

# Johnny's Gotta Problem

Kottonmouth Kings

Johnny's gotta problem and he's outta control!  
Johnny's gotta problem, he's outta control now!  
Johnny's gotta problem and he's outta control!  
Johnny's gotta problem and he's outta control!

Johnny's gotta problem he's outta control.  
He's got static on the brain.  
Outta control now.  
Johnny's gotta problem he's outta control.  
He's got static on the brain.

Poppin' little pills like a drug store cowboy.  
Drinkin', smokin' weed like you're one of a kind.  
Doesn't really matter who you take with you.  
Just as long as Johnny feels fine.  
We get fucked up with you.  
Johnny's got a problem.  
ahhhh  
He's outta control.  
Got static on the brain.  
Outta control now.  
Johnny's got a problem  
He's outta control  
Johnny's gotta problem and he's outta control!

Trippin' everyday trippin' deeper and deeper.  
Trip trip trippin' on down the line.  
Doesn't really matter who you take with you.  
Just as long as Johnny feels fine!

Man I ain't got a problem.  
What the fucks wrong with you?  
Go get me a blue and a 12 pack of brew.  
Some chicks who screw that know what to do.  
Plus 2 Quaaludes for when the night's through.

Damn dawg you gettin' faded everynight.  
Drinkin' beers, poppin' pills but it just aint right.  
You need to hold on tight, relax, slow your roll.  
Calm the fuck down 'cuz you're gettin' outta control.

Red light should I stop? Nah!  
Shotgun she got lock jaw.  
See I live make my own laws.  
And ima win at all costs.

Johnny's got a problem and I think he's gettin lost.  
Everynight doin' somethin different looking ??  
No time to chill always thinkin' somethins missin'.  
The voice in his head, I call it his addiction.

Johnnys got a problem  
Johnnys got a problem  
Johnnys got a problem  
And he's out of control

I need a sit 'cuz sticky grippin' full throttle.

You stick with me we gonna be tippin' full bottles.  
Ain't this a trip I'm kickin' hittin' on some models.  
Rippin' this shit I sit with chicks that only swallow.  
I take whatchu got, I just don't give a fuck.  
I'm like pacman, I gobble gobble 'em up.  
Fastlane living on the road goin' the wrong way.  
Been up for a week, without no sleep, now that's a long day.

Well the party start's jumpin' and the demon feels funky.  
Can't well it forget if you don't I get grumpy.  
Got him on a leash tied up like a puppy.  
All his friends call him Johnny The Junky.  
Always see him on tilt at the bar fallin' down.  
Always see him at a circle walkin' 'round and 'round.  
Never see him at his house 'cuz he's always out ballin'.  
That's how we know (what?)  
Johnnys got a problem.

A problem, a problem in critical condition.  
The drugs and the drinkin' the suicide mission.  
Oh we just can't afford to have another friend missin'.  
Oh Johnny, oh Johnny why won't you listen?

Johnnys got a problem  
Johnnys got a problem  
Johnnys got a problem  
And he's out of control

Worry bout it bout it bout worry bout