Problems

Paul Webster & JPW

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 mergin'
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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