

Problemz

Classified

We don't mean to be a problem
But every time we start talkin'
Somebody else got a problem
But we ain't really bothered, we say mother fuck 'em
We don't mean to be a problem
But every time we start talkin'
Somebody else got a problem
But we say fuck 'em

I mix this like black magic
I got problems and bad habits
I'm always talkin' to myself now like Fred Savage
I ain't the best, but I know I'm above average
Lookin' for my next meal but stuck out in left field; [and]
Smoke too much, I won't grow up
And we dope as fuck but no one's as broke as us
To make it in this game is a million to one
Unless you suck dick literally like William Hung; [oh]
Man, I got a problem hatin' on shitty rappers
I guess that's just me, I got a hate for shitty rappers
I know what I'm talkin' about
I'm like George Strombolopolous every time I open my mouth
That's the truth

Excuse me, I'm tryin' to earn a mere buck or two
J Bizzy react like, "Who the fuck are you?"
Calm down, bomb towns like graph artists
Attack arists we lack hardest not in whack hardest
Eww, now that's pimpin'
So immature, I'll never grow up like Maggie Simpson
Don't wanna find a real job to make a livin'
I got problems, like when my weed baggy's missin'
I got berzerk, act like I can't work or function
Flippin' over all my furniture, rummagin'
For marijuana crums again
Cursin' and mumblin', my stomach stay rumblin'
I'm hungry as fuck

Yo, I'm havin' problems; I suffer from manic depression
But I don't see a shrink and never take my prescription
My girl's wonderin' why my mind races
My have black, half white, "Why I'm so racist"
Nobody's perfect; And Women, love to date 'em
But can't keep 'em for too long cause I start to hate 'em
Try not to get too drunk
Cause one time my girl talked shit and I smacked her up
Oh fuck; My biggest problem gotta be
Watchin' Videos of MC's that's not as hot as me
This independent shit is kinda shady
Industry rule number four-thousand and eighty

Now a day, I put the pro in the problem
Cause I plan to get paid off of tellin' the causes

Raw is the reason I sleep in on Tuesday
Greed would explain why there's weed in my suitcase
Confuse my notes whole with a rail road
Confront the po-po, now I gotta get bailed out
Burnin' smokes across from the Nova Scotia hospital
Where the crazy folks all talk to ya
Be a carpenter like Jesus was
Cause they want you to do whatever Jesus does
Walkin' bare-foot on broken seacrum jugs
Young alcoholics like I need that buzz

I ain't tryin' to say that I'm a crack addict
But I got some bad habits like blazin' up in my dad's attic
My dad's had it, he wants me out of his house
Cause I ain't bringin' no bread and I'm eatin' all of his toast
I'm sorry father that I didn't get it together
I swear I'll hit you back once I'm gettin' some cheddar
Mom's sittin' in the corner knittin' a sweater
Cause she knows soon that I'm gonna have to deal with the weather
I really just wanna be left alone
Sometimes I sit at home and I disconnect my phone; ya see
Since I'm sperm, seaman squerm
And certain people can't believe that I'm a decent person
Said, once I hit my pre-teens that means it curtains
Ya need to clean ya act up; this is the cleanest version
It's not like this demons workin' inside of me
I just want some privacy cause I'm a shy and I'm as high as can be