

## 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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No good things come our way  
We need some kind of way  
I'll hustle every day  
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What the problem is  
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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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