

## Fredro Starr

### "There's Not a Problem My Squad Can't Fix"

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[Jamal]

C'mon, yeah.. villain

C'mon, aight?

I got this side right here

Take this side right there

C'mon do this

Busta Bus

C'mon, aight?

C'mon (here we go) stayin street

[Jamal]

Paws, to the wall, with the dirty dog, raw rap-ture

If you ain't with it bite crotch til it break your jaw

(Your jaw) For tryin to knock us

Tryin to kill or stop us, jack our propers

Busta Bus, they fakin, the cake is for the takin

While they runnin they face, I'm lettin the plan bake

Formulate, now look at the plot, we got

more and more shit that's hot, show to rock the spot

Clock or knot, nigga the whole pot

Ready or not, we comin, snatchin every comer

witcha hoe in the Benz-O, dumbin like a motherfucker

[Busta Rhymes]

You can be my lady, you could even be my lollipop  
sucker

The road dawg baby comin like the mad trucker

Lot of jealous niggaz lookin funnier than Chris Tucker

God bless, oh yes, I stay fresh

Full of finesse, my congress show progress

Stylish, hit you with the shit to digest

In this rhyme shit we be some of the world's finest

Your Highness, leavin corny niggaz spineless

Attack it with the classic rhyme flow timeless (ha ha)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

Not a problem my squad can't fix

Cause we can do, it in the mix

So when you niggaz talk trash, you can get a bust ass

Cause you know we don't fuck around

When you niggaz talk shit, lay ya six feet under the

ground,  
ground ground, ground ground  
When you niggaz talk shit, lay ya six feet under the  
ground,  
ground ground, ground ground

[Jamal]

This is how we ride, throw your hands from side to side  
It's party time, and don't forget get yours, cause I'ma  
get mine

(Who dat?) The villain til I'm peelin a million  
Ridin dirty, and bustin like thirty-thirty, til a nigga end  
Knowin that the shit is fucked I'm still here to win  
(what?)

Cheddar (uh) if you ain't about it then I think you better  
hang the little plot you got, don't sweat it main  
My nigga, my life's uncut like Kane, real "Raw"  
Y'all don't know shit about Jamal or what I'm in it for:  
cash, cars, fly whores and tours  
Fillin my pipe, with no messes and no limits  
Them other one scrimpin, has the tent froze frigid  
Fraud as a gimmick, dick lickin chasin chickens  
I mash for the cash with the click and  
rip a show then I'm dippin in the whip and high trippin

[Busta Rhymes]

While y'all niggaz hoppin and skippin I stick the clip in,  
yo  
Accelerate on the gas, move fast  
Blast, find a nigga FOOT in your ass  
Colorful niggaz, just peep the whole contrast  
Flipmode is the Squad, a news flash  
Bust your shit up, what the fuck, nigga get up  
Violate, niggaz get they whole SHIT lit up!  
Break fool, niggaz know the rules, rob jewels  
Champagne bath, throw the Mo-et in the pool  
Nigga caught a motherfuckin strain on the brain  
ridin on the train, I'ma whip a Benz in the rain  
Oversized click on the rise so realize we be  
dem niggaz that dead up all you funny little small fries  
The franchise, Flipmode damagin all of you "Fall Guys"  
Yo I'm tired of niggaz they full of "True Lies"  
No time.. we got the right surprise  
Need a new beginnin, need to get a baptise  
Ha ha, you need to get a baptise  
Word is bond, ayyo

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

Ground, a-ground, a-gr-gr-ground-ground

Just party to the shit like this c'mon  
Just bounce to the motherfuckin beat c'mon  
You niggaz don't know my brand new song c'mon  
Ayyo, hear me out y'all, UHH  
Yo, and just feel my shit  
C'mon bounce what the fuck?

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