A Tribe Called Quest, 8 Million Stories

Verse One: Phife Dawg

Went to Carvel to get a milk shake This honey ripped me off for all my loot cakes The car oh yeah there's money in my jacket Somebody broke into my ride and cold macked it Yo tip I tell you man the devil's tryin it But I'm goin to stay strong cause I ain't buyin it Tonight I'm taking Sherry out, I don't have jack to wear You know I gots to look dipped in the fresh new gear Cool I found something so I ironed it I then got caught up on the phone, oh shit I'm fryin it Will someone tell me what did I do to deserve this? I think I'll, pull out my suit for Sunday service My little brother wants Barney, cool I'm gettin it Took him down to Kay-Bee, they ain't sellin it Here we go with the cryin, yo he's throwin fits My blood pressure's blowin up, I can't take the shit Finally got what he wanted now he's good to go Again the ride was smashed, where's my radio? One time the car was in the shop I had to borrow see... They had no mercy on the car they almost killed me Where the hell can Nicki be? I'm gonna smack her up I got the tickets for the Knicks and she cold stood me up I need to hit a honey off, Jarobi pass the phone Pulled out my book of hoes, oh yo Sheila's home Steady smilin like a mother yo I'm read' to bone Went down to hon, she's in the red zone Stressed out more than anyone could ever be Forever tryin to clear the samples for my new LP Everybody knows I go to Georgia often Got on the flight and I ended up in Boston With all these trials and tribulations yo I've been affected And to top it off, Starks got ejected

Refrain: Phife Dawg

Problems, problems, problems, woe is me I'm havin problems, problems, problems..

Verse Two: Phife Dawg

Just last week my girl was stressin me Now her best friend be underssin me Well I was lovin her by the moon ray Now I'm tricking on her like Kinte' (c'mon) Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop Walkin towards the car, here come the damn cops Now I'm station bound for the thai sticks I bought it for my man, I don't believe this shit Coach sat me down from the ball team Cause I was breakin niggaz on the inseams Some niggaz cross town was tryin to stick me All I had was shorts, a dollar fifty Picked up this girl in the hooptie Just because I rhyme she tried to soup me Pay for this, pay for that, loot for nails and hair Who the hell you think I am, Mr. Belvedere? Go and get a bloody job, then can we look cute Even if you give me boots, you'll neva see my loot She wasn't even all of that just another hooker So I turned that ass away, quick like Chucky Booker Sometimes you got put the hoes in their friggin place Just move from in front me with your botty face!

Refrain: Phife Dawg

Problems, problems, problems, Lord knows I'm havin problems, problems, problems, Jesus Christ I'm havin problems, problems, problems, problems, problems, problems.

Yeah
Yeah..
Just lay down your burdens by the riverside
Hah, and you'll be alright, knowhatl'msayin?
Love and peace from Phife for '93, knahmsayin?
Tribe Called Quest, Shaheed and Tip
This is how we flip

My man Muhammad in the house, huh [come on, come on]
Zulu Nation in the house, huh [come on, come on]
SubRoc is in the house, huh [come on, come on]
My man Skeff is in the house, huh [come on, come on]
Jarobi White is in the house, huh [come on, come on]
Bob Power in the house, huh [come on, come on]
My man Eric in the house, huh [come on, come on]
My man Nitro in the house, huh [come on, come on]

Refrain: Q-Tip

Help me out y'all, help me out now Help me out God, I really need ya Help me out now, I really need ya Help me out y'all, help me out now I'm havin problems, help me out now Really need ya, to help me out now Help me out y'all, help me out now Help me out y'all, help me out now Help me out y'all, help me out now Help me out God, I really need ya Havin problems, help me out now.

(help me, help me.....
.....MUHAMMAD!!)