Tha Problem

Cassidy

1-2 1-2
I need all my real niggaz to stand up
All you fake ass niggaz fall back
It's a problem
Philly stand up
(What's ya name dog?)
Cassidy!
(Man, tell 'em again)
Cassidy!
(Man, where ya from?)
Philly
(Talk to 'em, talk to 'em)
If ya ready to feel me
(Talk to' em, talk to 'em)
Bottom line I'm a problem, y'all
(I tried to tell 'em, man)
Bottom line I'm a problem, y'all
(I tried to tell 'em, man)
The hood know I'm a problem, y'all
(I tried to tell 'em, man)
The world know I'm a problem, y'all
(I tried to tell 'em, man)
My name Cass and I'm 'bout my B-I
Niggaz wanna be me, yeah I can see why
Told y'all how I used to roll and see Clive
Hop off the G-4, hop in the G-5
But since niggaz wanna copy and be me
I'mma hop off the yacht then hop in the GT
Got niggaz in the hood knockin' the CD
Wait 'till my face start poppin' on T.V.
See the ladies give me top for cheapy
All they wanna do is just hop on the wee-wee
My rich chick'll take a helicopter to see me
I pop Dominican and she'll drop me a key free
I got a actress in L.A., doctor in DC
Even got a lawyer, a cop in the DT
See I got money but I ain't spendin' it
I need a girl who got a job wit nice benefits
'Cuz honey bunch I ain't wit the funny stuff

You ain't gone fuck me to spend my money up
Nah, I can't have it boo
But girl do what you do I ain't mad at you
Nah, 'cuz I got since to know
That I ain't gone get pimped, I'mma pimp a hoe
Ayyo, get money nigga fuck the fame
(The industry is in trouble, betta learn his name!)
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The world know I'm a problem, y'all
(Hold on, I tried to tell 'em, man!)
Ayyo, guess what happened, guess what happened?
I was on the radio and yo, guess what happened?
I'm sittin' there starin' in this DJ face
And all he askin' me about is the Freeway tape
I'm like, "If I ain't right, you can say, I'm wrong
But Mr. DJ can you play my song?"
Please, play somethin' that's good for the air
Please, play somethin' that the hood wanna hear
So when the radio go to put that trash on
Call 'em up and say, "Put that Cass on!"
And I ain't pissin' nobody
But if every rapper died I wouldn't be missin' nobody
'Specially if it ain't styles, 'Kiss or nobody
Busta, Nore, Swizz or nobody
If it ain't Drag, Kim or Fat Joe
I could care less if a cat gotta lay on his back, yo
So, I don't owe y'all niggaz
And y'all might be aright but I don't know y'all niggaz
I mean, it's a couple other niggaz that I've met
With the FS on my chest without press
I got love for Snoop, Puff and Wyclef

And my niggaz Esco, so let's go, yo
Get money nigga, fuck the fame
(The industry is in trouble, betta learn his name!)
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