

# Like Whaaat

## Problem

[Verse 1: Problem]

Who dat, talkin' bout, who dat?  
Run up on me, you'll get your ass beat blue black  
Go on get nerve, I'm off the curb  
Push mountains of herb, you niggas already heard  
The bro Berg keep a pistol gripped pump on his lap at all times  
Wherever, however, 'cause young niggas they trying  
See 'em and be like "huh, nigga, what?"  
"Huh? Give a fuck like what?"  
Hell yeah, this the remix, we comin' harder than cement  
...to they nose, no Kleenex  
Shining like the sun, no Phoenix  
Diamond Lane gang wear it big, no 3X (free Miller?)  
You gangbangin' foolie chucker  
...still good on the block, Timmy Duncan...  
...labels can't advance me...  
That Cali... got Diddy dancing

[Hook]

Aye, I'm just doing my thang  
Fingers in the sky, banging my gang, like...  
Ooh... go on, fall back  
'Cause you don't want no problems like that  
'Cause we gon' be like "huh, nigga, what?"  
Huh? Give a fuck, nigga, what?  
A nigga be like "huh, nigga, what?"  
"Huh? Give a fuck, nigga, what?"

[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]

What's Mackin 30, under 30  
I'm a young rich black man  
What's happening  
No it's ain't Taylor less my hands is in  
Grands I'mma spend, grams put them in  
Seen that Bombay, ran from the gin  
Staying low key, still they know me  
Smoking OG, and I blow it by the O-Z  
Fader, please  
I'm getting stupid high, me and B-R-O-B  
My Js super old, Rick Owens, no sleeves  
We at the after-party, you can brig you own weed  
We gon' take shots until someone has to drive us home  
Come from a place where they do tote that chrome  
Smile on they face, but ain't nothing a game  
Stacking that paper, don't get in their way  
Or Rat-tat-tat

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Chris Brown]

Ok it's OHB sir, bag bag  
I got an ounce of that bounce in a Glad bag  
Molly fucking up my liver, got a bad back  
And if you trying to fuck with her, I'mma tax that  
...all on the floor, I'm trynna pour it up  
Lean on my.... so slow it up  
And the police trynna pull up on the scene

Then they ask you what you seen  
Right behind me that's the drum line  
All you hear is 'brat, brat', hit it one time  
Punch line, nigga had bread since the lunch line  
I can put some soldiers on the front line  
Open season, just give me the reason  
To bust, and just let it squeeze and  
My rope-a-dope is the meanest  
I box you up in the freezer  
Comatose, paraplegic  
I'm dodging the misdemeanors  
Hoping I don't get subpoenas

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Tyga]

Huh? banging out the truck  
I'm T-Raww, bitch, go on let a nigga...  
Huh? you heard what I said  
Your bitch is a bird, but I don't give her bread  
What? Problem pass the weed  
These niggas claim they ballin'  
Then why they clothes free?  
Cause motherfuckers cheap  
Like a nosebleed seat  
You ain't gotta go to Miami to feel the heat  
LA, burner to your belly  
My niggas OGs, keep the burner in the telly  
Getting head till it ache, that's a motherfucking headache  
Do this shit tonight, send it straight to felly felly  
Why? I'm selling dreams, the money team  
...but they ain't got no fiends  
Got the juice and the cream  
Wu-Tang, Raheim  
I'm a money, money, money machine

[Hook]

[Verse 5: Master P]

Probably getting paper  
Don't fuck with you broke niggas, you haters  
Like D. Howard with the motherfucking Lakers  
I represent the street, No Limit is the label  
Throw your hoods up, where you from?  
We in this bitch deep  
And niggas get dumb  
Niggas in the back poppin' bottles  
...throwing dollars  
Louis V down from my head to my toes  
C-Murder in the pen, and that iron getting swol'  
Never gave a fuck 'bout no niggas wanna hate  
Keep the chopper in the car, case I wanna play  
She showed me the... call that... Dhali  
I know she a freak, cause she gone off molly  
Pushing 160 when I'm riding in the go  
You ain't from round here, better walk slow

[Hook]