

# Looking For Trouble

## Kingsfoil

[Pusha T:]Re-Up Gang Pusha  
(Looking for trouble, trouble, trouble)

But you found it muthafucker

Yes

All I see is black roses, drug dealer poses  
shoveling that devil?s angel up they noses  
never let jail turn my shine into Moses  
couldn?t cleanse my soul with them civil rights spouses  
panoramic roof, under glass like a coaster  
backseat driver, racial slurs at the chauffeur  
killian loafers, Mikimoto chokes her  
Photo-op this priceless, frame our wanted posters  
the audacity, war brings casualty  
bitch have my son before I face that tragedy  
ugh, I order hits, she orders mahi  
R.I.P. Vivian Blake, shout out the shower posse  
Gone!!!

(You seek out problems)  
(Looking for trouble, trouble, trouble)

But you found it motherfucker

[Kanye West:]I?m here, it?s the misogyny

bad bitches massaging me

sometimes we lowered our standards at the colleges  
so please don?t judge me, ugh, for the following  
fat bitches swallowing, skinny bitches modeling

take of that Givenchy and let?s get raunchy

I have your face looking all Captain Cruncy  
the devil stay testing

?cause when you chase the pussy it?s a sin

but if it falls in your lap it?s a blessing

soon as I got salad, I spent it all on dressing

French, to be exact, that Balmain was impressive  
had used the main leathers (leathers, leathers, leathers)

[Cyhi The Prynce:]Cyhi, Cyhi, Yeah

boy, we looking for trouble

maybe if we wasn?t black then we wouldn?t have struggled  
player, all I got is trap niggas and crooks in my huddle  
they cook and I smuggle  
got twenty pounds of kush in the duffle

so I?m running through them circles,  
boy I?m looking like Knuckles  
look at my knuckles, got the hook in ?cause niggas was looking  
I?ve taken some whoopings, so trust me, dog I?m good for a scuffle  
don?t be mad I whooped your ass ?cause I?ve taken a couple  
feds asking niggas questions but I wouldn?t rebuttal  
?cause I?m Jake Gyllenhaal, I?m in the hood with the bubble  
with a tall model broad like I took her from Russell  
didn?t play the cards I was dealt, I made the dealer re-shuffle  
Royal Flush, so kiss my royal nuts  
ain?t nothing silver spooned, I came from the soil, bruh  
but now I?m eating off of rather yellow gold  
exquisite ravioli with some happy yellow hoes

but don?t get it confused when I rap these mellow flows  
?cause all my Titos got bricks like a yellow road  
[Big Sean:]GOOD, I do it  
B.I.G. Sean Don nigga  
(But you found it mutherfucker)  
bitch

I?m in, that no-smoke sec? rolling motherfucking ounces  
marijuana mountains, drinks you?re not pronouncing  
three chains on, I don?t need no bouncers  
nothing less than a G stack?s in my trousers  
(Boy)  
new double-D?s smashed in her blouses  
fuck a hotel, my nigga we rent houses (houses)  
my nigga, we rent houses  
so many wedding rings lost in them couches  
I?m just a Westside lover

I leave females in my sheets and all my feelings in a rubber  
this is showtime, showtime, boy  
I hope you set the DVR  
stacking money face to face, dish it, look like CPR  
?Ye invited me a seat to sit at the throne  
so now I?m snapping like yo? ass just finished a poem  
does he sound like ?Ye, Jay, or Drizzy Drake?

meanwhile, I?m chilling with all these niggas, counting all this money you ain?t  
consider yourself lucky to see a legend before the prime  
a killer before the crime, a BIG before the Dime  
greet me wit a middle finger when you see me

it?s cool, ?cause I can?t see yo? ass from this side of the TV muthafucker  
[J. Cole]Hey, Cole World, make way for the chosen one  
what you now hear is putting fear in all the older ones  
down played me to downgrade me like they don?t notice son

your shoes too big too fill? I can barely squeeze my toes in ?em  
    fucking hoes while teaching niggas to hold your sons  
    this the rap Moses, scratch that, Mary and Joseph?s son  
        high as fuck with a cold flow and a loaded gun  
        never say I?m better than Hov, but I?m the closest one  
        heard you looking for trouble, what, I?m supposed to run?  
        yo? bitch invited me inside her, ain?t I supposed to cum?  
            got niggas that?ll blow your tee off, put a hole in one  
    now you outside of heaven?s gate, fronting like you know someone  
        talking hard, but y?all still ain?t push me  
        they say you are what you eat, and I still ain?t pussy  
            fuck it, everybody can get it  
        when you?re this hot, everybody?s a critic  
        but when you?re this high everybody?s a midget  
    all this mean mugging from niggas that mean nothing  
        could it be my position is one that you dreamed of?  
        went from quarter to broke to half past rich  
            with my badass bitch  
    and you don?t want no problems on some math class shit  
        so check the young genius out  
        fuck the World, bust a nut, and let my semen sprout  
    I thought that real shit is what you been fiending ?bout  
        what you been praying for? What you been screaming ?bout?  
    ironic you been sleeping on the one that you been dreaming ?bout

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>