

# Trouble

Tommy Lee Sparta

I stay out of trouble all the time  
All is money on my mind  
Right now am fine  
Yeh mi bloodclaat fine

Wi keep growing everyday and getting stronger  
That no mean you fi f wid mi anger  
Wi get reckless like the tugs them a Kingston  
Insane like the one them a flank

A Angelo King and Tommy Lee Sparta  
Clown, any talk meck wi gun them wi answer  
Wi no street fighter so yo get tanker  
Mi skull hot so mi burn a bag a ganga

Ok my bitch bad  
Yeh man clip bad  
Money talk no chit chat  
Stand tall when I sit back  
Pussy bwoy get kidnap  
Pussy bwoy get kidnap  
I got big balls  
Tight jeans won't fit that  
Well Mr Sparta? Yow!  
The Gaza, the Surinam  
All my youths got rap battles  
Ain't talking no Luise Vuitton  
They blow your head like C4  
Just to get in that detore  
In all black carry white kids  
My new bitch call me key board

There are millions ways to die choose one  
I was selling jovy crack now my pocket big bun, big bun  
Si that rude bwoys they don't act up  
But don't thing shit  
That dope bwoy, that Angelo dip shit

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Got no limit, mi no Mayan  
Mi no tek disrespect kick  
Name yo ever  
Anyone clap, anyone clap  
Anyone clap, many man drop  
Better can run bwoy  
Better can duck  
Some bwoy now a days them a penny man nough

This world fi the ghetto youths  
This world fi the ghetto youths  
Buck shot fi the spray yo food  
Bus shot we go make it through  
That's no food in my stomach  
Everything became edible  
All my niggas sell chemical  
They put dope on the pen store  
That white chick in the cinemon  
Wrist cut like 3 yam  
For the love of money weevy murder the olivadam  
Your niggas just babble  
Came up from the gravel  
Got that money running through my mind

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