

# It's a Problem

## Transplants

I started out smoking dirt weed  
Dimes of stress  
It burn the shit outta my throat  
And light a fire on my chest  
Homey had a couple of pounds  
Showed me I was impressed  
Now it's 20 years later  
Bitch and mine is the best  
The shits got my depressed  
Either that or the bills  
Or the motherfucking bottles  
Going in the for the kill  
Bitch, I tried the straight and narrow  
I forgot how it feels  
I'm a bonafide fuckup  
What I'm saying is real...

Too much of anything can never be a good thing  
But somehow still though it just ain't enough  
Too much of anything can never be a good thing  
But somehow still though it just ain't enough

Now it's a problem  
A fuckin' problem

Fresh on the scene  
Only 17  
Hanging out with my orders  
I was showing green  
Always show cuties  
I always ask way  
Who's got strong eyes  
Who to deny  
The rule one is  
There ain't no fucking rules  
Its cold and its mean  
Vicious and cool  
You boot it up  
You shoot it up  
You fall on the tracks  
It's a king sized drag  
If you never make it back

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But somehow still thought it just ain't enough  
Too much of anything can never be a good thing  
But somehow still though it just ain't enough

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A fuckin' problem

I remember it like yesterday 12 years old  
Doctor gave me coony cough syrup to help up my cold  
I started mixing up the sprite like my partners at school  
Putting it in 2 styrofoam cups and started drink more cool  
I went from [?] to 8 everyday  
Cooney-coherent, what the fuck did I say?

Getting sloppy, getting shitty, going non-stop  
Still an addict and activist, don't waste one drop  
It's a problem

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A fuckin' problem