

# 2Pac, Troublesome '96

Troublesome nigga  
[Chorus plays in background]  
Troublesome 19-muthafuckin-96 (westside)  
Let it be known nigga  
Boss of all bosses, Makaveli

Menacin' methods label me a lethal weapon  
Making niggas die witnessin' breathless imperfections  
Can you picture my specific plan  
To be the man in this wicked land, underhanded hits are planned  
Scams are plotted over grams and rocks  
[song version 1:] Undercover agents die by the random shots  
[song version 2:] Outlaws motherfuckers die by the random shots  
We all die in the end, so revenge we swore  
I was all about my ends, fuck friends and foes  
Me, a born leader, never leave the block without my my heata  
Got me a dog and named her my bitch nigga eata  
What could they do to me that little brat  
Shit them niggas shot me and still terrified, I'll get their ass  
How can I show you how I feel inside  
We outlawz motherfuckas can't kill my pride  
Niggas talk a lot of shit but that's after I'm gone  
Cause they fear me in physical form let it be known  
I'm troublesome

[Chorus]  
Tra la la la la all ya niggas die [several times]

Trouble shit  
Gutter ways my mentality is ghetto  
We're guerrillas in this criminal war, we all rebels  
Death before dishonor bet on bomb on them first niggas do  
We came for murder, pullin' up in a herse  
Westside was the war cry bustin' all freely screaming fuck  
All ya'll niggas in Swahili  
Pistol packin' fresh out of jail, I ain't goin' back  
Release me to care of my heartless strap  
Say my name three times like Candyman  
Bet I roll on your ass like an avalance  
A soul survivor, learned to get high and pull drive bys  
Murder my foes, can't control my nine  
Hearin' thoughts of my enemies pleadin' please  
Busta ass motherfuckas tried to flee  
Picture me letting this chump survive  
Redin' up on his ass when I'm doped and died  
Cause I'm troublesome

[Chorus]  
Murder murder my mind states shit ain't change since my last rhyme  
The crime rate ain't decline  
Niggas bustin' shots like they lost their mind  
Like twenty-five to life never crossed their mind  
Tell me young nigga never learned a thang  
Dead at thirteen cause he yearned to bang  
Sniffed a lot of flowers, but how can I cry  
Try to warn the little nigga either stop or die  
Mercy is for the weak when I speak I scream  
Afraid to sleep in havin' of crazy dreams  
Vivid pictures of my enemies and family times  
God to forgive me cause it's wrong but I plan to die  
Need to take me in heaven and understand I was a sheep  
Did the best I could, raised in insanity  
Or send me to hell cause I ain't beggin' for my life

Ain't nothing worse than this cursed ass hopeless life  
Cause I'm troublesome