

Problems

Russ

I know I got problems
At least I face them
Gotta' speak on the bullshit
Cause to me it's not bullshit

Yeah and I'm schizophrenic, bipolar
Mental maniac mobbin'
Yellin' at the universe like
"Pay me back, I got some problems"
Uncle was on cocaine
Other uncle died early
Cousin turned to heroin
My grandpa's got the shakes, I'm nervous
Hope he gets to see me make it
Before I see his funeral service
Yeah

Let the liquor creep, creep, creep up on me
I don't need to sleep, sleep, sleep 'cause I'm on this
So let's go
Woah, woah, ooh-oohh, yeah

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Yeah, I moved around a lot
Learned not to get attached
Dad gave his trust to a hoe
Tryna' get it back
Even after I was born
Nothin' worse
Than a women's scorn
Comin' after
Kids with the wrong one
Could be a natural disaster
I remember driving up on Easter
Daddy in jail, ex wife said he beat her
My mom had to cope with this hoe, spittin' ether
And my dad doesn't fuck with y'all
So I don't fuck with y'all either

Yeah, I should know not to fuck with hoes
But I love them and they love me
Should of learned you could feel the burn
Of a bitch gone bitter

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