

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