

## J. Hudson

### Trouble

So I'm just big bag, relaxed  
Lemme tall you dawg  
Niggas be thinking' this shit sweet out here  
They ain't even prepared for this shit  
Uh-uh, uh-uh  
Them niggas ain't [?] like that  
Waiting' for me to [?]  
Nuh-uh  
I swear to God it don't be like that

They say I'm crazy, right with the crazy [?], probably made me like that  
Hood been told me I should rap, I ain't know it paid ya like that  
Always had a love for the music, and I like spreadin' the word  
And to the youngin's thinkin' the game is sweet: that's absurd  
Your first day in the streets won't be like first days of school  
Gettin' fresh, tryna be cool, fuck around and get stripped with that tool  
Ooh, that ain't a pretty sight to see, nah  
Just be yourself my G, it ain't no need to try and be me  
God only made one, at times I used to think he played me like that  
'Cause the hot dogs and beans, I ain't know my mama made 'em like that  
Til' I found out we was broke and struggling to make ends meet  
So the only thing for me to do was start hustlin', bustin' of course  
Big dawgs told me, "don't trust no one," of course  
And nothin', 'cause for hoes niggas be frontin'  
They'll cross ya out, they playin' the game dirty  
James find out that it wasn't Worthy takin' that booger  
Real shit, I wish I could've put you in a better place  
Laced up where you're good, homie  
You'd be court side today, Air J's on the wood, homie

J. Hudson, what happening' nigga  
Straight up, James, straight up  
Yeah nigga  
Yeah