

# Rich Problems

Dave East

I'm having rich n\*\*ga problems  
Straight jacket crazy  
Might end up in that asylum  
Think I'm always in a good mood  
You see me smiling  
Little devil on my shoulder and he wilding

Rich n\*\*ga problems  
Bank account great  
My homies dying  
Your b!tch don't know you trying  
Everything you say you lying  
Honor and defiance  
I never rolled with the masses  
F\*\*k viral, this flow a virus  
I got the touch of Midas  
One eye open like a pirate  
Like my living private  
That Hollywood sh!t  
I tried it when I got invited  
When they in that dark space  
They try to soak your light up  
Headlines talking down on you in  
Like every write up  
I might just confide in a priest  
I feel like Pac in '93  
I stay away from suckas

Pops got diabetes  
It's dying season  
Momma crying season  
I escaped the comma after comma season  
Died without a reason  
Who gon' explain that to your mother  
While she Go Fund you  
She cooking dinners for the block  
Somehow she go hungry  
Appetite f\*\*ked up  
Can't even eat  
Body tight  
Both eyes heavy  
Can't even sleep  
Youngin wasn't too high to swing  
Just out of reach  
The way the Lord speak through my lyrics  
You think I preach  
Rich n\*\*ga problems get tricky  
They think you sleep  
Rich n\*\*ga problems  
I got a .. with Meech  
.. Jamaica Avenue got my sneaks  
Thinking of the gangstas that died that I got to meet  
Thinking of the times when I hustled  
I couldn't breathe  
I got a homie only deal with white  
I call him Bleach  
He started getting work out in Memphis

I called him Bleek  
The biggest out the two n\*\*gas with em  
I called him sheek  
Maleaka called him freaky  
Other n\*\*gas called him Lique  
Real n\*\*ga problems  
I still see him in my sleep  
I'm having rich n\*\*ga problems

They say money is the root of evil  
I seen what it do to people  
They told me money is the root of evil  
I seen what it do to people  
Money is the root of evil  
I'm having rich n\*\*ga problems  
Taking trips with a stylist  
Givenchy or Celine I can't decide  
I'm getting higher  
These shrooms up in my body  
Got me talking to Elijah Muhammad  
Ask him what happened to Malcolm  
Just be honest  
Our forefathers had more problems  
Than we could handle

Just trynna set examples  
Every corner I see candles  
Murals on the wall of my store  
Really been poor  
Black king feel like a Moor  
Mansa Musa

I'm the one  
That introduced your wife to Kama Sutra  
Have her screaming hallelujah  
God bless her soul  
Like beach chairs  
Watch n\*\*gas fold  
Like momma with my clothes  
The task force out on a Tuesday  
You thinking tacos, Cali cartel  
F\*\*k jail, I feel like Pachó  
Never speak a word  
Like you Pablo and I'm Gustavo  
Crib out in the burbs  
So my daughters don't see no potholes  
Since a snot nose I wanted rich n\*\*ga problems  
Familiar with the broke ones  
B!tches I done choked some

Rich n\*\*ga problems  
TMZ just want a story  
Drink Champs twisted  
Got me telling sh!t to NORE  
A lot of fake love  
Fell back when I dropped Corey  
Problems of a rich n\*\*ga  
Broke n\*\*gas bore me  
With coke aunty saw me  
My ghosts n\*\*gas haunt me  
Tears dropping down my face  
Kobe in the car seat  
Kairi want the world

And I don't care bout what it cost me