

Troublesome '96

2pac

Troublesome nigga

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 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

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

Troublesome niggas, outlaw, put it down to the fullest, spittin rhymes and bullets, haha.

We troublesome, yall know what time it is, call the punk police, they cant stop us, niggas run the streets

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 avalanche

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

Young, strapped, and I dont give a fuck, I'm hopeless.

I live a thuglife losing my focus, baby.

I'm troublesome, haha Badboy killer, there is no one realer, what you saw was the rough rugged and raw.

Outlaw. Outlaw.

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
Sent a lot of flowers, but how can I cry
Try to warn a 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
Either take me in heaven and understand I was a G'
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
I'm troublesome

In your wildest dreams you couldn't picture a nigga like me.
Haha I'm troublesome and I don't give a fuck.
I'm troublesome.
Like my nigga Napoleon said, nigga, somebody gotta explain why I aint got sh
it.
Haha I'm troublesome.
You know what time it is, the Outlaw click, young rugged and sick, Makaveli
the Don, the boss of all bosses.
Mousolinni, Edi Mean, Hussain Fatal, Kadafi, Kastro, Napoleon.
We aint fuckin around.
We troublesome.
Hey yo, we troublesome.
I aint going back.
Haha, Young Kastro, the first to blast last one to dash, going for the hoes
and the cash.
Fuck you niggas.
Outlawz.
Kadafi, trump tight never sloppy, them muthafuckas try to copy but they cant
mock you nigga, you too strong.
Outlawz keep it going on, you know whats up.
Outlawz.
Outlawz.
Outlawz.
Outlawz.
This is dedicated to the real niggas, all the real troublesome souljas on th
e streets.