

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...
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
Know that shit'll halt him
He ain't winning here
Hes losing here like hes maltin'
I'm too sick, I'm just revolting'
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 forefeit
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 [?]