

## Problemz

Slaine

Yo L I think they got a problem. I think I got a problem. A fucking alcohol problem. Yeah.

I ain't on some outer space shit, on some out of place shit  
On some dollar and a dream, penny in a hideaway shit  
Basically case is persuasively being made  
The game has been stagnant, no faces are being changed  
Rearranged saying he's insane is an understatement  
I ain't the boss really, I'm working under Satan  
I'm just playing around but you've begun to hating  
So what you want a verse from me, I got one to take it  
Nowadays everybody's on my dick  
People either love me or they hate me quick  
It's almost like there's nothing I can safely say  
Cause they recognise my voice like I'm Macy Gray  
Hey, let me get this shit straight, I don't ever spit hate  
I ain't racially charged just because my mixtape's name  
Is the White Man Is The Devil by Slaine  
When I say the white man I'm referring to 'caine  
At the same time talking about the shit that I'm saying  
And the circumstances that I gotta live everyday  
And I got to work with chances hoping that it might pan out  
But it seems like they're trying to keep this white man out but

I heard you got a problem with everything I do  
Everything I say every fucking day  
I think you got a problem acting this way  
Rapping this way, fuck em anyway

You should not involve em  
Watch what you say, you should just forget what you see  
Cause you don't want a problem  
Oh you gonna have a problem, you gonna have a problem with me

I guess I represent a lifestyle the Bible Belt don't like now  
I'm opposed to these people in the White House  
The whole administration, I'm just a menace to them  
I make offensive music about criminals and drug abusers  
They looking down upon us labelling us thugs and losers  
That's the authority always trying to judge who you is  
But only God can judge me, I'm not a role model  
My body's not drug-free, I drink a whole bottle  
Hit the gas full throttle in an old automobile  
That goes fast with some hoes I know that you know swallow  
I am no model citizen  
Fat fuck and ugly as I ever been, my venom will never end  
My struggle is evidence by my lack of presidents  
Where they say I act like the blackest residents  
Because I pack heaters and I stack amphetamines  
This is your world, this shit is full of crack, Americans  
It ain't a black thing or a white thing  
Or a rap thing, it's just a fight thing  
And everyday is full of sickness, addiction and crime  
That's why I spit the kind of shit, the kind that sticks in your mind

Yo Slaine I feel the same pain (Larry I know you do)  
It is a whole gang of drama I've been going through

You know the money blue, streets full of funny dudes  
If I get to stressing there's no question what I'm gonna do  
What I'm gonna do is make a nigga run his jewels  
Pop in the clip and make him strip right in front of you  
Yeah, I'm on the strip with the blunt and brew  
Quarter past two where them dicks keep coming through  
Three dip creeping in their Taurus dark blue  
Boston we bust em for fifteen to twenty-two  
Have you ever seen a wild nigga wave a gun at you?  
Pistol whip someone in front of you? C'mon  
I'm from where spots get hotter than the middle of the summer do  
Niggas get bodied on the blocks where they hung in groups  
This sounds strange like the pains in my stomach do  
There's boatloads of niggas trying to eat, man I'm hungry too