

# Problems

## Curtains

[Curtains]

E'rybody need 15 minutes of fame, I need 5  
But I'ma let my team shine in the meantime  
Seperate myself from niggaz that speak lies  
Elevate myself without gettin high  
Went against the grains, the shorty was knee-high  
When e'rybody was tryin to get a piece of the pie  
I was tryin to get me a piece of mine, then I baked my own  
Now they tryin to get a piece of mine  
But I stayed on my grind, got me a team  
Doubled up on my paper like copy machines  
They can't stop me it seems that these niggaz are sleepin  
I guess they plot in they dreams  
But I'ma try to wake 'em again  
Cause these niggaz is talkin 'bout hard work pays off in the end  
Nah; hard work is to make sure the end never comes  
Niggaz better stick to they guns[Chorus 2X: Curtains]  
I got both feet in the game - it's problems  
My niggaz got heat, you got beef? It's problems  
Don't be nervous, be scared, we here, beware  
Y'all niggaz got problems, problems[Curtains]  
Martin had a dream, Malcolm had a scheme  
Rosa had a seat, I got a plan to eat  
So I stay on my toes like camel feet  
And just like that Domino's bag, my niggaz carry heat  
Niggaz wanna bury me six feet deep under the ground  
So when you hear that thunderin sound  
And it sound like the heat still goin  
Just know I put a end to they plans like pre-paid phones  
I'm in the zone, all alone, don't move me  
Y'all niggaz groupies or you'll be a rat for a cool G  
My county loyal, them boys'll come get you  
They'll tear out your tissues, I put a bounty on you  
I tried to warn you but it's over man  
Now you laid out like floor plans  
Got your knot twisted like door hands  
The harder they come, the harder they fall  
And I don't got no remorse for y'all[Chorus]

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