

## Cassidy "The Problem"

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1, 2, 1, 2, I need all my real niggaz to stand up  
All you fake ass niggaz fall back  
It's a problem, Philly, stand up

(What's ya name, dog?)  
Cassidy  
(Man, tell 'em again)  
Cassidy  
(Man, where ya from?)  
Philly  
(Talk to 'em, talk to 'em)  
If ya ready to feel me  
(Talk to' em, talk to 'em)  
Bottom line, I'm a problem, y'all

(I tried to tell 'em, man)  
Bottom line, I'm a problem, y'all  
(Yo, I tried to tell 'em, man)  
The hood know I'm a problem, y'all  
(Yo, I tried to tell 'em, man)  
The world know I'm a problem, y'all  
(Hold on, I tried to tell 'em, man)

My name Cass and I'm 'bout my B-I  
Niggaz wanna be me, yeah, I can see why  
Told y'all how I used to roll and see Clive  
Hop off the G-4, hop in the G-5

But since niggaz wanna copy and be me  
I'ma hop off the yacht then hop in the GT  
Got niggaz in the hood knockin' the CD  
Wait 'till my face start poppin' on TV

See, the ladies give me top for cheapy  
All they wanna do is just hop on the wee-wee  
My rich chick'll take a helicopter to see me  
I pop Dominican and he'll drop me a key free

I got a actress in L.A., doctor in DC  
Even got a lawyer, a cop in the DT  
See, I got money but I ain't spendin' it  
I need a girl who got a job wit nice benefits

'Cuz honey bunch, I ain't wit the funny stuff  
You ain't gone fuck me to spend my money up  
Nah, I can't have it, boo  
But girl, do what you do, I ain't mad at you

Nah, 'cuz I got since to know  
That I ain't gone get pimped, I'ma pimp a hoe  
Ayyo, get money, nigga, fuck the fame  
The industry is in trouble, betta learn his name

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Ayyo, guess what happened, guess what happened?  
I was on the radio and yo, guess what happened?  
I'm sittin' here, starin' in this DJ face  
And all he askin' me about is the Freeway tape

I'm like, "If I ain't right, you can say I'm wrong  
But Mr. DJ, can you play my song?"  
Please, play somethin' that's good for the air  
Please, play somethin' that the hood wanna hear  
So when the radio go to put that trash on  
Call 'em up and say, "Put that Cass on"

And I ain't pissin' nobody  
If every rapper died, I wouldn't be missin' nobody  
'Specially if it ain't Styles, 'Kiss or nobody  
Busta, Nore, Swizz or nobody

If it ain't Drag, Kim or Fat Joe  
I could care less if a cat gotta lay on his back, yo  
So, I don't owe y'all, niggaz  
And y'all might be aight but I don't know y'all, niggaz

I mean, it's a couple other niggaz that I've met  
With the FS on my chest without press  
I got love for Snoop, Puff and Wyclef  
And my niggaz Esco so let's go, yo  
Get money, nigga, fuck the fame  
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