First World Problem Child (feat. Sam Carter)

Stray from the Path

Every rich white kid's got something to say
Shut the fuck upFirst world problem child
Yo, you lost your way
Born on easy street
Never step foot on MLK
Easy living in your position
With a white last name
Pre-conditioned to be the villain
Another suburban dayEvery rich white kid's got something to say
Shut the fuck up
(First world problem child)Fortunate and favored
You spit the same old flavor
You can use a taste of another race
What's it like to be your neighbor?
Knock knock, coming in hot
We don't need the key, we can break the lock
To your gated house, show the sheltered the real shit
Bring the motherfucking truth outFirst world problem child
Step in their shoes, and walk a mileI'm a surgeon with a switchblade
I'll cut you, see if you still bleed
You wouldn't know a problem
'Cause you got everything you need
I got iron in my arteries
You got a wall between yourself and realityShow the sheltered the real shit
Bring the mother fucking truth outEvery rich white kid's got something to say
Shut the fuck up

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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