

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Trouble

Damn, you've just been hit in the head with a worldwide exclusive.

Play with fire,
you get burned
When the heat was on
I turned
turned to trouble
trouble

yeah
yeah
c-3
New Orleans Baby
the street called Eagle
and everybodys ill yea
illegal
People steal cars
We steal people
We eat like dogs
but we're still people
and even when your lost
trouble still see you
and even if your dead broke
we are still equal
one time for the little people
eat your meal
don't let the meal eat you

(I run to trouble)
your running me crazy with this one
i
run
with
trouble

And just the other day my nigga chris killed himself
I pray to god that i never feel the way he felt
Where do we go when theres no help
He figured heaven
so he went left
Ya'll know that aint right.
plus he was high as a plane on that same night.
Shit i probably been on that same flight.
Shit I probably had that same fight
I just kept swinging
Twelve rounds come and bells ringing
(i run to trouble, trouble)
introduced to the game when i was just a child
Mama know the drug dealers straight quit her job
He took his life
and along with him I died
and she died
we died
Then came my daughter to my bedside
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

Damn you just been hit the head with a worldwide exclusive
(choose it second over 1)

You know
Just kicking back
(though i look for brighter times)

I am Carter
(i run to trouble)
ya know
(trouble)

The tooley poked out the jeans
The coke smell just like a bunch of coffee beans
ya nah mean
and everything aint what it seems
ya nah mean
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 high beam
Now I hear sirens
Wait I think I see one behind me
I aint tripping baby
Money got me
uh
and F**k the police
F**k the Feds too
I aint jumping in that jumpsuit
a Blunt too
I'm on my one two
Check me out
I f**k around and check you
Respect Due
Pay yours nigga
Mines under the seat by my feet
Wheres your nigga
too much whores nigga huh
too much pressure
too much force
too much money
You never heard that before
shit
and we Stop these snitches at the door
cut the tail off the Rat
He wont Rat no more
whack
no more
Thats right
Get trapped f**king with my cheese
Keep shooting till i burn my sleeve
Nigga please
These boys is G's
Represent New Orleans like a
What you know about it
We more than thieves
Steal fromt the Rich so the poor can eat
Niggas act up
Or niggas act accordinally
Hey soldier don't war with me
You don't throw me