

# Problems

Stalley

A nigga got problems  
Sittin' here, plottin' how to count a million dollars  
I need houses and garages  
Got baby mama drama, get my mama out them projects

Ain't got too many options  
So I'ma take one, double back and make a profit  
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I gotta get my mama out the projects  
So it's llamas in the projects  
A nigga out here starving  
This rap better work, I'm playing niggas in that garden  
I came from that fridge with empty crates and milk cartons boy  
Belly achin', walking with a 9  
Should I shoot him down or just rob a nigga blind  
Only head shots, never catch him in his spine  
That's what my block taught me, it's a kill every time  
That's just the mind of a kid trying to free his mom  
Out that two bedroom with five kids  
Malnourished, ribs touching, man this poverty a bitch  
So we slanging dope, ducking pigs, posted with them sticks  
Welcome to Ohio, where we hustle to live  
So it's factory work  
Or we busting down and breaking if that ain't gon' work  
Then we run in your crib, cig smoking like Wiz  
One move, bump bump, put two in your wig  
Grandma pray for our sins, hoping God forgives  
But today is pay day, and all this broke ish gon' end  
I swear all this broke ish gon' end

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My baby on her last Pamper  
And her mama on my last nerve  
And I just lost my sneaker gig  
So you know it's back to the curb  
My cousin got a bird, said he front me quarter key  
Told him, "gimme a week, I'll be where I need to be"  
Now I'm penitentiary chancing on the block with my G's  
Trying to clock G's to feed my family  
And I don't wanna do it but I'm in a tight squeeze  
Left hand full of stones, right hand got a tight squeeze  
On this hammer case a nigga try me  
Cops casing the block trying to lock me  
It's hard here, nightmares  
'Cause I don't want my kids to grow up here

But it feels like a trap, all I do is trap here  
Everyday we hoping fences, dipping on twelve  
It's like we running track here  
But I gotta get this pack clear  
Survival is the key  
Big ass crib with garages is the dream  
Ba-balancing flows, to balancing triple beams  
'Cause I ain't never been a problem  
But something's gotta give  
'Cause a nigga got problems

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Blue collar, blue, blue collar