

# Wild Nights

## Problem

What

Watch these hoes, they quick to tell you what these bums say  
Shut your trap, bitch, you messy as a subway  
Where I'm from, B.S. only end one ways  
It's all good 'til that pillow talk turn to gunplay  
Niggas should feel gay askin' 'bout another man  
Give you the finger, then I knock you with the other hand  
Fuck them clicks, fuck them likes, I'm the top rhymin'  
Long way from Sacks eatin' Top Ramen  
Just gettin' high, yeah, it's time to bring them cars out  
Need to smoke, little decks, pull them cards out  
You best be ready if you tryna go the war route  
Everybody get shot, you would think we bought a bar out  
Baby schooled me, now we zoomin' up Mulholland Drive  
Look my way, she tried to trip, told her, "Shut up and drive"  
She knew to listen, other bitches blowin' up my phone  
She started yellin', told her, "Quick, you better watch your tone"  
In the car, P don't argue 'less it's 'bout the bread  
Ain't 'bout shit without the chips, like a county spread  
Hit your baby momma house, had her spread her legs  
Bust my nut and then I dip before she make the bed  
Yeah, I'm a dawg but the Eagle bark  
[?] butcher but I'll make 'em tear your meat apart  
Ferrari swervin', pull up servin' all you garbage cans  
Hit the stash, one hunnid grand in a target bag

We used to play the hill cat, birdie BMW  
Bottles and free dope'll have these bitches lovin' you  
Shipment just came in, active, go pick it up  
We got the best grey, yeah, they try to skip it up

The money good but I'm feelin' funny inside  
Swear I ain't been the same since Jen died  
Since the funeral, I cried like ten times  
I still ain't over it, if I could keep it ten dimes  
Drop my eyes, keep it movin', I got bags to get  
Smellin' like weed in a boujeest establishments  
You girl a bop though I didn't, yeah, I coulda hit her  
Coke head, you shoulda seen how that sugar hit her

Loud pipes, wild nights, shorty, that's my life  
I take one 'fore I let you take one for me  
Shoutout my homie, Gizzle, she's a fresh ass \*bleep\*  
I fuck all the hoes, please save some for me

Yeah, it's all about the money, man, these niggas don't matter  
Rich or broke, poor or rich, man, these niggas gon' chatter  
Baby tryna come up so she lookin' for ladders  
Beef time, yeah, I swear we put these niggas on platters  
And eat 'em up  
Instead of shootin' niggas, yeah, I'd rather beat 'em up  
'Cause if we pop, nigga's gon' tell and we gon' be in cuffs  
Diamond Lane, we for playin', it's just me and luck  
Niggas like us 'cause we been on their song, let's keep it buck  
I was livin' in my Honda with my first born  
Took a tax, it came as me like a good porn  
Jaylen came then my temper made it change some

Studio on Derm, pull my shotty out on day ones

Had to let these niggas know I'm on that dumb shit  
You come in here and disrepect me, I'ma bust this  
I'ma give it to you raw like a slap, bitch

Problem, the one nigga y'all don't wanna fuck with  
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