

## Problematic

Aystar

Times were hard as a kid  
We was little shits runnin' round on the strip shottin' bits  
Gettin older watchin' all the olders do their shit  
Thinkin' yeah we wanna put the work in and get the food and flip  
Then we started doin' that  
Just me and the crew an' that  
And then the 5-0 and little haters tried to ruin that  
But they ain't doin' that  
So we switched it up and started dodgin' all the plod and fuckin' robbin' al  
l the thugs  
Cause I'm a problem  
A problem that don't need solvin'  
Any problem that needs solvin' I'll just come with that revolver  
Aim watch [?] revolver  
Take your homeboy out his golf  
And dump him in the sea  
And golf him with the 45 colt him  
If hes runnin...  
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Aim watch? revolver  
Take your homeboy out his golf  
And dump him in the sea  
And golf him with the 45 colt him  
If hes runnin  
Know that shit'll halt him  
He ain't winning here  
Hes losing here like hes maltin'  
I'm too sick, I'm just revoltin'  
In a GTI with 2 sticks, I'm gonna golf him  
First of all let me big up Zdot  
Because this beat makes me wanna go and dish out head tops  
Start squeezin on a pistol (bang) until the lead stops  
No rastaman ting I'm clappin' 'til the dread locks  
Shakeel was done there when I let that 9 pop  
Started bustin' through cars  
Tryna hit man's head top  
No gloves or no bally  
It weren't a pre-planned situation  
Normally I'm masked up like I'm Jason  
Man come on us to talk about they had a MAC on them  
I had a 9 on me so of course I'm gonna clap on them  
It's either me or you, and it's you, not me  
RIP to you if we've got beef  
Cause if I catch you in the streets  
When the strap's filled with teeth, then its peak

I'll make a nigga drop like a leaf  
Look, trust I ain't a pum pum  
The straps filled with dum dums  
If I buss through your window it might end up hittin mum's mums  
An' now your nan's touched and your son's slumped  
Plod can't link me to the firearm because the gun's dumped  
Minor though we got the shotty there and that gun's pumped  
So if you want it you can have it all in a lump sum, pop

Pour Henny for my niggas in the grave  
Lick shots for my niggas in the cage  
Got 8 in the gat, 6 in the spinners, 12 in the gague  
Prepared for the snakes, [?]

I'm on a general ting  
Man'll give the order  
Release [?] man in  
No badabing bullshit  
10 Aystars with the dog and the full clip  
Tell him take charge press hard 'til they forfeit  
Make the floor split, spin barrel orbit  
Tell him be calm, treason your lordship  
Warship, kickin off your door with  
A bagaman Taliban and bomb your whole fortress  
Of course it's, driven by poor shit  
Comin from the bottom tryna spin off in a Porsche whip  
Fuck talkin', slugs for informers  
Runnin up the guns'll have you runnin' from the forfeit  
I've got a drummer with a full kit  
But no Keith Moon, just my brother holdin' 2 sticks  
True shit. loose lips move ship  
Sail away, [?] makes crews sick  
Aye aye captain, shots fly at him  
Make a boy backspin, when the 8 slaps him  
He's got chalk no cue stick  
'Ca my dogs don't cause no [?]  
Stupid, fuckin with the movment  
Well make his mum move when we find out where this yout lives  
Bam bam bam  
Send Aystar with the dog on the [?]