

## 12 Problems

Rapsody

Yeah, y'all bogus  
Real goofy  
I ain't never lost focus  
Nah, y'all bogus

Yeah, the dark flesh Bob Mar'  
Speak mine, what you thought dem 99 problems was?  
War on drugs, legality  
They got us on fallacies  
Resorted in casualties  
I was supposed to resort in the Maldives  
Now, we in the rallies, now  
Boxin' in IG now, boxin' like Ali  
In the memory pourin' Hennessy and Bumbu shot reachin' for the ID  
Get off my neck, nigga, 'less you a Cuban link ('less you a Cuban link)  
I think like the Cubans (Like the Cubans)  
Think you'll never get Assata back  
We got ya back T Mallory  
Carry on like a Prada bag  
My dogs wit like they quarter lab  
In the backseat of a patrol car, that's luck they ain't call the cornerer  
Should be hall of fame, corridor (Corridor)  
The way we run it back (The way we run it back)  
You'd think it's 63 (63)  
I'm thinkin' 60 3's (60 3's)  
Hunnid and eighty degrees  
Get ya shit straight, mr. police  
Did the same thing to Cochise  
Did the same thing to Rhaheem  
Did the same thing in our reality, y'all bogus

I got 99 problems and 12 still the biggest  
I got 99 problems  
Baton, bullets, triggers  
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Death come in 3's  
Every month March, every month March  
33 Nip, gotta a heavy heart  
His killer in jail, y'all don't get that part  
Cops kill lawfully, no remorse  
I don't wanna hear arguments no more about black on black  
When white on white  
They kill they own too  
And cops the only ones who ain't accountable  
Black men in jail for a ounce or two  
For us it's punishable (And they still ain't free)  
Look at the weed business (Look at the weed business)  
White man makin' booku (Booku) in Timbuktu  
Hope they praying at the mosque for us  
When you create your own  
You don't care what they top floor is  
Y'all thirteenth superstition  
We get a thirteenth amendment  
We get a shot back without a shot back, take the shot back and vaccines

All we see is murder, murder, murder, murder  
And you wonder why we gotta disorder?  
Anxiety, ya die not passing sobriety  
Atlanta, Georgia, that's some shit

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You're never seen as a victim (Never seen as a victim)  
Watch you run and walk miles in Michael Vick Tims  
Been dogged out (Been dogged), no paws in house  
No daddy, no papi, who the kids gonna call now? (Who the kids gonna call?)  
But you steady killin' they fathers left and right, our brothers  
They tryna take you out (They can't take us out)  
We don't die, we multiply  
Black man, black woman, 12