

# Problems

## Weathers

I don't know if I can get out of bed  
My mama said that there's nothing wrong  
My eyes are fogged up, haven't taken a hit  
It's all better again

I go out on on a Friday night  
Seeing double with my Ray Bands on  
My eyes are blacked out, on the way to your heart  
I'm just a mess again

What's wrong with me?  
Why do I always let you down?  
And I'm down here crawling  
Wish I could change  
Blame it on my DNA  
I could have a million dollars  
But baby I got problems

I got problems  
I got problems  
I got problems  
I got problems

Dance party at the DMV  
Red lights don't mean we stop  
I catch my Uber ride up the 405  
I'm on a merry go round

A head rush and a couple of bucks  
My body needs company  
I wanna scream, scream at the top of my lungs  
(It's better unsaid)

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I got problems  
I got problems  
I got problems  
I got problems

I don't care about your hair  
I don't care about your diet  
I don't care about your kicks  
Yeah I'm kicking it 'cause some things cannot be fixed

I got problems  
I got problems  
I got problems  
I got problems

(I got) I got problems

I got problems  
(I got) I got problems  
Yeah I got problems