

# 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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