

Problems

Hustle Gang

[Intro:]

Fuck ya'll nigga want with a nigga like me man
Eat you nigga for dinner
I'm all on er partner

[Hook:]

Don't get it fucked up
Don't get it fucked up
You know you don't want these problems
Nigga, you know you don't want these problems
Nigga, don't get it fucked up
Don't get it fucked up
You know you don't want these problems
Nigga, you know you don't want these problems

[Verse 1:]

I got a snubnose for you fuck hoes
Steady talkin, til 5 bitch you ain't gon board though
I'm a gangsta bitch, we aimin like you ain't tonight
I ain't ridin with that 5, Shawty show you're right
Me slip, like how?
On the low between us, I'm strapped right now
Yeah, fed case ain't nothing to me
I'm a head case, know that when you run into me
Get money, every G you make it like 100 to me
I'm fresh out for some these niggas, they big dummies to me
Okay? Now get some paper if you wanna play
Have yo head in my hallway for 100K

[Bridge:]

If you know it or you don't
Nigga, this ain't what you want
Keep on playin with me hatin and you ain't gon make it home
If you know it or you don't
Nigga, this ain't what you want
Think cause I went the prison I won't put this pistol to yo dome?

[Hook:]

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[Verse 2:]

It's funny how niggas get hype when they get on stage with a mic
You know I see em bitin the style cool, they still can't deliver it right
I've been killin this shit for so long, I don't remember the height
What's that like? They ain't really bout that life, They ain't really bout t
hat life
No lie on this mike, chillin with habitual whores
Hit er with the hammer like Thor
This ain't no Ford, this a G4 ho, act like you been here before
Open up the suicide doors, like I jumped out the window of the 25th floor

Ready for war, I came out the womb with a sword, cut my umbilical chord
See I'm headin where you ain't never been
We are not the same and that's evident
I make flexin just look so effortless
Hit that celery till I'm hella bit
See these hoes, these hoes ain't celibate
And they ain't hesitant, not at all
For a nigga with a proper drawl, she give me that box like the post office d
ropped it off, and that's real

[Bridge:]

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[Verse 3:]

Damn no Tip, I got these hoes
Live it way, got a sake pose
Covered it like wear ladies flows
New York bitch, real lady clothes
Put em all now, real nigga act
Better put it now
You better go for the Oscars
Cause impostors will get whack niggas that's mobsters
That ain't playing that
Niggas wanna sleep, I lay em down
Shinin', you see the ray around, no recess in this circle
We don't play around
With my zig-zags I J down this motherfucker real quick
Cause life be her bitch
Will I'm gon serve hers big dick
Boy this Compton, driving lane
Me and ya'll, it's bout the same
Same nigga without the game
Keep shit, it ain't potty trained
Big bucks like a Shawty bang, bad boy with that naughty chain
Big stripes like referees but home boy this is not a game
So... break bread with the real bruh
Make sure you live life till it kill ya
Drop another molly in my tequila
Till my life in my dreams looks familiar

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[Verse 4:]

Off the drama and I'm back nigga
Still a king and that's a fact nigga
Fuck talkin, I'm that nigga
That's one deep, no pact nigga
Bad boy, no act nigga
No internet, but I'm at niggas
New McLaren, all black nigga
That's front sealed up like Shaq nigga
In the game but don't play round
Try this shit with me - you get layed down
I stick and move, I don't stay round
Make the hardest nigga turn greyhound
I don't talk the talk, I just run shit
How you think you're me but ain't the shit
Could go bananas on some shit
I keep a team on that dumb shit
I keep a strap that just might clap
Money low and I might trap
Yea I'm on it, fuck my opponent
He run up on me, I might snap
Got me feelin like fuck em
I'm face to face, I don't duck em
My heat in hand, I don't tuck em
I don't body bag em, I stuff em
With hot shit, hot shit
Yea I'm talkin bout hot shit
With heavy metal, I rock shit
Til showin bove but you not shit
I go for real, just ask tip
I green light my clique trip
Six niggas hoppin out one whip
Go to reconstructing your whole hip

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[Verse 5:]

I'm a down shore baller, ATL stunner
Bitch leave me I'm a take everything from er
Please try a nigga where I'm from with that drama
So we can fire pistols at yo goddamn mama
Let me find out, you layin on me for riches
Cut his head off, leave his forehead in the kitchen
One o' your eye balls on the stove, the other missin
I think his head exploded, that nigga teeth in the dishes
Hey when you learned that as pong I learned this shit in the trenches
I am at a nigga just like Twitter, follow my mentions
4-4 deuce cutless, deuce buttnicks extensions
And you can hustle on main street, TKT gave you permission

[Bridge:]

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