

# 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