

# Looking for Trouble

J. Cole

Re-Up Gang Pusha

(Looking for trouble, trouble, trouble)

But you found it muthafucker

Yes

All I see is black roses, drug dealer poses  
shoveling that devil's angel up they noses  
never let jail turn my shine into Moses  
couldn't cleanse my soul with them civil rights spouses  
panoramic roof, under glass like a coaster  
backseat driver, racial slurs at the chauffeur  
killian loafers, Mikimoto chokes her  
Photo-op this priceless, frame our wanted posters  
the audacity, war brings casualty  
bitch have my son before I face that tragedy  
ugh, I order hits, she orders mahi  
R.I.P. Vivian Blake, shout out the shower posse  
Gone!!!

(You seek out problems)

(Looking for trouble, trouble, trouble)

But you found it motherfucker

I'm here, it's the misogyny

bad bitches massaging me

sometimes we lowered our standards at the colleges

so please don't judge me, ugh, for the following

fat bitches swallowing, skinny bitches modeling

take of that Givenchy and let's get raunchy

I have your face looking all Captain Crunchy

the devil stay testing

'cause when you chase the pussy it's a sin

but if it falls in your lap it's a blessing

soon as I got salad, I spent it all on dressing

French, to be exact, that Balmain was impressive

had used the main leathers (leathers, leathers, leathers)

Cyhi, Cyhi, Yeah

boy, we looking for trouble

maybe if we wasn't black then we wouldn't have struggled

player, all I got is trap niggas and crooks in my huddle

they cook and I smuggle

got twenty pounds of kush in the duffle

so I'm running through them circles,

boy I'm looking like Knuckles

look at my knuckles, got the hook in 'cause niggas was looking

I've taken some whoopings, so trust me, dog I'm good for a scuffle

don't be mad I whooped your ass 'cause I've taken a couple

feds asking niggas questions but I wouldn't rebuttal

'cause I'm Jake Gyllenhaal, I'm in the hood with the bubble

with a tall model broad like I took her from Russell

didn't play the cards I was dealt, I made the dealer re-shuffle

Royal Flush, so kiss my royal nuts

ain't nothing silver spooned, I came from the soil, bruh

but now I'm eating off of rather yellow gold

exquisite ravioli with some happy yellow hoes

but don't get it confused when I rap these mellow flows

'cause all my Titos got bricks like a yellow road

GOOD, I do it  
B.I.G. Sean Don nigga  
(But you found it mutherfucker)  
bitch  
I'm in, that no-smoke sec' rolling motherfucking ounces  
marijuana mountains, drinks you're not pronouncing  
three chains on, I don't need no bouncers  
nothing less than a G stack's in my trousers  
(Boy)  
new double-D's smashed in her blouses  
fuck a hotel, my nigga we rent houses (houses)  
my nigga, we rent houses  
so many wedding rings lost in them couches  
I'm just a Westside lover  
I leave females in my sheets and all my feelings in a rubber  
this is showtime, showtime, boy  
I hope you set the DVR  
stacking money face to face, dish it, look like CPR  
'Ye invited me a seat to sit at the throne  
so now I'm snapping like yo' ass just finished a poem  
does he sound like 'Ye, Jay, or Drizzy Drake?  
meanwhile, I'm chilling with all these niggas, counting all this money you a  
in't  
consider yourself lucky to see a legend before the prime  
a killer before the crime, a BIG before the Dime  
greet me wit a middle finger when you see me  
it's cool, 'cause I can't see yo' ass from this side of the TV muthafucker

Hey, Cole World, make way for the chosen one  
what you now hear is putting fear in all the older ones  
down played me to downgrade me like they don't notice son  
your shoes too big too fill? I can barely squeeze my toes in 'em  
fucking hoes while teaching niggas to hold your sons  
this the rap Moses, scratch that, Mary and Joseph's son  
high as fuck with a cold flow and a loaded gun  
never say I'm better than Hov, but I'm the closest one  
heard you looking for trouble, what, I'm supposed to run?  
yo' bitch invited me inside her, ain't I supposed to cum?  
got niggas that'll blow your tee off, put a hole in one  
now you outside of heaven's gate, fronting like you know someone  
talking hard, but y'all still ain't push me  
they say you are what you eat, and I still ain't pussy  
fuck it, everybody can get it  
when you're this hot, everybody's a critic  
but when you're this high everybody's a midget  
all this mean mugging from niggas that mean nothing  
could it be my position is one that you dreamed of?  
went from quarter to broke to half past rich  
with my badass bitch  
and you don't want no problems on some math class shit  
so check the young genius out  
fuck the World, bust a nut, and let my semen sprout  
I thought that real shit is what you been fiending 'bout  
what you been praying for? What you been screaming 'bout?  
ironic you been sleeping on the one that you been dreaming 'bout