

# Trouble

## Lil' Wayne

[Unknown Girl]Cities, streets, that's where I learned

Play with fire, you'll get burned

When the heat was on, I turned

Turned to trouble... trouble

[Lil Wayne]Yeah, yeah, C three, yeah

New Orleans baby, a street called Eagle

And everybody's ill, yeah, illegal

People steal cars, we steal people

We eat like dogs, but we still people

And even when ya lost, trouble still see you

And even if ya dead broke, we are still equal

One time for the lil people

Eat ya meal, don't let ya meal eat you

(I run with trouble... trouble)

Street runner we crazy with dis one

I run... with... trouble

[Lil Wayne]And just the other day, my nigga Chris killed his self

I pray to God, that I never feel the way he felt

Where do we go when there's no help?

He figured Heaven, so he went left

Ya'll know that ain't right

Plus, he was high as a plane that same night

Shit, I probably been on that same flight

Shit, I probably had that same fight

I just kept swingin

Twelve rounds comin, bells ringin

(I run with trouble... trouble)

Introduced to the game, when I was just a child

Mama love a drug dealer, straight quit her job

And took his life, and along with him, I died

And she died, we died

Then came my daughter, to my bed side

Told me daddy, don't cry, I'm alive

I look her in the eyes, and see me with no sins

But this is how the note ends

[Lil Wayne]Ya know, let's kick it back

I can't call it

(I run with trouble... trouble)

Ya know, heheh  
Yeah, yeah  
[Lil Wayne]The tool, it poke out the jeans  
The coke smell just like a bunch of coffee beans  
Ya nah mean? and everything ain't what it seem  
Ya nah mean? and don't play that game, without your team  
Kill for my bread, kill for my G's, kill for my cream  
I will have that red beam on hot beam  
Now I hear sirens, wait I think I see one behind me  
I ain't trippin baby, money got me  
Unh  
(I run with trouble... trouble)  
And fuck the police, fuck the feds, too  
I ain't jumpin in that jump suit  
A one, I'm on my one, two  
Check me out, I fuck around and check you  
Respect due, pay yours nigga  
Mines under the seat, by my feet, where's yours nigga?  
Too much hoarse liquor, huh?  
Too much pressure, too much force  
Too much money, never heard that before  
Shit  
And we stop the snitches at the door  
Cut that tail off the rat, he won't rat no more  
(I run with trouble... trouble)  
Shit, that's right, get trapped fuck with my G's  
Keep shootin, 'til I burn my sleeves  
Nigga please, these boys is G's  
Represent New Orleans, like a Florida leaf  
Shit, what you know about it, we more than thieves  
We steal from the rich, so the poor can eat  
Yeah, niggas act up, my niggas act accordingly  
Hey soldier, don't war with me  
Jump on it

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