

## **Field Mob**

# **"Don't Want No Problems"**

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Yeah, all in my face feelin' me  
All in my face feelin' me

We was up in the club  
Fillin' these with all the intention we sip of Hennessey  
My friend and me, I caught my niggas killin' me  
Testin' weed until the enemy got the Tennessee

To hinder me, all in my face feelin' me  
Bud we pretend to weed, Hennessey to silly games  
Gangstas throwin' them signs up and up and down  
Bumpin' enemies sayin' things that offendin' me

Still here and we ballin' half drunk, passin' out song  
after song  
Inhalin' gun after gun, passin' out blunt after blunt,  
havin' fun  
Them niggas took a jab at me, then one push from the  
back of me  
Tryin' to tackle me and wrestle me

Couldn't get me down, so they hit me in the back and  
beat  
They had me badly beaten  
I gotta gash in me, but it was just a scratch to me  
At first did get some Vaseline

A half a week, it cleared up fast and clean  
To a scratch you were bad to see, so I ain't mad to see  
I want to squash and flatten and beat  
Like White Castle's and crystal square beef patties beat

'Cause I'm so sick of you harassin' me and playin' with  
me  
So can we canopy?  
Before we 'cause a tragedy and someone pain and  
agony  
But if you feel you can handle me and still wanna take  
the man in me  
This time I'll have to shut you down, like Sunshine  
Hennesin', because

I don't want no problems  
And you don't want no problems, so  
Better leave me alone and gone on  
Nigga, better leave me alone and gone on

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Ow, ow, ouch, it hurts so bad  
It hurts so bad

I'm from the home of racist rednecks and confederate  
flags  
You could strand them hussies, politicians and drags  
Cotton pickin', slave tradin' and nigga lynchin'  
Lead to more oppression, me cricket caught trigger  
pinchin'  
Ridin' along, mindin' my own buisness, God as my  
witness  
It was five in the morn', passin' along, hop in the corner  
No, police, hold up, turn the radio down  
Put your seatbelt on, shit, God damn  
Give me the fuckin' weed, he's gone

John, what? He kept goin'

It's like I got enemy's, 'cause of my race they hate me  
Fuck pullin' over, chase me  
Guess it's safe to say it makes me crazy  
Can't give up, 'cause this hate it makes me

Wanna grab an AK spray strays on 8th street  
8 ways and blaze the day bleed  
E E 8 D D E 8 B  
Tryin' to say we pull more keys than a leash of ladies

Well, okay, hate me, say we crazy but lately, baby  
Even criticizin' the way we say things  
I pray everyday, but the way he hating

I wish Jeff Dahmer was here, why?

So he could eat President Bush's baked beans  
That's why I've been a crook since 18  
Leave me alone, listen to what the hook is saying

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What's up son, it's Allecious, it's your boy, smoke  
AKA Chevy Pentagram to cut your 'cain, again  
And uh, I got a problem with you bitches  
I'm sick and tired of bein' sick and tired

I can't even leave the muthafuckin' club  
With a clean pair of muthafuckin' Schnegals  
'Cause the muthafucka wanna step of my feets

I gotta check my muthafuckin'  
Polo for birth spots and liquor stains  
'Cause a muthafucker want oppression  
But wanna get me on purpose

I'm sick of this shit  
Don't be mad at me 'cause my earrings so big  
And brighter than your beetch, nigga

And you beetch, don't be mad at me  
'Cause my tires bigger than your niggas tires  
On his Chevy, shit  
Like Lil' Darryl say, "Leave me alone"

