

Cypress Hill, Trouble

[B-Real]

It's been a while now
Been around the block many miles
Many faces, many places
that I found ?friend's? traces
Where I spend time, places where my roam
Places I can call home
Places I can get stoned
I just wanna be alone
When I'm feelin' in my zone
People want to knock me down
'cos they never have their own
They won't get the best of me
But they try hopelessly
Why you wanna fuck wit' me?
I'm not, what you s'posed to be?
You could not give a DAMN
Coulda just Killed A Man
Sawed off in my hand
But I had to kill the plan
Think I've found my piece of mind
Feet planted on the ground
I just had to redefine, what I thought to myself
It all goes around me and others who would down me
Who I don't give a fuck about, Trouble always found me,
I know used to welcome it with my arms open wide,
Trouble's hand's on the door, but it can't come INSIDE!

[Chorus 1 : B Real (repeat 2x)]

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO, TROUBLE'S NOT MY GOOOOOOOOOOAL!

You want trouble, c'mon,
You want trouble?
You want trouble, c'mon
You want trouble?

[Sen Dog]

Trouble on the line, all the fuckin' time
Got me contemplatin' the solution, the fusion my wicked mind
Got suckers that hate me but it don't really matter
I'm like a gat when I bust, niggas run and scatter
Movin' in circles, throwin' elbows and fists
You got to be a real nigga in the Cypress Hill pen
Like the critics talkin' shit, but I'm not concerned
A hundred G's for sixty minutes is the bank I earn
I try to put it to you rookies so you bitches can learn
That no-body get tired when it's time to burn
With so many phonies out there a lot of you have been fooled
In to actually believin' that some shit is cool
Take the blinders off and go look for yourself
Fuck hearin' about shit from somebody else
I'm down for myself, I back up myself
Put in all on the line make sure that I'M FELT!

[Chorus 1 (Repeat 2x)]

[B-Real] Nooooo!

[scratching interlude]

[B-Real]

Look, the wall's closin' in
and my shoe's wearin' thin
Had to be the biggest clown that you couldn't comprehend

Some hated on my game, said I wouldn't be the same
Called me "Rock Superstar", "Insane In The Brain"
But I know I haven't changed
So I brush you to the side
Trouble's knockin' on the door, askin' jus' to come inside
'times I gotta block it out, no-one likes to talk it out
Trouble keeps comin' and I can't seem to lock it out
Got my hands on the phone, I don't wanna have to talk
If you're feelin' froggy, son, then I guess you gotta jump
I can see it in your eyes, you don't seem to recognise
I wouldn't fall into your trap, for many lives to compromise
I'm not fallin' for your shit, you ain't gonna take me there
You can talk all you want, but I don't got your weight to bare

[Chorus 1 (Repeat 2x)]

[Chorus 2: B-Real {Sen Dog} (Repeat 4x)]

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO, TROUBLE'S NOT MY GOOOOOOOOOOOAL!
{You want trouble right now? C'mon
You want trouble right now? C'mon}

[B-Real] You want trouble, c'mon
You want trouble?
[Repeat 4x]