

Brotha Lynch Hung, Trouble

[Verse 1]

I'm hot enough to make your skin bubble
Packin a Smith & Wesson

Uh oh, trouble, don't say nothin

You can tell that I'm evil
By the arch in my eye bra

But I aint got no pitchfork

I stick niggaz with this sawed-off
Clear your porch

Hit the floor, duck behind your couch

If I don't hear enough screamin

I'm burning down your house

Apocolypse the barbarian
I kill humanitarians

Pillage your village

Slaughter your children

And rape your women

[Verse 2]

Bustin through that door like dun da dun da

Bitches hit the floor on the double

Bust off a couple

Rounds and let it bubble

In your belly
Bullets dipped in formaldehyde

So when they hit you

You embalmed and ready

To get carried

Buried up in your grave

Trust me, I'm that deadly

Just test me if you brave

Eklypse I stay sick

Eith Pit, Playboy, and Lynch

Kill a bitch nigga quick

And run a train on his bitch nigga

[Verse 3]

I wish these niggaz would try to rough me for the chips

I got metal muscle with silent tips

And pistol grips give violent trips

First I'm cool with you

Then I'm not

When you run up on me I pop pistols

Gun up on me it's all official

I'm chewin bone grissels

Your family gonna miss you

Do away done with you

You should of had a gun with you

I got pistols

You know cookin utensils

That shit that'll make your skin bubble

F**kin with these plague niggaz

You gotsta know you in trouble

[Chorus]

Trouble (repeat 8 times)

[Verse 4]

I keeps it real thats the deal

Headbuttin motherf**kers like Evander Holyfield

I makes a full course dinner

Out of roadkill

Pops some pills

Smoke some sherms

Drunk as f**k

Rollin up a blunt

When I get through smokin it

I'm comin to your house nigga

What's for breakfast

Kickin in your door

At 3:47 in the morning

Time to wake up, so I can do your bitch ass wrong

I got my ?? yawnin

Hear comes trouble

Hell's angel, some niggaz call me spawn

[Verse 5]

Shit I'm off that ??? again

Ready to load the pump again

Soon as I put somethin in

See i'ma aim it at your chin

Blame it on your friend

Your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man

I can make niggaz follow me like the pod piper can

Arachnaphobia, I'm the sniper man
Doom to put 'em in the pan

Heat 'em and eat 'em as fast as I can

Man I'm first, you last to land
Stretch your neck like elastic like plastic

Tephlon bullets they crash and land
Nigga I'm double time

You in trouble time

I'm a bubble mine

[Verse 6]

I'm titani and scandalous

I do random hits

Load up all my extra clips

And lets go handle this shit

Trouble is what we lookin fo
Kick in that f**kin door

Put a gag up on that hoe

Slit that niggaz throat

Light up the door

Smoke until we choke

I wish you motherf**kers would try to locc

And get his neck broke

Kick in the door

Shotgun up the asshole

Brains blown

Eyes closed

Nothin but trouble

[Chorus] - repeat to end