

## Uncle Nard

## Trouble

Just might pop a bottle or some'  
Light up the cigar  
Whenever shit's hard  
Thanking Uncle Nard  
Skoob you the one  
You gotta go hard  
You just gotta go hard  
You gotta go hard, my bul Uncle Nard  
The money so good, the money so evil too  
Separate your boys  
I just gotta get mine, you out to get yours  
Show respect you gon' get it  
Show respect you gon' get it  
But my dogs didn't quit it  
Fuck a hater, I handle my business

I just told my nigga Stack please stay out the way  
Let they get it from yours', I know getting it ok  
I just tell my nigga stay solid dog, and stay free  
I don't give no fuck 'bout chain gang, but they dont want beef  
I'm gon' keep myself a strap while on this motherfucking paper  
Just want see this shit in visuals, ain't motherfucking [?]  
Free [?], he got 14 'bout that fucking video  
I'm tryna make over 14 million in your fucking stereo  
Thug life, bitch to death, ain't nothing changed, we still be in the jet  
Fuck niggas ain't real, they just ugly and stiff, that shit a threat  
Uncle Nard so bool, I'm tryna wonder who can bring him death  
Auntie broke the news, I'm looking 'round like who I got there

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Try my best to handle all my business  
Rather it be my family up in this  
On my life I ain't pray for no distance  
For my niggas I love, forgive me  
If it's you that was hating fuck you though  
Do it hurt, been goin' through it, but you don't  
They upset because I bought a two door  
[?] because I put my duke first  
They swear it's perfect, all for you  
They swear it's all good for you homie  
Fuck the money, ain't shit homie  
Pull the head off if we real homie

When I die pull up the head for me  
Feel that shit in me like 'round the corner  
Ain't go no fiddle, I keep it on me  
Pop bottles for nothing, I'm staying lonely

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You gotta go home, my bul Uncle Nard  
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