

J.Cole

"Problems"

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[Verse 1]

Yea, yea, yea, Dear Mrs. Bill Collector
I know ya just doing your job, don't mean to disrespect
ya
But we've been going through this thang since way
back
I told ya when I get the dough I would pay back
But I got problems babayyâ€¦yea, if you only knew
I got bigger problems babbayyy
So why ya talkin about the money that I owe, like as if I
didn't know man, it don't mean nothing to me
Cause right now I got my lil boy crying, and my
grandmother dying, could you please stop fuckin with
me?
Listen here, I aint lookin for no tears, but my brother
got a year, and my momma keep smoking that shit
On top of that, I'm broke, please put that in your notes
for the next one to call me up talking that shit

[Verse 2]

Hey, Dear Mr. Policeman
Hey am I wrong, aint you suppose to keep the peace
man?
I coulda swore I was driving pretty peaceful
So why the hell is you pullin over me fo'?
Is it this black Mercedes? (Oh now I get it, I get it, I get
it)
Or cause I'm black? Hmmm, maybe
Hey, tell me why my hands start sweatin and I hold my
breath everytime that you get behind me
I turn my music down, so you won't hear a sound, man
I'm nervous like I got a couple pounds on me
You pulled me over, you frown on me
With your flashlight, tell me what do you see
Thug niggas, drug dealers, its a trip, every nigga in
this whip got a mothafuckin college degree

[Verse 3]

Yea, my middle finger to the law, bustin off, tryna
touch the sky
My teacher said, "Impossible", but I'mma fuckin try

Plus how he gon' tell me, he don't make the rules
There's niggas dying everyday, but we don't make the news
Instead they talkin bout some thunderstorm, cyclones
Timmy got his bike stole, top story, Tiger Woods "be fuckin all these white hoes"
Anchorman stop snitchin
Cut the commercial, he be texting all the side bitches, hey my goodness
How ironic, on trial for possession of some chronic

My lawyer came to court, man he was higher than the comet
Hey your honor, is you kidding? How you sit above me?
Are you perfect mothafucker, how you finna judge me?
When you home you don't cuss, drink and puff like us
These cops is bad boys, baby just like Puff
They hate they jobs and they days be fucked up like us
At the end of the day, you niggas just like us

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