

## Issues

Grand Puba

Yeah...yeah...yeah  
Now if ya tied of bein' poor (Yeah)  
Everytime you walkin' out cha' door (Yeah)  
Or you got no place to live (Yeah)  
Cause ya moms done bounced you out the crib (Yeah)  
How it go, oh oh oh oh, uh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh ya got issues  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh ya got issues

Now don't cha' feel absolutely dead with no bread  
Smoke head, eyes red, ready to fill that metal up with lead  
The get cha' some, spit cha' dum dums and flip yums  
Stuck in the slums cause all ya pockets got is bread crumbs  
That's when ya moms stops frontin'  
You ain't gon' lay around my house all day, doin' nothin'  
Playin' Playstation, deuce deuce and hide ya bluntin'  
Better get cha' ass up, get a job or do something  
Close my door, I don't wanna hear that shit tonight  
She right, sleep all day, run all night  
Tryin' to live nice in the gangsta's paradise  
Rock some ice, stack some chips, bounce our whips  
The ghetto life might be a struggle  
Life is one big puzzle, where Rottweiler grill cats get muzzled  
I know it be hard to do ya thing  
When you livin' like a peasant but you feelin' like a king

Ain't that the girl ya really love (Yeah)  
But she play you like a scrub (Yeah)  
She doin' mad shit to make ya bug (Yeah)  
Every week she's in the club (Yeah)  
How it go, oh oh oh oh ya got issues  
Oh oh oh oh Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Ya got issues oh, oh, oh oh

You got some chicks that act brand new  
Cause the got their nails done, a new outfit, some ice and a hairdo  
They wanna play the club, stress a dude with the hottest car  
That got Mo and Cristal lined up at the bar  
Whether they entertainer or ghetto superstar  
Not all chicks are like that but you know who you are  
Actin' like Frank BaDoob be pimpin' you  
She trickin' f\*\*k it  
She wanna glass of champagne out the bucket  
Here bird, I mean love then you take it home and pluck it  
Write it off, a business expense, tax deducted  
Now you gased up like bean soup  
Think you in the loop but you back in the chicken coup  
In the biz I got trickin' recruit  
Last time you seen him when he dropped you on ya stoop  
The man don't want chu' and the next man dissed you  
Seems you got caught up in them everyday issues

If ya man is actin' foul (Yeah)  
On them streets and runnin' wild (Yeah)  
And he thinks he's a playa till the end (Yeah)  
Even f\*\*ked some of ya friends (Yeah)

How it go oh oh oh oh, ya got issues  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh ya got issues  
Oh, oh, oh, oh

And now ya got ballers then ya got ballin' pretenders  
Who's honeys kind of thunder but they like to hold within  
Frontin' pullin' jiu knots outta places  
Hand full of aces outlined with big faces  
Spend ya last dime for a nice piece of shine  
I know, I did it when my ass was runnin' blind  
False advertisement, you wanna front for the chicks  
Meanwhile ya seed need a pair of kicks  
Gucci, Iceberg downed life is great B  
Cause I got shoes from Crocodile Dundee  
Ya flossin' poppin' bottles like ya hit the lotto  
Got chu' poppa livin' like you Ricky Ricardo  
Got a lot of friends when ya got a lot of ends  
A lot of friends pretend when they know ya trickin' ends  
Ya girl tried to tell that these dudes be usin' you  
But these be the issues that we all go through

Oh oh oh oh, ya got issues  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh ya got issues  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Yeah...yeah...yeah