

Problem Child

3rd Bass

Juveniles won't smile, vows are reckless
Sexless raceless souls unrespected
Hooligans and street urchins lurkin
Doin hoods, a neighborhood's worst person
Raises ? and 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
Tooken 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.." (8X)

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 perp 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 buckwild
The life and death and times of a problem child

"Problem that I can't fix.." (8X)

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 Maytag 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.." (8X)

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 wetbed
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.." (8X)