All These Problems

Twiztid

Blame it on the game this shit'll never be the same
Now it's all these problems, all these problems all up in the way
Blame it on the game this shit'll never be the same
Now it's all these problems, all these problems all up in the way

How come I got all these problems, all these problems in my way
In my way, In my way, In my way everyday
How come I got all these problems, all these problems in my way
In my way, In my way, In my way everyday

How come I got all these problems in my way, everyday
I come back [?] with the .38 in my waist
Sometimes I feel like I get too real but I think that's okay cause most of y
'all are fake as hell and I just wanna separate
Oh can't you tell I'm heavyweight

Take another pill you zombie while we seal up every county
Hatred always all around me like I felt somebody wanna see the hell that we
would go through find a shell that you can grow too
I rebel against whatever [?] falls
It's true, I never take a loss cause I stand without redemption while you ba
re a phony cross
This ain't no holocaust but I put an end to all of y'all
I cut straight through you and your lame crew like a chainsaw through a moth
ball

All them, All them, All them, All them problems in my mind, mind, mind
All them, All them, All them, All them problems in my mind, in my mind (Ay)

How come I got all these problems, all these problems in my way
In my way, In my way, In my way everyday
How come I got all these problems, all these problems in my way
In my way, In my way, In my way everyday

Internet said he straight, he gay
Bound to ideas or words that they say
I know that he's broken I'm sure that he ain't paid
Somebody been eating off those songs that they made
If you ain't the top or close you in the way
Might have a little following but listen it's gonna stray or some of them st
ay away long enough to leave that ass off [?] to obscurity
[?] clarity
Only if I had problems instead
I got a mess of them inside of my head and I keep 'em in a jar by the side o
f my bed but they keep spilling out everyday and again
Songs to repeat like a record that's broken
Rise and fall like the tide of the ocean
Growing against the rocks like the liquor in the glass that I raise every ti
me that I'm toasting
Cheers to the hard times, stressing, and all that
And here's to you bitch thugs when you all dick and you no sack and you talk
 crap like a [?] and you minute under my boot
I'ma squash you like a grapefruit
I despise you

All them, All them, All them, All them problems in my mind, mind, mind
All them, All them, All them, All them problems in my mind, in my mind (Ay)

How come I got all these problems, all these problems in my way
In my way, In my way, In my way everyday
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