

MURS & 9th Wonder f/ Sick Jacken, Uncle Chucc "What the Problem Is"

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[Uncle Chucc] The problem is at the end of the day No good things come my way Feelin' some kind of way I'll hustle every day Can you tell me what the problem is? What the problem is What the problem is Wanna know what the problem is Can you tell me what the problem is? [Verse 1] [Murs] The problem is we all out for self In a world that's consumed by greed and wealth It's a dog-eat-dog and we cannibals for capital The will to survive in an animal is natural But the desire to rule In the pursuit of pure power is the path of the fool We chase crown till we laying face down Our worldly possessions keep weighing us down It rain clouds I move like a quiet storm No shroud, stand proud, why should I conform? Beyond the norm I exceed the hype Beyond all the bullshit and the stereotypes Throw this in your stereo, this is my life When a day's so dark you would swear it was night 9th came with the beat to help me carry the light So you can stand your ground whatever the fight You work for yours like I work for mine On some P. Rod shit, got a perfect grind What's next from the west like I'm first in line From the coast that's known for the surf and shine Write rhymes like I'm trying to save the earth in time Before my girl get big and give birth to mine I encourage you to live, put the worst behind Never worry about the past, it ain't worth your time [Chorus] [Uncle Chucc] The problem is at the end of the day No good things come our way We need some kind of way I'll hustle every day Can you tell me what the problem is? What the problem is What the problem is Wanna know what the problem is Can you tell me what the problem is? [Verse 2] [Sick Jacken] Yeah, Sick Jacken, Psycho Realm baby Let me start with what I know and let me put it in this flow We got all the goods we need but got no money to grow Hood got all the coke and weed but got no profit to show Junkies got a ton of speed but their brain is moving slow Education at an all-time low Still catch an all-time high Off the kush, Dr. Greenthumb grow I ain't preaching, I'm just giving you a real twenty four It's a cold world these streets don't feel anymore There's no way of tellin' What turn rebelling streets to three time felons The

people's government, the big time villains Rob us blind,
steal it just the way it is Take you for a gang of loot But
twenty dollars got you high and slankin' Now tell me
why's that, they blame the lies in rap But what about the
medium bullshit? They disguising that How we got
access to ammo and any size of gat But we can't get a
decent school for us to knowledge at It's called applied
malice They know they turn us into crime addicts On
the block chasing superficial status Now do the
mathematics How many of us die in war On the street
or for all who sleep and score The same cops you pay
to protect and serve us And the country turns its back
even though you fought for it in service When it comes
to my life it's never one problem You never know about
it till you go out and shoot Diallo [Chorus] The problem
is at the end of the day No good things come my way
Feelin' some kind of way I'll hustle every day Can you
tell me what the problem is? What the problem is What
the problem is Wanna know what the problem is Can
you tell me what the problem is?

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