

# Trouble on My Mind (feat. Tyler, The Creator)

Pusha T

It's the blackout, 'rari got the back out  
Showin' my black ass engine in the glass house  
Started in the crack house, Obama went the back route  
Killed bin Laden, another four up in the black house Still got the Macs out, pull the mask down  
like a mascot  
Still trick with bitches out with money or with ass shots  
Good, had room for one more, I took the last spot  
Re-Up gang hit the jackpot Whole 'nother level, then you add fame  
That's a whole 'nother devil, legit drug dealer  
That's a whole 'nother bezel, the carbon Audemar  
That's a whole 'nother metal but still keep it ghetto, woo Behind the scenes, pull strings like  
Gepetto  
The gun blow steam, whistle like a tea kettle  
Runnin' like the rebels, you and LV Sport shoe on a pedal  
I let you niggas settle, yeah  
Trouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
Trouble on my mind  
So much trouble on my mind Trouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
Trouble on my mind  
So much trouble on my mind, on my mind Pharrell said, "Get 'em" so I got 'em  
Tripped on Bristol Palin then I accidentally shot 'em  
Then it ricocheted and killed the game, I'm a problem  
'Cause I wanna fuck the world but not a fan of usin' condoms Pardon my French, I'm goin' hard  
as my dick  
When I envision my tip on the crust of bitch's lips  
Mr. Lipschutz has been trippin'  
Since I mentioned Reptar's Triceratops dinosaur dick  
I feel it in my gut to kill these motherfucks  
As a musk like the arm of my pits  
You niggas comin' shorter than a Bush Wick Billy costume  
On sale durin' Christmas in Philly Um, well, not really, it's gettin' kinda chilly  
Let's hit a couple bars and give some bitches wet willies  
Soaked, gettin' jiggy with it and Bel-Air's britches  
With a bag of pills, couple berries and a biscuit Trouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
Trouble on my mind  
So much trouble on my mind Trouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
Trouble on my mind  
So much trouble on my mind, on my mind I'm a fuckin' walkin' paradox and a really shitty

rapper

In my favorite pair of socks, ironed pair of dockers  
Two Glock's cocked screamin' Westside  
With the speakers blastin' a pair of PacsYonkers 10 milli, you're silly  
Thinkin' that this 'preme wasn't free willy  
The feelin' is neutral, the gang is youthful  
And fuckin' tighter than Chad Hugo's pupils  
It's Wolf Gang and theWith the Re-Up's, a hell of a buzz  
Rick James said cocaine's a hell of a drug  
Who else could put the hipsters with felons and thugs  
And paint a perfect picture of what sellin' it does?This is for the critics, who doubted the

chemistry

Two different world, same symmetry  
And this black art, see the wizardry  
When you at the top of your game, you make enemies  
You'll never finish meTrouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
Trouble on my mind  
So much trouble on my mindTrouble on my mind  
I got trouble on my mind  
Trouble on my mind  
So much trouble on my mind, on my mind

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>