

## Problems

lamsu!

I think I got a reefer problem, I'm pedaled to the sneaker bottom. Black people, we were kings and queens, but teachers don't teach about 'em. Get paper, boss up, invest in houses, I would hug the whole hood but I can't reach around it. Born in a little ass city, no peace is violence. I wanna change it and I pray that on my niece about it. But they don't need much, they just need some guidance. Me falling off, try my hardest not to think about it. First Class, both feet up, I can need a pilot. Nigga chasing cash, made a smash so I posterized it. Why niggas with the least money talk the most about it. Niggas don't wanna live lavished rather post about it. Don't matter what a nigga drive, better hope get out it. All you niggas is my sons and I'm post traumatic

I think I got a reefer problem. I'm pedaled to the sneaker bottom. As I sit back and think about it, I think I need a million dollars

I think I got a reefer problem. Keep the family with me, keep the creeps from 'round me. I pray I see another 24 tomorrow, finna give these lames another new flow to borrow. Self made, self paid, get with the team. Spit that presidential, my pictures fresher than Listerine. Fraud ass rap game, you know where they wanna see, trynna balance like tight rope and on a string. Duck in', dodgin' phonies like mark shine after snaps. One the best rap for rap, track for track, imagine that. Picture this, envision how motivated my mission is. Might forget but won't forgive, gotta get it how you live. Live it, eat it, breathe it. Set a goal complete it. Scramblin' egg head rappers that could real be over easy. 'Cause I'm clocking out when men wake up for breakfast, scratching rappers off my checklist, as I'm lighting up an L I'm thinking

I think I got a reefer problem. I'm pedaled to the sneaker bottom. As I sit back and think about it, I think I need a million dollars

I'm just trynna live comfortably, working hard 'cause ain't nothing free. Rolling up some real potent weed, and I like to be tucked with freaks. Niggas know where my skeez is. Showing love to my people, take this even if you don't need it. I just want us all to be equal. And want us all to see the finer things, so don't trip off those minor things. And to be real in mind let's sing that we no longer in the minor league, I'm smoked out think about it, you gon' prolly read about us, for life and all you just need a balance. I need the money and I need it now. So I'm plottin' on it I am, I do all that I can. I show love to my fans, and all my niggas that's fam. And as I just really just

think about it, I'm high, off all this weed I blew. And I think  
I got a reefer problem, scratch that man I know I do

I think I got a reefer problem. I'm pedaled to the sneaker bott  
om. As I sit back and think about it, I think I need a million  
dollars