

The Problem Is...

Murs

The problem is at the end of the day
No good things come my way
Feelin' some kind of way
I'll hustle every day
Can you tell me what the problem is?
What the problem is
What the problem is
Wanna know what the problem is
Can you tell me what the problem is?

The problem is we all out for self
In a world that's consumed by greed and wealth
It's a dog-eat-dog and we cannibals for capital
The will to survive in an animal is natural
But the desire to rule
In the pursuit of pure power is the path of the fool
We chase crown till we laying face down
Our worldly possessions keep weighing us down
It rain clouds, I move like a quiet storm
No shroud, stand proud, why should I conform?
Beyond the norm I exceed the hype
Beyond all the bullshit and the stereotypes
Throw this in your stereo, this is my life
When a day's so dark you would swear it was night
9th came with the beat to help me carry the light
So you can stand your ground whatever the fight
You work for yours like I work for mine
On some P. Rod shit, got a perfect grind
What's next from the west like I'm first in line
From the coast that's known for the surf and shine
Write rhymes like I'm trying to save the Earth in time
Before my girl get big and give birth to mine
I encourage you to live, put the worst behind
Never worry about the past, it ain't worth your time

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We need some kind of way
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Wanna know what the problem is
Can you tell me what the problem is?

Yeah, Sick Jacken, Psycho Realm baby
Let me start with what I know and let me put it in this flow
We got all the goods we need but got no money to grow
Hood got all the coke and weed but got no profit to show
Junkies got a tin of speed but their brain is moving slow
Education at an all-time low, still catch an all-time high
Off the kush, Dr. Greenthumb grow
I ain't preaching, I'm just giving you a real twenty four
It's a cold world these streets don't feel anymore
There's no way of tellin'
What turn rebelling streets to three time felons
The people's government, the big time villains

Rob us blind, steal it, just the way it is
Take you for a gang of loot, but twenty dollars got you high and slankin'
Now tell me why's that, they blame the lies in rap
But what about the media bullshit? They disguising that
How we got access to ammo and any size of gat
But we can't get a decent school for us to knowledge at
It's called applied malice
They know they turn us into crime addicts
On the block chasing superficial status
Now do the mathematics
How many of us die in war
On the street or for oil, who's keeping score?
The same cops you pay to protect and serve us
And the country turns its back even though you fought for it in service
When it comes to my life it's never one problem
You never know about it till you walk the shoes that I'm in

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