

Problems

Ludacris

They say "Luda, would you rather have the money or the fame?" and I steady try to tell 'em that it all just depends
Cause every time I make a little more money I seem to be losin' more of my friends
So I'd give it all up to repeat life over and they'd say "Dude is a fool"
I can't trust another motherfucker livin' in this world and this really got me losin' my cool
What would you'd do if you were in my situation and the minute everyone you ever loved to say you looked up?
You drink your pain to the bottom of a bottle and the Conjure would have you fucked up
So I'm lookin' for love in all the wrong places, pop pills, drink liquor by the cases
Get high, make a woman get low, in the strip club lookin' for familiar faces
People know me on a first name basis but all they ever really want's my cash
"Let me borrow just a couple hundred dollars and you know that I'm a pay you back", my ass
This world so superficial, this world done lost my trust
They say "Ludacris, you changin'" but I really don't give a FUCK!
What the hell am I suppose to think? What the hell am I suppose to do?
I'm hearin' that the Devil's in disguise and I'm hearin' that the nigga look just like you
They know I walk throw the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I don't go astray
And I get down on my knees and pray and I say

(Okay, okay, okay) I wish my problems would go away
(Okay, okay, okay) I wish my problems would go away, away, away
Wish my problems would go away, away, away

Doc say I need to change my diet, cause I really not eatin' right
Mama said I need some peace and quite, cause I'm really not slepin' right
What's the use of havin' all the money and the power in the world if I can't abuse it?
Seems like the, only thing that's, keepin' me together is my music
If it wasn't for that I think I would lose it; if it wasn't for that I would go crazy
When nobody went good on they word and the industry'd make you feel like FUCK you pay me
Cause I gotta feed family, some of the same ones that abandoned

me
that still lookin' for a hand out 'til you found out that there
ain't shit ya handed me
Hah, still mad at me? But I'm tryin' to be the man I plan to be
But can't do it if you callin' me for dumb shit, thinkin' I'm i
nnocent, I'ma plea insanity (ohh!)
Too many distractions, and it feels like everyday
So I get down on my knees and pray and I say

I finally made it to the top of the CEO position
But when things don't go their way, these artists got all these
suspicions
So the weed keep me at peace and I think I need an intervention
Who the fuck put me in charge of makin' all of these decisions?
My position got me stressin' like it never did before
Not to mention my best friend drowned and Death was knockin' at
his door
And it seems like someone in my family is passin' away like eve
ryday
So I just look up to the sky and get on my knees and pray and I
SAY!!