

Problems

Guerilla Maab

[Trae]

Well it be too many fake people
Claiming that they, be down with us
But it's too many people, that we can't see
Everywhere that I go, somebody wanna hate me
But I really don't think, that they're gonna be
Ready to take, a walk in my shoes
That's why I be insiders on, plus we never did nothing to nobody
And if they knew what we knew, then they'd leave us alone
Cause too much stressing, it make a nigga crazy
Now I be paranoid, and watching my lady
Praying that I see, my older brother again
Not knowing, it would never be the same again
So I'm still hoping for the day, I know it's gon change
And if I die, I know the pain be remaining in me
To everybody, that I live to live
Leave me the fuck alone, and let me be

[Cl'Che]

Too many hoes wanna hate, and talk bad about a bitch
But mama told me, to never give a fuck
If that's what you go, be and be the coldest bitch
That everybody, wanna roll with
Could never keep a real ass nigga, down on my side
Cause I didn't have time, had a lot of shit up on my mind
Had the right, to shut up in my rhymes
To keep me sane all the time
Had a block on my brain, thinking how could shit
Ever change, trying to win the same ol' game
But then I came to see, through the days of my pain
And struggling, that it wasn't as bad as this thang
Guerilla Maab are my brothers, steady spiritual chain
I'd rather live my life, the way it's suppose to be
Then faking the fame, and trying to be somebody else
Of royalty, because it ain't my name

[Hook: Peaches & Z-Ro (Z-Ro)]

Too many problems on my mind
(on my miiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiind)
They wish I just started, to be a full time grind
I'm just trying, to live my life
But something bout piece, is something I'll never find
(may never find)
Too many problems on my mind
(on my miiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiind)
They wish I just started, to be a full time grind
I'm not trying, to lose my life
But if I do, I wanna meet Jesus Christ (way too late)

[Trae]

Thinking about, what a nigga done been through
Reminiscing, on a part of the past
Everybody thought I wouldn't last
From living the things, I was dealing with
Too many people, tried to reach a nigga with bullshit
And it's like, I ain't even tripping
I can't let things like that, get up under my skin

I can't win, if a nigga steady be living in sin
I gotta keep a right mind, if I wanna make dividends
Sneak into the negative side, of my life
Even niggaz that I had love fo', turned fake
One of my real niggaz, just got shot nine times
From a nigga, that everybody really thought was down
And who the fuck can I trust, when I grab a glock to bust
The situation that I be facing'd, make a nigga think
Shedding tears over my older brother, gonna wait
For the rest of his life, because of these niggaz living shife
For real, now tell me where the love at
Why all of my niggaz, wanna be acting like that
Is it because of the fact I'm one of the Maab, and never gon fall
And all the diamonds shine, when it's time to ball
Will they comfort me if I waited, it was gonna get greater later
I really hope so, cause I believe in God
And with the life that I live, I wanna smile again
And if I die tonight, I still wanna see the light

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

When I be contemplating, of a steady way
To sip the liquor, up off in my mode
Thinking bout the days of the past, when everybody
Use to treat a young nigga, like Dougie so cold
But never once By-Boe, I done heard a lot of thangs
Seen a lot of thangs, wonder why motherfuckers be acting so strange
Feeling the pain, as I'm ready to ride
But yelling still in, know I gotta maintain
I remember when some of bitches, use to tell me
Dougie you motherfucker, your ass ain't never gon be shit
But now they turning on the T.V., watching me on BET
Jamming my c.d., getting crunk in this bitch
Ain't no doubt about it, in my mind that
Hate make a nigga, stronger inside
But Dougie making the climb, but Lord knows that my body is tired
I need a little compassion, a little mo' breath in this rhyme
And I really just don't understand, why nigga wanna be doing
The evil deed, and they wanna hate on us
Cause they can't fade all us, but if you know like a nigga know
You niggaz would keep your distance, cause we can't be touched
I've been living in the city for a short while, with the wrong crowd
Wish I would of known then, what I know now
Now a nigga tripping after the cream, and follow my dreams
I'm trying to stay away, from the triple beam
I gotta get up on a mission, it seems
Because I'm sick and tired, of dealing with the struggle and pain
The predicaments are facing me, having stress on my brain
Don't wanna go up insane, pray to God that my soul
I'm going deranged, and anybody wanna think to testing
A nigga skills, they better have a good will
Cause I be living my life, chunking they two cents in
While they be living in sin, trying to tell me how to live
When they ain't even living right

[Hook]