

Problems

Nelly

Let's go, ay
This story we about to tell you, is all true
The names may have been changed to protect some of those close to me
Uhh, uhh, true story, but if not

They say money is the root of all evil
And I'm really startin to see what it do to people
Check it (c'mon) mo' money, mo' problems
Well e'rybody got problems, but they expect me to solve 'em (hey)
And I can barely solve my own
Got me lookin at 'em like, "You supposed to be grown?"
And I done said this shit in four different tones
To they face, e-mails mayne and over the phone
I done said that shit calm, I done said that shit loud
I done pulled 'em to the side, I done tried to sit 'em down
But some just don't get it
Cause they mind only focused on (hey) shit what I got
What they ain't got, and what they can't get
Got me lookin at my albums like "Who wrote this shit?"
Believe me man, I hope this get
just a tad bit better but I doubt that shit (it's like hey!)

I can hear these people say, "Damn that boy done changed"
But they don't understand the pressures I'm goin through
Oh how I wish there was a way, to change places for a day
Just so they can see what it's like to walk a mile in my shoes

Yo, listen
C'mon, I love Dave Chappelle
But I don't know too many turn down 50 mil'
See that's talk for real
Besides, you know what I had to go through to get this deal?
How many brothers I done seen get killed
for 50 bucks and a few of them pills? Y'all don't feel me
(Man please) Damn right I sing all them songs
So I can buy my pops a car and my momma a home
So she can sit up on the phone with her best friend Joan
Talkin like on and on how her baby done grown
"How my baby make his own through the microphone
And how my baby been my baby since my baby was born"
But uhh, I ain't sayin man it's all about the money
But let's face it, you can't make a record for free
I'll be damned if I watch 'em make a mil' off me
And I just sit back and take it, for minimum wage
And I done gave 'em e'rything but my D and my A
I say hey, that's what the contract say (contract say)
They make it seem like you can't get away
It's like you owe these niggaz three more days
Y'all don't feel me (hey!)

Woo! Uh, uh...
Shout out to my nigga Polow
Woo! A knocker right here O.G.

Uh, uh, uh, yea