

## Problems

Lloyd Banks

Somebody call the ambulance that nigga chance got hit  
Is the words screamed by the lone I seen that witnessed it  
But I'm a take ya back to yesterday before I go on  
A Friday niggas getting high drunk and so on, but hold on  
There's something strange about the way it happened  
Cause he's usually strapping, 4 feeding and Glock packing  
Laughing, discussions about how much he's been busting  
But he ain't never hit a soul he just digging a deeper hole  
But you know  
How words travel through the gravel  
Task force pass us all play the block as an avenue  
Dice games, barbershops, crackheads and what have you  
For nice chains niggas stab you  
Like what happened to matthew  
Chance bragging bout his war stories that nobody asked him  
Ego so big he probably left the show and walked past it  
He sure did  
Spoken word over heard by pat  
He from the projects up the block he slid in black pump back  
He slanged a black note back  
Before he told em what he heard  
About the fraud taking credit for shells left on the curb, word  
Nobody got hit but fuck it we riding  
Matterfact grab the iron, everybody on the block dying  
This nigga almost at my door crying  
And matterfact cat don't you still owe me for that, that's right  
So slim take em upstairs give em the mack  
Here's the keys to the acc soon as it's done hit me back  
Niggas bleed just like us the 5 done figured the rule worse  
The notorious the moral of the story is  
Crazy glue your lips and don't glorify the drama  
Especially if your missing and need a tube to piss in  
A plastic bag to dump in, a bladder disfunction  
Mama catchin the holy ghost screaming and jumping  
Praying my baby ain't never did nothing  
You know what your right, but he was out there fronting  
There shit to talk bout retaliation on his side  
Air mack be shooting dopeheads and innocent kids died, right  
Don't mark your grave cause I stand on it  
Use your head fore I lay a couple of grand on it  
Witness go poof watch your soul hit the roof  
Your still disgracing, room made for your replacement  
Face it, niggas won't miss ya watch when your murked  
A few will learn from this shit  
Your friends I'll make you a shirt  
There'll be no block mourning you with 40's of beer  
And marijuana smoke blown in the air, yeah