

# 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)