

Bussin'

Trouble

OG's, young niggas, niggas younger than them

Bussin!

They all bussin for Trouble Trouble

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Think it's a game, don't advise you put my name on wax

Gooniez shoot off them same lips that put my name on a track

While I just sit back and sing them lullabies (Rockabye baby)

Another pussy die

On the pill I got from Fat Mack strategizing for my empire

I'm a asshole by nature just like Trae Tha Truth it's spitting fire

And I'm not a lie

Want to put me under the test

Then grab the .357 the murder weapon just to let you niggas know I ain't fle
xin'

No shell casings to pick up so I ain't worried about you catching me

Was taught don't talk about shit so I ain't worried about a snitch

Now I can do like my big homies used to do

Just for the rush with automatics it's a house move don't forget to blast

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Salute to my fam who shoot every time Trouble Trouble tell 'em to

Salute to my niggas who shoot just to say I did it

'Cuz I fucks with you

Real battlefield Wayne Perry type of beef

You the type to tuck your chain I'm tryna make a name

(Watch this [x3])

Watch this, watch this, watch this

Some emotions going to be hit (They gon' be hit)

Watch this, watch this, watch this

Get at me you gonna get spinned

Big dog Trouble no mercy that's the code

Only mob members and mercs will do anything (I know [x3])

I touch down and cause hell out of that jail cell

December 17th 2011 with some killers reppin'

And all my dogs ain't no peons, we all bosses

It's just their precision to make your families hate them losses

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