

Trouble

Kano

The young people have begun the rebellion, refusing to work
They have received very little support from other sections of the population
As a consequence of which, they must find money by these means
We say we are against those means
Not because we are moralists, not because we are religious freaks
But precisely because mugging involves loss of life and liberty
And the continuing attack upon that section of the black community
Police brutality, prison brutality, a whole wastage of human creativity
That is why we're against it

Politician, hush don't make a sound
Been oppressin' us couple centuries now
And these gunshots never reach your town
It's never on top when you leave your house
But when we go servants, we might run into some beef or somethin'
Rambo, tuck into the jeans or somethin'
But the beef, please drop it, 'cause it don't make money

All our mothers worry when we touch the road
'Cause they know it's touch-and-go
Whether we're comin' home
And either that's for shit that could happen to us
Or the shit we might do if you violate the code
It's turnin' over new leaf times
Moschino jeans full of peace signs
Post code war, and that's the thing now
Young bucks beefin' over street signs

You ever seen a mother's tears run down Gucci glasses?
That imagery will hit you deep and cut through the hard shit
A hood potential not reached due to gun barkin'
Is bad business for the ends, man, I'm done talkin'
It's all fun keepin' score when it's one-nuffin'
Till loved ones get nupped then cited nine nights
Any beef can be squashed if hands could be shaken
Any hand could be shaken when the blood dries

I guess that's not a thug line
But Camden Town to Plaistow, that's where the thugs die
Where the slugs fly, then the doves fly
And if you say you like beef, then you thugs lyin'
These are my words to us, no tongue-tyin'
If you stay up writhin' till the sun's risin'
You're just tryna get one, or get bun tryin'
Then we ain't on the same side
Of this Sterling lining

Politician, us don't make a-

Trouble, trouble, I don't need no trouble
Trouble, we don't want no trouble

I know some Young'uns that would beef on the main road
Violate the clique and then the K go
They will off a bruddah on my say so
But when they give 'em thirty, could I look Mum in the face though?
Concrete roses, they really grow, she can see my whole set

Don't watch the Rolex, just watch the progress
From mopeds, coke heads and the old Ghetts
15 with a dream, 20 with a gold disk
21, second crib before I got my own whip
27, 28 and 9 was my lowest
30, re-upped again, 32, more checks
So why would I throw away life for some jokers?
Hopeless, ain't blocks with no Lopez
Opps in the focus, I know the roads, yes
But when the goal's bread it makes no sense
Less condolences and more congratulations
Brought a smile to my face, I heard that Sammy's trading
Kate just had a baby, D's a uncle ain't he?
Just got off the phone with Shane, he's invested major gravy
Ghetts ain't looked back since we blessed them stages
Now man are steppin' on planes without bredren aiding
Still conflicted 'cause man a bust gone on Netflix
But I show you both sides of the fence, watch out for splinters
Rats and sinners, gangsters, killers with straps and ringers
Taxin' figures, your stash was dinner, ugh

My only obligation is give inspiration
This the winners table, and here's your invitation
No sparklers over here and all the women taken
We just pop bubbles, pour doubles, we want one no trouble
Whine till gyal, we want no trouble
Just spend three grand, we want no trouble
Four more bottles, we want no trouble
Don't mean we're scared of nobody
Life just too short for the bullshit man

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Policeman, hush, don't make sound
They lockin' ghetto youths up, centuries now
And these gunshots never reach your town
It's never on top when you leave your house
But when we go servants, we might run into some beef or somethin'
Rambo, tuck into the jeans or somethin'
But the beef, please drop it, 'cause it don't make money