

8 Million Stories

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 gearCool I found something, so I ironed it
I then got caught up on the phone, oh shit I'm fryin' 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 cryin', yo he's throwin' fits
My blood pressure's blowin' up, I can't take the shitFinally 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 they almost killed 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 homeSteady smilin' like a mother yo I'm read' to bone
Went down to 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 ejectedProblems, problems, problems
(Woe is me I'm havin')
Problems, problems, problemsJust last week my girl was stressin' me
Now her best friend be undressin' me
Well I was lovin' her by the moon ray
Now I'm tricking on her like Kinte', c'mon
Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop
Walkin' 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 shitCoach sat me down from the ball team
'Cause I was breakin' niggaz on the inseams

Some niggaz cross town was tryin' 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 neva see my loot
She wasn't even all of that just another hooker
So I turned that ass away, quick like Chucky 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, yeah, just lay down your burdens by the riverside
Hah, and you'll be alright, you know what I'm sayin'?
Love and peace from Phife for '93, you 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 Nitro 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 havin' 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 Help me
Help me

Help meMuhammad

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