

Problem Child

3rd Bass

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Juveniles won't smile, vows are reckless
Sexless race less souls unrespected
Hooligans and street urchins lurkin'

Doin' hoods, a neighborhood's worst personRaises heads amid the pushers and perverts

Butchers cut like cold cuts the mind works
Wise or weak on the weary and the wicked

Plagues a city street swell in evil-fittedMan verse man, the haves against have nots

House a kid for grips, leave him in his socks
Precedence of decadence is put out

Scramble hands full of merchandise he got out Took a taken a picture of figured strife

Subsisting on the minimal fruits of life
Attitudes are skewed from the right pile

Introduction of a character problem childProblem that I can't fix

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Problem that I can't fixKids makin' bids 'cause they're products, so what?

You still get left with a donut

No such luck in the scam to make paper

Skiddin' off the edge ya portrays a fakerFakin' the plans like the plans of mice and men

Lands a man a chance of one to ten

But the man ain't enough to legally drink

And guess what punk, your shit still stinkNow you prep the role, the role of Frank Nitti

He ain't a hero 'cause he landed on the roof of a Chevy

So play the life of Untouchable

The fast life, the wrong life, and so much forThe criminal times but time rollin' in reverse

I wanted to be older, before I saw a hearse

Take the weight off my boys who are buck wild

The life and death and times of a problem childProblem that I can't fix

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Problems, problems of the Prodigal
End up on the page of periodicals
A pinnacle mess, movin' blocks to sell blocks
Under locks and keys no G's clocked
He strays like a pig who don't fly straight
In the pen playin' foul and third rate
Take a step back and meet your maker
See play your May tag statistic on paper
Philosophy not of a giver he's a taker
Later words turn to dust he's the traitor
Sells you out for a quick fix dime drops
Got a chip on his shoulder without props
A bad seed leads himself the stray way
Puttin' off evidence of Judgment Day
Judge not the culprit or pull the file
The life and death and times of a problem child
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I step careful into the next frame
Lame you're just a stunt playin' a sex game
I start to wink, you think he's on your hightail
Frail you're shallow as you swallow up your bare sale
Tail stickin' out like a bumper to a Maxima
Taxin' a brother for a fee to get sex in a wet bed
Sheddin' your gear like a snake does a skin
Begin to get slim as he's sexin' you in
He moves deeper, asleep is what you thought he was
But he went bolo, so low you felt and that's because
The minute he got in and violated you and became ill
Treated you just like a Flush 'n' Fill
The next crisis, you're ice is clearin' off your mind
'Cause you're playin' life from the CD of behind
Time to wake up can't you see that you're robbin' wild
File this style as another of the problem child
Problem that I can't fix
Children will be children