

Cora & Frank

"Problems"

Visit "[Problems](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Trae]

Well it be too many fake people
Claiming that they, be down with us
But it's too many people, that we can't see
Everywhere that I go, somebody wanna hate me
But I really don't think, that they're gonna be
Ready to take, a walk in my shoes
That's why I be insiders on, plus we never did nothing
to nobody
And if they knew what we knew, then they'd leave us
alone
Cause too much stressing, it make a nigga crazy
Now I be paranoid, and watching my lady
Praying that I see, my older brother again
Not knowing, it would never be the same again
So I'm still hoping for the day, I know it's gon change
And if I die, I know the pain be remaining in me
To everybody, that I live to live
Leave me the fuck alone, and let me be

[Cl'Che]

Too many hoes wanna hate, and talk bad about a bitch
But mama told me, to never give a fuck
If that's what you go, be and be the coldest bitch
That everybody, wanna roll with
Could never keep a real ass nigga, down on my side
Cause I didn't have time, had a lot of shit up on my
mind
Had the right, to shut up in my rhymes
To keep me sane all the time
Had a block on my brain, thinking how could shit
Ever change, trying to win the same ol' game
But then I came to see, through the days of my pain
And struggling, that it wasn't as bad as this thang
Guerilla Maab are my brothers, steady spiritual chain
I'd rather live my life, the way it's suppose to be
Then faking the fame, and trying to be somebody else
Of royalty, because it ain't my name

[Hook: Peaches & Z-Ro (Z-Ro)]

Too many problems on my mind

(on my miiiiiiiiiiiiind)

They wish I just started, to be a full time grind

I'm just trying, to live my life

But something bout piece, is something I'll never find

(may never find)

Too many problems on my mind

(on my miiiiiiiiiiiiind)

They wish I just started, to be a full time grind

I'm not trying, to lose my life

But if I do, I wanna meet Jesus Christ (way too late)

[Trae]

Thinking about, what a nigga done been through

Reminiscing, on a part of the past

Everybody thought I wouldn't last

From living the things, I was dealing with

Too many people, tried to reach a nigga with bullshit

And it's like, I ain't even tripping

I can't let things like that, get up under my skin

I can't win, if a nigga steady be living in sin

I gotta keep a right mind, if I wanna make dividends

Sneak into the negative side, of my life

Even niggaz that I had love fo', turned fake

One of my real niggaz, just got shot nine times

From a nigga, that everybody really thought was down

And who the fuck can I trust, when I grab a glock to bust

The situation that I be facing'd, make a nigga think

Shedding tears over my older brother, gonna wait

For the rest of his life, because of these niggaz living shife

For real, now tell me where the love at

Why all of my niggaz, wanna be acting like that

Is it because of the fact I'm one of the Maab, and never gon fall

And all the diamonds shine, when it's time to ball

Will they comfort me if I waited, it was gonna get greater later

I really hope so, cause I believe in God

And with the life that I live, I wanna smile again

And if I die tonight, I still wanna see the light

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

When I be contemplating, of a steady way

To sip the liquor, up off in my mode

Thinking bout the days of the past, when everybody

Use to treat a young nigga, like Dougie so cold

But never once By-Boe, I done heard a lot of thangs

Seen a lot of thangs, wonder why motherfuckers be

acting so strange
Feeling the pain, as I'm ready to ride
But yelling still in, know I gotta maintain
I remember when some of bitches, use to tell me
Dougie you motherfucker, your ass ain't never gon be
shit
But now they turning on the T.V., watching me on BET
Jamming my c.d., getting crunk in this bitch
Ain't no doubt about it, in my mind that
Hate make a nigga, stronger inside
But Dougie making the climb, but Lord knows that my
body is tired
I need a little compassion, a little mo' breath in this
rhyme
And I really just don't understand, why nigga wanna be
doing
The evil deed, and they wanna hate on us
Cause they can't fade all us, but if you know like a
nigga know
You niggaz would keep your distance, cause we can't
be touched
I've been living in the city for a short while, with the
wrong crowd
Wish I would of known then, what I know now
Now a nigga tripping after the cream, and follow my
dreams
I'm trying to stay away, from the triple beam
I gotta get up on a mission, it seems
Because I'm sick and tired, of dealing with the struggle
and pain
The predicaments are facing me, having stress on my
brain
Don't wanna go up insane, pray to God that my soul
I'm going deranged, and anybody wanna think to
testing
A nigga skills, they better have a good will
Cause I be living my life, chunking they two cents in
While they be living in sin, trying to tell me how to live
When they ain't even living right

[Hook]

Visit [Cora & Frank](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.