

I'm Trouble

Sierra Kidd

Yeah, u-uh, yeah

My whip too fast for suicidal thoughts
Grab the wheel with both of my hands
Tell myself I ain't scared to die at all
If I'd open up, they'd lock me away
I'm no good and it's rubbing off
Because you start to feel the same
I knew it right away
I'm trouble

Yeah, if you want problems with me know that I don't double down

You on my neck? I wear a chain heavy as cobblestone
This for my brothers in the pen' that ain't coming home
This for the kids that are depressed, you are not alone
Nobody gave a fuck about us, so who are we to give one now?
Better if you close up your street, 'cause when I'm there, we gon' shut it down, eh

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