the back out
Showing my black ass, engine in the glass house
Started in the crack house, Obama went the back route
Kill bin Laden, never throw up in the black house
Still got the Macs out, pull the mask down like a mascot
Still trick with bitches out with money or with ass shots
G.O.O.D had room for one more, I took the last spot
Re-up gang paid a nigga, 'Ye done hit the jackpot
Whole 'nother level, then you add fame
That's a whole 'nother devil, legit drug dealer
That's a whole 'nother bezel, the carbon Audemar
That's a whole 'nother metal, but still keep it ghetto
Behind the scenes, pull strings like Gepetto
The gun blow steam, whistle like a tea kettle
Runnin' like the rebels
You and LV Sport shoe on a pedal, I let you niggas settle
Trouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind
Pharrell said "get 'em," so I got 'em
Tripped on Bristol Palin then I accidentally shot 'em
Then it ricocheted and killed the game
I'm a problem cause I wanna fuck the world but not a fan of using condoms
Pardon my French, I'm going hard as my dick
When I envision my tip on the crust of bitch's lips
Mr.Lipschitz has been trippin' since I mentioned Reptar's
Triceratops dinosaur dick
I feel it in my gut to kill these mutharfucks
As a musk like the arm of my pits
You niggas coming shorter than a Bush wick Billy costume
On sale during Christmas in Philly
Uhm, well, not really, it's gettin' kinda chilly
Let's hit a couple bars and give some bitches wet willies
Soaked, getting' jiggy with it and Bel-Air's riches
With a bag of pills, couple berries and a biscuit
Trouble on my mind
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So much trouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind
I'm a fucking walking paradox
And a really shitty rapper in my favorite pair of socks
ironed pair of dockers
Two Glockes cocked screamin' west side!
With the speakers blastin' a pair of pots
Yonkers ten milli, you're silly
Thinkin' that this 'Preme wasn't free willy
The feeling is neutral, the gang is youthful
And fuckin' tighter than Chad Hugo's pupils
It's Wolf Gang and the
With the re-up's a hell of a buzz
Rick James said cocaine's a hell of a drug
Who else could put the hipsters with felons and thugs
And paint a perfect picture of what sellin' it does?
This is for the critics, who doubted the chemistry
Two different worlds, same symmetry
And this black art, see the wizardry
When you at the top of your game, you make enemies
You'll never finish me
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Songwriters

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