

Jadakiss f/ Styles P

"Problem Child"

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"Why can't you be man enough"
Yeahh, "Tell me where, you coming from"

[Jadakiss]
Can't really figure this clown out
Where's he from? Jamaica, Queens, Cali or down South
I could let a LA gun hit him
But grapestreet already told me you pay him to run
with him
I could let a New York knife poke him with one of my
throwaways
But I don't want to see no cops smoke him
Somebody tell Paul we ridin
And get ready to auction off the car he die in eBay
Never we bump heads, since you like havin people with
you
Get you a hospital with bunk beds
Without Dr. Dre, you would just make slow jams
Come up out of that witness protection program
Hov don't really respect you, get in your place
If BIG was alive, he'd probably spit in your face
Nas was doing just fine without you
And Pac probably would've made an album about you
So I guess that just leaves me here to get rid of you
And Rakim and them, they don't even consider you
EM kno you ain't got nothing for Jada
And I know he appreciates all the money you made him
It's two thousand-five, nobody fights fair
I just know an instrumental's your worst nighmare
But you tough and you bad, too bad, you mad
Probably been in your own hood more than you had
Yeah you sold more records than me
But in the streets you gon' always be second to me
We was damn near feelin you
Even though your career's based on somebody damn
near killin you
Shit you be doing ain't even considered rapping to us
This is probably the best thing that happened to us
The best wanksta, internet gangsta
Magazine mobster, shit on your whole roster
Get ready to say hail marrys and all fathers

Get out your black suits and hard bottoms
And don't worry, I got him
He ain't a problem child, just a child with a problem

"Why can't you be man enough" We love you nigga
oh-five, "Tell me where, you coming from"

[Styles P]

D-Block, don't think it nigga
Take a piss in your Formula 50, drink it nigga
Get shot out the Reeboks nigga
Got shot and ain't shoot none back, you'se a biatch
nigga
If I would've got shot on grandma's stoop
I would've asked somone to grab my duke, right
In the streets they say, 50 who shot ya
Named three niggaz soon as he came out the doctor
And you far from a gangsta nigga
You was talkin 'bout yourself when you made
"Wanksta" nigga
Listen, why work out, cock guns on the DVD
Run around with cops from homicide and TNT
Nigga you can suck my dick
Come around without cops, shit's on, you gon' get
touched quick
Cuz, I was at the VIBE when it jumped off
Put fifty grand up, and pussy you ain't even lift a hand
up
Your man stabbed somethin, at least grab somethin
But besides that, I ain't seen nobody man up
Shit, what the plot is about
Cuz you know that, you don't need a dentist to get shot
in the mouth
And the hood hate yo shit, but you hot in the south
Is the crackers that buy the album, what's the plottin
about
"Many Men" make a wish, but we ain't many men
So you gon' get death when we let the semi spit

"Why can't you be man enough"
"Tell me where, you coming from" 2X

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