Trouble

Cypress Hill

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 mind roam Places I can call home, places I can get stoned

I just wanna be alone, when I'm feelin' in my zone People wanna knock me down, 'cuz 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 did 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 I used to welcome it, with my arms open wide Trouble's hand's on the door, but it can't come inside

No, trouble's at my door (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) No, trouble's at my door (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)

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, niggaz 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 bluntly, so you bitches can learn That nobody get tired when it's time to burn With so many phonies out there, a lot of you have been fooled Into 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

No, trouble's at my door (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) No, trouble's at my door (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble? No)

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, anxious jus' to come inside Times I gotta block it out, no one likes to talk it out Trouble keeps comin' in 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 recognize 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

No, trouble's at my door (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) No, trouble's at my door (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?) (You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?)

No, trouble's at my door (You want trouble right now? C'mon) (You want trouble right now? C'mon) (You want trouble right now? C'mon) (You want trouble right now? C'mon)

No, trouble's at my door (You want trouble right now? C'mon) (You want trouble right now? C'mon) (You want trouble right now? C'mon) (You want trouble right now? C'mon)

You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble? You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble? You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble? You want trouble? C'mon, you want trouble?