Problems

AZ

(Chorus)
I had some problems
And no one could seem to solve them
But you found the answer
Told me to take this chance(AZ - speaking over Chorus)
Yeah, now dig
You got, rich niggaz right
They do what they wanna do
Heh, and you got
Broke niggaz, you heard?
They do what they gotta do
Now ask yourself, which one are you?
Ha, fall back
(Verse 1 - AZ)
Soakin in Remy, sittin back smokin a twenty
Shit is scabby, the hustlin is so in me
Never show envy, got a style I maxed
I'm like po', back in eighty-fo', now smile at that
Unseen when I'm low, but still right in your face
I'm so skinny, but that semi-auto's right in my waist
From Jags to Jeeps, hoopties with the raggedy seats
Just imagine how I'm movin if we had any beef
Beats relax me, good cheeba keeps me nasty
Lower the smoke when I see the D's creepin past me
Duckin the NARCs, born bustin Dutches apart
Love pussy wit pretty lips, when you fuck it it fart
Friend or foe, freak for the rims that glow
Rock Timbs if it's summer or ten below
Love the streets, the science of the drugs that's deep
I'm just another nigga next up, tryin to eat
(Chorus)(AZ - speaking over Chorus)
You know!
Not a soul baby!
It's all for y'all now(Verse 2 - AZ)
But it seems, y'all would rather
See me hit than, see my rich
Get bagged over some bullshit and see me snitch
Hopin' some AIDS ho bitch'll leave me sick like
I'm a sucker for love wit some easy dick
I did dirt through my days but hid my work
Even then I still made sure no kids got hurt
Sweep the next, been knowin since my feet got wet

From the best turned vet learned to speak direct
My game's jumpin, we all had our days of barkin
You could tell niggaz styles by they ways of parkin
Why dispute it? Dough got us so polluted
Paranoid to the point it's like we, over-do it
Police press up, peep how the beasts arrest ya
Rough up, handcuff, then treat you lesser
Toast on me, smoke spray our potpouri
Y'all can bet I'ma rep how it's supposed to be(Chorus)(AZ - speaking over Chorus)
You know!
Not a soul baby!
It's all for y'all now
I got it locked, feel me!(Verse 3 - AZ)
Infinite game, get chills on the strength of my chain
It's only real, certain niggaz mention my name
Some relate, others stay numb in the face
Tryin to keep steps ahead like we runnin a race
Nikes and Timbs, lady friends like 'em slim
Light makeup, that shit that blend right wit they skin
So what's the issue? All dick sucks is still official
Cold-steel nickles, and Phil I'm still wit you
Iceberg-in, on the Turnpike mergin
Late night, right brake lights black Excursion
Tree smokin, hustle the rap I'ma keep ropin
Too many niggaz got deep emotions
The stress got 'em, who else wanna express they problems?
Get upset, but real vets respect the bottom
To a false, feel a fake love or hate
Right or wrong as long as the thugs relate(Chorus)(AZ - speaking over Chorus)
You know!
Not a soul baby!
It's all for y'all now
What y'all want from me?(Chorus)(AZ - speaking over Chorus)
Yeah, y'all haters better get a hustle man, stop fuckin wit me
I'm tryin to live man, nah mean?
I been at the bottom, I was risin - fell back down
I'm tryin to climb up man
Get off my back baby
It's all a game man don't hate me hate the gameAZ the Visualiza return, once again
Love life, hate, what the fuck...

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