

# Troublesome

Doe Boy

This that Doe Beezy from 2012

Lex Luger

Yeah

Know what, matter fact, I'ma take it back a lil' further

Let's go

Let me take it back to 2009 (2009)

I was hitting houses but they knew not to hit mine (Fools)

Had a 38 but playing off our bullets flying

'Fore you think 'bout trying, think 'bout dying

I ain't capping, ask my mom (Oh really)

Even though she took my gun, I bought another one (Another one)

Upgraded to that Trey 57, damn, I'm troublesome (You think I'm troublesome)

Look at me, ain't hard to see, you play, I'm slumbersome

My ice, ain't tucking none (Fool), bitch, I'm tucking something

If he run up on Doe Beezy, that's gon' get that fool hurt

Put some money on my head, you gon' get your goon murked

I don't shoot back, everybody know me, know I shoot first

Barely went to class but kept that pole tucked like a school shirt

Mugging in the club, yeah, he look like he plan on touching something

Reach, pussy boy, I dare you, bet we be stumping something

I'll smack the taste out your mouth, think you tough or something

I am not the one I thought you knew, I'm my mother's son

One phone call, hundred guns start clapping

Nigga try the gang, bet the birds start flapping

Never heard about Beezy, boy, you better go and ask 'em

I had so much fun with choppers but So Much Fun went platinum (Slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt)

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I'm scared of fucking cops

Acting like he savage, but he scared, he duck his opps (Pussy)

All I hear is talking, never hear no fucking shots

He try me, he gon' hear mops

If he smart, he duck his top (Fool)

Shit, let's fast-forward to 2012

No home invasion, bitch, I'm robbing, nigga, fuck a scale

Big-ass gun make a pussy nigga tuck his tail

Let you bust your plays all day then take it, hold this fucking L

Who is these niggas? Never heard of 'em

Went down for robbing, shot at my victim, I'm just glad I ain't go down for murder

Had gunpowder on my hands, can't say I ain't shoot that burner

Almost threw my life away, I thought I learned something

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