

Jadakiss, Problem Child

(Jada)Load Up

(Hook)

Why can't you be man enough (ahahaha)
to tell me where your coming from (oh oh)
(yea where you at nigga?)
(load up nigga)
(whooo ahahaha)

(Verse 1 = Jada)

Yo, can't really figure this clown out
where is he from Jamaca, Queens, Cali or down south? (where you from?)
and i could let an LA gun hit 'em
but Grape Street already told me you pay 'em to run wit' 'em (?)
i could let a New York knife poke 'em
with 1 of my throw aways but i don't wanna see no cops smoke 'em
uh somebody tell Pa we ridin' (we ridin')
and get read to auction of the car he die in (Ebay)
whenever we bump heads, since you like havin' people witchu
getchu a hospital with bunk beds (hahaha)
without Dr.Dre you would just make slow jams
come up outta that witness protection program (??)
Hov don't really respect you, get in ya place
if Big was alive he'da probably spit in ya face
Nas been doin' just fine without you (esco)
and pac probably woulda made an album about you (yea)
so i guess that just leaves me here to get rid of you
and Rakim an 'em they don't even consider you (uh uh)
Em know you aint got nothin' for jada (nothin')
and i know he appreciates all the money you made 'em
it's two thousand and 5 nobody fights fair (uh uh)
i just know an instrumentals ya worse nightmare
but you tough and you bad too bad you mad (yea)
probably been in ya own hood more than you have (ok)
yea you sold more records than me
but in the streets you gon' always be second to me
we was damn near feelin' you (uh huh)
even though ya careers is based on somebody damn near killin' you
shit you be doin' aint even considered rappin' to us (nah)
this is probably the best thing to happen to us
the best wanksta, internet gangsta, magazine mobster
shit on ya whole roster (uh)
get ready to say hail mary's and our fathers
get out ya black suits and hard bottoms
haha and don't worry i got 'em
he aint a problem child just a child with a problem (D-Block ahaha)

(Hook)

(ahaha)

Why can't you be man enough (we love it nigga)
to tell me where your coming from (lets go)
(0-5)(SP)

(Verse 2 = Styles P)

D-Block don't think it nigga (D-Block)
take a piss in ya formula 50, drink it nigga
get shot out the reeboks nigga
got shot and aint shoot nothin' back, yous a biatch nigga (yous a bitch)
if i woulda got shot on grandmas stoop
i'd woulda aired somebody grandma duke, right? (ha)
in the streets they say "50 who shot ya?"
named 3 niggas soon as he came out the doctor (you told 'em)(come on)
and you far from a gangsta nigga
you was talkin' bout yaself when you made wanksta nigga (haha)

listen, why work out cock guns on the DVD (why)
run around with cops from homicide and TNT? (cops)
nigga you can suck my dick
come around without cops shits on you gon' get touched quick (you get touched)
'cause i was at the vibe when it jumped off, put 50 grand up
you pussy you aint even lift a hand up (you didn't do shit)
ya man stabbed somethin', police grabbed somethin'
but besides that i aint see nobody man up (??)
shit what the plot is about? (what?)
'cause you know that you don't need a dentist to get shot in the mouth (uh uh)
and the hood hate ya shit but you hot in the south
it's the crackas that buy the album whats the plottin about? (whats it about)
many men make a wish but we aint many men (uh uh)
so you gon' get death when we let them semis spit (what?)

(Hook)

Why can't you be man enough
to tell me where your coming from...x2