

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 person
Raises 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-fitted
Man 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 child
Problem that I can't fix
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Kids 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 faker
Fakin' 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 stink
Now 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 for
The 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 child
Problem that I can't fix
Problem that I can't fix

Problem that I can't fix
 Problem that I can't fix Problem that I can't fix
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 Problem that I can't fix 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 Problem that I can't fix
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 Problem that I can't fix
 Problem that I can't fix 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
 Problem that I can't fix
 Problem that I can't fix
 Problem that I can't fix Problem that I can't fix
 Problem that I can't fix
 Problem that I can't fix
 Problem that I can't fix Children will be children

Lyrics provided by

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