

# Problems

## Robert Randolph & The Family Band

I had some problems  
And no one could seem to solve them  
    But you found the answer  
    Told me to take this chance  
Soakin' in Remy, sittin' back smokin' a twenty  
    Shit is scabby, the hustlin' is so in me  
    Never show envy, got a style I maxed  
I'm like po' back in eighty-fo', now smile at that  
    Unseen when I'm low but still right in your face  
I'm so skinny but that semi-auto's right in my waist  
From jags to jeeps, hoop ties with the raggedy seats  
    Just imagine how I'm movin' if we had any beef  
    Beats, relax me, good cheeba keeps me nasty  
Lower the smoke when I see the D's creepin' past me  
    Duckin' the NARC's, born bustin' Dutches apart  
    Love pussy wit pretty lips, when you fuck it, it fart  
    Friend or foe, freak for the rims that glow  
    Rock Timbs if it's summer or ten below  
Love the streets, the science of the drugs that's deep  
    I'm just another nigga next up, tryin' to eat  
    I had some problems  
        (You know)  
    And no one could seem to solve them  
        (Not a soul, baby)  
    You found the answer  
        (It's all for y'all now)  
    Told me to take this chance  
But it seems, y'all would rather see me hit than see my rich  
    Get bagged over some bullshit and see me snitch  
    Hopin' some AIDS ho, bitch'll leave me sick  
    Like I'm a sucker for love wit some easy dick  
    I did dirt through my days but hid my work  
    Even then I still made sure no kids got hurt  
Sweep the next, been knowin' since my feet got wet  
    From the best turned vet learned to speak direct  
    My game's jumpin', we all had our days of barkin'  
    You could tell niggaz styles by they ways of parkin'  
    Why dispute it? Dough got us so polluted  
    Paranoid to the point, it's like we over-do it

Police press up, peep how the beasts arrest ya  
Rough up, handcuff, then treat you lesser  
Toast on me, smoke spray our potpourri

Y'all can bet I'ma rep how it's supposed to be  
I had some problems  
(You know)  
And no one could seem to solve them  
(Not a soul, baby)  
You found the answer  
(It's all for y'all now)  
Told me to take this chance  
(I got it locked, feel me)  
Infinite game, get chills on the strength of my chain  
It's only real, certain niggaz mention my name  
Some relate, others stay numb in the face  
Tryin' to keep steps ahead like we runnin' a race  
Nikes and Timbs, lady friends like 'em slim  
Light makeup, that shit that blend right wit they skin  
So what's the issue? All dick sucks is still official  
Cold-steel nickels and Phil, I'm still wit you  
Iceberg-in on the Turnpike mervin'  
Late night, right brake lights black excursion  
Tree smokin', hustle the rap I'ma keep ropin'  
Too many niggaz got deep emotions  
The stress got 'em, who else wanna express they problems  
Get upset but real vets respect the bottom  
To a false, feel a fake love or hate  
Right or wrong as long as the thugs relate  
I had some problems  
(You know)  
And no one could seem to solve them  
(Not a soul, baby)  
You found the answer  
(It's all for y'all now)  
Told me to take this chance  
(What y'all want from me?)  
I had some problems  
And no one could seem to solve them  
But you found the answer  
Told me to take this chance  
I had some problems  
And no one could seem to solve them  
But you found the answer  
Told me to take this chance

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