

Trouble Man

Beanie Sigel

Nothin for nothin leaves nothin... betta do somethin
Motherfucker punch ya in the mouth...

[Sigel:] Hitman, Oschino and Sparks, Criminal Records; talk to 'em yo

This is for my ghetto niggas, reputation is everything
So guard it withcha life, it's just like credit
The minute ya fuck up you ruined it, ya know?

Yo as young adolescents (a-ha)
Mommy said we was so precious, I mean - who knew?
Round to O.D. to heron and I'd catch cases
Let my life slip, inside the hands of these judges
Where did we go wrong - huh?
Was it these missing father figures?
Or watching mom struggle and feed us
Come on I need answers, is God gonna judge us
For turnin burners on niggas who tried to merk us
On the day of judgement - who knows?
Until then we'll never know so for now, I'm a do Omilio
Drunk than a motherfucker, disrespectin bitches
Attitude still the same - fuck these niggas
Until it's my time to go, you know?
I ain't doin no changes, shit, plus I'm happy to be here
With my new family... Black Friday
And the Roc-A-Fella niggas, I'm focused, bring the chorus in

My life (shit) just make me wanna holla sometime, and throw in my hand
But I won't fold, you know how I roll
I live that life of a trouble man and play by the code
Where I'm from (shit) just make me wanna holla sometime, and go get my gun
Go all out but I think of my sons
Then I look where I was at - how far did I come

You see ladies prostitutin, wearin tight leopard
My sneaks was dogs like pitbulls and German shepherds
Fuck where it came from I needed money fast
White boys bangin Led Zeppelin wantin twenty bags
So I got my first pack on 51st and Market
I ain't want clothes I just wanted some Boston Market
No mom to call, no dad to beep
Stuck on the streets stomach growlin like a dog showin his teeth
Life ain't sweet (naw) life ain't a game
I know life is more real then Slick Rick chain
Everybody get a hand so play the hand you dealt
And there's nobody to blame fuck it blame yourself
You can go all out, and try to rebel
Like a nucleus they'll have you right in a cell
You just better pray a lot and hope that you prevail
I know livin in the hood is hell, c'mon

Yo right now I'd like to take the time to thank my family members
And phony homies for turnin they backs on me
Made me stronger helped me deal with snakes inside God's garden
But I was roamin like a ruger
And I swear these streets'll turn us boys to men

Numb the pain with juice and gin
Tryin to stack them Horace Grants to a million
Plantin seeds is how I blessed the bitches
Excuse my arrogance but baby clone me
This petty world that kill me slowly took away my grandma mommy hold me
Life's obstacles is gettin stressful, that's why I don't come around
Written between the paper's line examples of my lifestyle
So read inside the guidelines, ain't no sunshine
Until you break the chains and fly freely, cause I know for a fact
Somewhere out in the world somebody need me to make 'em smile
And appreciate 'em believe me, but maintain in the meanwhile baby
Omilio'll be there for ya, y'knahmean?
Shit, I'm a trouble man