

Bury My Problems

Juicy J

All I wanna know is where the cheese at (Who run it?), where the keys at (Who run it?)

Keep it easy (Who run it?), you don't wanna get skeeted (Who run it?)

Yeah, I rob, yeah, I steal

Yeah, I'll put your body in a field (Shit crazy out here, man, fuck)

Man, this pain run deep, I'm sippin' drank to go to sleep

Fightin' demons in my head, I trust you far as I can see

Man, this pain run deep, I'm at the bank six times a week

Fuck it up, but I'm discrete, don't compare, you can't compete

Man, this pain run deep, I'm sippin' drank to go to sleep

Fightin' demons in my head, I trust you far as I can see

Man, this pain run deep, I'm at the bank six times a week

Fuck it up, but I'm discrete, don't compare, you can't compete

Bitch just thought she seen a ghost

All this power like I'm Ghost

Got this Glock, this bitch a ghost

With a switch, now your ass toast

I might pop out with a loaf

Can't pick one 'cause I want both

Know some shawties, they on go

They better not never get your lo'

It's the drugs, they takin' over

If I'm not sober, I act a fool

Cover the dirt with diamonds

Cover the bullet wounds with tattoos

Buried my problems in mulah

First time I took shrooms, I was too high

I stop my feelings with pain meds

It's nasty, but I chew mine

Straight in my bloodstream, walk inside the club mean

Mad as hell that I'm this fly, a bitch can't hug me

Without the pain, I might be broke

If that's the case, I want some more

Demons can't wait 'til I doze off, but them Addies keep me woke

Man, this pain run deep, I'm sippin' drank to go to sleep

Fightin' demons in my head, I trust you far as I can see

Man, this pain run deep, I'm at the bank six times a week

Fuck it up, but I'm discrete, don't compare, you can't compete

Man, this pain run deep, I'm sippin' drank to go to sleep

Fightin' demons in my head, I trust you far as I can see

Man, this pain run deep, I'm at the bank six times a week

Fuck it up, but I'm discrete, don't compare, you can't compete

Can't-can't-can't compete, can't-can't-can't-can't compete

Can't-can't-can't compete, can't-can't-can't-can't compete

On the phone, you hear my arguin', I'm dealin' with some heat

The therapist blow my line up, makin' sure it's not the streets

'Cause goin' back ain't a problem, it's the niggas that's with me

If the police pull me over, all this stress might get released

Multi-platinum rapper, thug, mugshot on Channel 3

I just smoke my weed, sometimes it's all I need to fuckin' breathe

Run a million-dollar business, nigga, none of this is easy

I got cribs around the country, nigga, good luck if you see me

Hoes blowin' up my line knowin' I'm married, bitch, you needy
Changed my number on this game, my next bag worth somethin' silly
You can't understand your pain, tell somebody you need help
'Cause, nigga, I did the same to make sure I don't hurt myself

Man, this pain run deep, I'm sippin' drank to go to sleep
You can now dial 988 if you're experiencing a mental health crisis

Gangster-ass city, we ain't goin' out sad
Quick to run up on a nigga, put the money in the bag
I'm a Northside nigga, had to run up me some cash
Goyard luggage, thirty thousand for a bag
M-Land nigga, welcome to the murder capital
We know you ain't never did shit, who you cappin' to?
My lil' nigga made it to the news, he went national
Mob ties, if I give a look, then they whackin' you

This our city, this our town
Catch you out of bounds, then you know it's going down
Hoes shakin' ass and they throw it on the ground
Settin' niggas up when that money come around
You can get your issue, ain't got time for the arguin'
Babies on the powder, Johnson & Johnson
Front-row seats, me and D on the hardwood
Still ain't fucking with a couple niggas, but it's all good
Real wig splitters, real money getters
First time I counted up a mil', I got jitters
Dirty-ass bitches with the bugs and the critters
Lame-ass niggas in the club with the killers
She a real dick swallower, you ain't gotta gas her up
Posted online what she do to these niggas
Buyin' all the bottles up, fuckin' all the models up
Hell naw, I ain't got no love for you niggas

Gangster-ass city, we ain't goin' out sad
Quick to run up on a nigga, put the money in the bag
I'm a Northside nigga, had to run up me some cash
Goyard luggage, thirty thousand for a bag
M-Land nigga, welcome to the murder capital
We know you ain't never did shit, who you cappin' to?
My lil' nigga made it to the news, he went national
Mob ties, if I give a look, then they whackin' you

North Memphis, South Memphis, Westwood, Orange Mound
North Memphis, South Memphis, Westwood, Orange Mound
North Memphis, South Memphis, Westwood, Orange Mound
North Memphis, South Memphis, Westwood, Orange Mound
North Memphis, South Memphis, Westwood, Orange Mound
North Memphis, South Memphis, Westwood, Orange Mound
North Memphis, South Memphis, Westwood, Orange Mound
North Memphis, South Memphis, Westwood, Orange Mound