

Trouble

Masta Killa

When you ain't got a dollar and you shoes a little lean
Mama tryna make it by herself but she need me
I'm tryna focus, stay in school and do the right thing
But trouble is all around me, temptation calling me

Then somebody showed him how to get that baking soda and
Mix it with the other stuff, chop it down, weigh it up
Bag this, stack that, big gun, little stab