

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 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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