

# 8 Million Stories (prod. Skeff Anselm)

## A Tribe Called Quest

Went to Carvel to get a milk shake  
This honey ripped me off for all my loot cakes  
The car oh yeah there's money in my jacket  
Somebody broke into my ride and cold macked it  
Yo Tip I tell you man the devil's tryin it  
But I'm goin to stay strong cause I ain't buyin it  
Tonight I'm taking Sherry out, I don't have jack to wear  
You know I gots to look dipped in the fresh new gear  
Cool I found something so I ironed it  
I then got caught up on the phone, oh shit, I'm frying it  
Will someone tell me what did I do to deserve this?  
I think I'll, pull out my suit for Sunday service  
My little brother wants Barney, cool, I'm gettin it  
Took him down to Kay-Bee, they ain't sellin it  
Here we go with the crying, yo he's throwing fits  
My blood pressure's blowing up, I can't take the shit  
Finally got what he wanted, now he's good to go  
Again the ride was smashed, where's my radio?  
One time, the car was in the shop I had to borrow see  
They had no mercy on the car, Lyor will kill me  
Where the hell can Nicki be? I'm gonna smack her up  
I got the tickets for the Knicks and she cold stood me up  
I need to hit a honey off, Jarobi pass the phone  
Pulled out my book of hoes, oh yo, Sheila's home  
Steady smiling like a mother yo I'm read' to bone  
Went down on hon, she's in the red zone  
Stressed out more than anyone could ever be  
Forever tryin to clear the samples for my new LP  
Everybody knows I go to Georgia often  
Got on the flight and I ended up in Boston  
With all these trials and tribulations, yo, I've been affected  
And to top it off, Starks got ejected Problems, problems, problems, woe is me I'm having  
Problems, problems, problems Just last week my girl was stressin me  
Now her best friend be undressing me  
Well I was loving her by the moon ray  
Now I'm tricking on her like Kinte' (c'mon)  
Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop  
Walking towards the car, here come the damn cops  
Now I'm station bound for the Thai sticks

I bought it for my man, I don't believe this shit  
 Coach sat me down from the ball team  
 Cause I was breaking niggas on the inseams  
 Some niggas cross town was trying to stick me  
 All I had was shorts, a dollar fifty  
 Picked up this girl in the hooptie  
 Just because I rhyme she tried to soup me  
 Pay for this, pay for that, loot for nails and hair  
 Who the hell you think I am, Mr. Belvedere?  
 Go and get a bloody job, then can we look cute  
 Even if you give me boots, you'll never see my loot  
 She wasn't even all of that just another hooker  
 So I turned that ass away, quick like Chuckii Booker  
 Sometimes you got put the hoes in their friggin' place  
 Just move from in front me with your botty face! Problems, problems, problems, Lord knows I'm havin  
 Problems, problems, problems, Jesus Christ I'm havin  
 Problems, problems, problems, pray for me I'm havin  
 Problems, problems, problems Yeah  
 Just lay down your burdens by the riverside  
 Hah, and you'll be alright, know what I'm sayin?  
 Love and peace from Phife for '93, know what I'm sayin?  
 Tribe Called Quest, Shaheed and Tip  
 This is how we flip My man Muhammad in the house, huh (come on, come on)  
 Zulu Nation in the house, huh (come on, come on)  
 Subroc is in the house, huh (come on, come on)  
 My man Skeff is in the house, huh (come on, come on)  
 Jarobi White is in the house, huh (come on, come on)  
 Bob Power in the house, huh (come on, come on)  
 My man Eric in the house, huh (come on, come on)  
 My man Litro in the house, huh (come on, come on) Help me out y'all, help me out now  
 Help me out y'all, help me out now  
 Help me out God, I really need ya  
 Help me out now, I really need ya  
 Help me out y'all, help me out now  
 I'm having problems, help me out now  
 Really need ya, to help me out now  
 Help me out y'all, help me out now  
 Help me out y'all, help me out now  
 Help me out y'all, help me out now  
 Help me out God, I really need ya  
 Havin problems, help me out now

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