

## Acid Drinkers

### "Problems"

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\* originally appeared on "S.O.S.A. (Save Our Streets AZ)"

[Chorus]

I had some problems  
And no one could seem to solve them  
But you found the answer  
Told me to take this chance

[AZ - speaking over Chorus]

Yeah, now dig  
You got, rich niggaz right  
They do what they wanna do  
Heh, and you got  
Broke niggaz, you heard?  
They do what they gotta do  
Now ask yourself, which one are you?  
Ha, fall back

[Verse 1 - AZ]

Soakin in Remy, sittin back smokin a twenty  
Shit is scabby, the hustlin is so in me  
Never show envy, got a style I maxed  
I'm like po', back in eighty-fo', now smile at that  
Unseen when I'm low, but still right in your face  
I'm so skinny, but that semi-auto's right in my waist  
From Jags to Jeeps, hoopties with the raggedy seats  
Just imagine how I'm movin if we had any beef  
Beats relax me, good cheeba keeps me nasty  
Lower the smoke when I see the D's creepin past me  
Duckin the NARCs, born bustin Dutches apart  
Love pussy wit pretty lips, when you fuck it it fart  
Friend or foe, freak for the rims that glow  
Rock Timbs if it's summer or ten below  
Love the streets, the science of the drugs that's deep  
I'm just another nigga next up, tryin to eat

[Chorus]

[AZ - speaking over Chorus]

You know!

Not a soul baby!  
It's all for y'all now

[Verse 2 - AZ]

But it seems, y'all would rather  
See me hit than, see my rich  
Get bagged over some bullshit and see me snitch  
Hopin' some AIDS ho bitch'll leave me sick like  
I'm a sucker for love wit some easy dick  
I did dirt through my days but hid my work  
Even then I still made sure no kids got hurt  
Sweep the next, been knowin since my feet got wet  
From the best turned vet learned to speak direct  
My game's jumpin, we all had our days of barkin  
You could tell niggaz styles by they ways of parkin  
Why dispute it? Dough got us so polluted  
Paranoid to the point it's like we, over-do it  
Police press up, peep how the beasts arrest ya  
Rough up, handcuff, then treat you lesser  
Toast on me, smoke spray our potpouri  
Y'all can bet I'ma rep how it's supposed to be

[Chorus]

[AZ - speaking over Chorus]

You know!  
Not a soul baby!  
It's all for y'all now  
I got it locked, feel me!

[Verse 3 - AZ]

Infinite game, get chills on the strength of my chain  
It's only real, certain niggaz mention my name  
Some relate, others stay numb in the face  
Tryin to keep steps ahead like we runnin a race  
Nikes and Timbs, lady friends like 'em slim  
Light makeup, that shit that blend right wit they skin  
So what's the issue? All dick sucks is still official  
Cold-steel nickles, and Phil I'm still wit you  
Iceberg-in, on the Turnpike mergin  
Late night, right brake lights black Excursion  
Tree smokin, hustle the rap I'ma keep ropin  
Too many niggaz got deep emotions  
The stress got 'em, who else wanna express they  
problems?  
Get upset, but real vets respect the bottom  
To a false, feel a fake love or hate  
Right or wrong as long as the thugs relate

[Chorus]

[AZ - speaking over Chorus]

You know!

Not a soul baby!

It's all for y'all now

What y'all want from me?

[Chorus]

[AZ - speaking over Chorus]

Yeah, y'all haters better get a hustle man, stop fuckin  
wit me

I'm tryin to live man, nah mean?

I been at the bottom, I was risin - fell back down

I'm tryin to climb up man

Get off my back baby

It's all a game man don't hate me hate the game

AZ the Visualiza return, once again

Love life, hate, what the fuck... {\*music fades\*}

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