

## Rapper Big Pooh f/ Jozeemo

### "Problems"

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[Intro: High-pitched voice effect] Yeeeeeah.. hah, hi  
haters Guess what, I'm baaaaaack! I know you niggas  
missed me man I know you missed me, you know how I  
know? Cause my name stay in your fucking mouth Yo,  
listen up, uh [Rapper Big Pooh] Muh'fucker think quick,  
I don't do much but talk shit Swallow spit, that's my life I  
can hear the people now screaming "Damn, he trife"  
Five years since the +The Listening+ and I can't  
change? Guess what, priorities rearrange Got fam  
looking at me like "Damn, you strange" After all this  
time I couldn't stay the same Had to get a new picture, I  
just kept the frame In a whole new zone, so when you  
hear me speak It's a whole new tone, yes I am prone To  
tell wannabe rap niggas go home Who pop a lot of shit  
till they standing alone Look, I stand tall whether wrong  
or right Don't do petty shit, keep it out my sight For the  
right cause homie, yes we do fight If you seeing all of  
us then it's not your night, right? [Chorus: Jozeemo] +  
(Rapper Big Pooh) I hear 'em talking like "You got a  
prob" (You better know I'm always on my job, now  
everybody like..) "We don't really want no problems B"  
"Have our name in the obituary column sheets" (Ay, I  
heard 'em say "You a bastard case") They better chill  
'fore I blast the place, now errbody like.. "We don't  
really want no problems B" "Have our name in the  
obituary column sheets" [Jozeemo] My last name  
Murder, it ain't Bradley, it ain't Parker I ain't got no  
brothers, fuck +Danny+, I don't wear no +Glovers+  
Bold with it like the Catholic who be cussing in church  
My bitch stay hot, chinky eyed, dutch in her purse  
Fucking with me, believe you'll be stuck in a hearse The  
doctor couldn't save your life cause I was fucking his  
nurse In love with the dirt cause clean just really ain't  
my style A bastard cause I told your moms you really  
ain't my child Bitch I pulled out, like I did with the MAC  
millie Fool with the tool, get abused when I act silly  
That'll really make the whole situation jacked up Jo' be  
the period when pussies wanna act tough Bleed you,  
whole plate of hollow points to feed you Dolo for the  
dance cause your partners chose to leave you How a  
felon walk around with guns, ain't that illegal? Mind

your business fuck boy, I'll see you when I seek you  
[Chorus: Jozeemo] + (Rapper Big Pooh) (Ay, I heard  
'em say "You a bastard case") They better chill 'fore I  
blast the place, now errbody like.. "We don't really want  
no problems B" "Have our name in the obituary column  
sheets" I hear 'em talking like "You got a prob" (You  
better know I'm always on my job, now everybody like..)  
"We don't really want no problems B" "Have our name  
in the obituary column sheets" [Rapper Big Pooh] Yeah,  
you don't really want no problem with the team man  
H.O.J. Hall of Justus, we ride heavy, uh Illmind on  
production of course nigga

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