

Stat Quo, Problems

(Intro)

Uh! Uh! Uh! A-Town! A-Town!
Yeah! Yeah! LT Moe on this motherfucking track nigga!
C'mon! GMM! C'mon! Yeah!
Stat! Quo! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
Uh! Uh! Lotta niggaz talking that bullshit, yeah!
We gon do that and do this here
C'mon! You don't want no motherfucking problem bitch ass nigga
A-Town! Yeah! Uh!

(Verse)

Where you from? I'm from the A hoe
Said I'm out, been bucking on bustas and gettin that pay hoe
Our minds is paid for, hit the blocks like Lego
Keep their hands on the special
Cause they'll show you what tecs do
Them boys is drama driven, raised by the system
Listen, they bust to survive
Your squad be bustin for recognition
Frontin and ass kissin, industry pussy nigga
They gankin your batter before it get to the cookie nigga
Them killas live round here, don't bring your ass down here
Niggaz have a tendency to act up and clown here
Tote thangs, no thang, good their ain't no game down here
Bright white to brown in grand money exchange here
You already know what it is playa, a PD can't save ya
Your time's up, flat line, shorty see ya later
No amount of favors, no amount of paper
Can't stop the inevitable death of a hater

(Chorus - repeat 2x)

And you don't want problems, bitch nigga believe it
Their hand is on the trigger and they ready to squeeze it
So save all that drama, them boys tote armor
I'll have you laying dead right in front of yo mama

(Verse)

News is real folk
You don't wanna make it on there
It's dangerous niggaz wan't warfare playa
Ain't no "oops" "I'm sorry" or "my bad" shit
Skulls split wide open for some dumbass shit
Young wipper snapper flappin his lip
Part of the game is this
They marksmen homes, they don't miss
Cops come, they don't snitch
No witnesses at the crime scene
Just your body leaking at Yao Ming
When the lights go off pimp, the sharks come out
Thangs bang out, bust till ya brains hang out
Come to your house, sitting on your porch where ya live
Waiting till ya come back to the crib
I'm trying to tell ya how
This ain't bout no rap song, it's real life
Can't nobody tell ya what gettin killed, feel like
The trill is trill, the fake is fake
And they don't make bulletproof vests for ya face, YEAH!

(Chorus) (2x)