AMERICA HAS A PROBLEM

Beyoncé

America, America has a problem

Heard you got that D for me
Pray your love is deep for me
I'ma make you go weak for me
Make you wait a whole week for me
I see you watching, fiending
I know you want it, scheming
I know you need it, drug lord
You want it on you? Don't I know
You need love, I need some too
Do you want this like it wants you?

Know that booty gon' do what it want to
Can't hit it one time, multiple
I know you see these rack-rack-racks on me
Now come and get hi-i-i-i-i-igh
Twenty, forty, eighty out the trap, hit it with the rap
Put it on the map, then we right back
Call me when you wanna get hi-i-i-igh
Tony Montana with the racks
Ivy P on my bag, double G's on my dash
Nigga, I'm bad, I'm bad
Tell me when you wanna get hi-i-i-igh

Boy, you can't get no higher than this, no
'Cause love don't get no higher than this, no, no

Grind (Grind)
Boy, you know I grind (Grind)
When I pull up these jeans, you're mine (When I pull up these jeans, you're mine)
You're mine (You're mine, you're mine)
When I step on the scene, they
Can't wait to back it up
Your ex-dealer dope, but it ain't crack enough
I'm supplying my man, I'm in demand soon as I land
Just know I roll with them goons in case you start acting familiar
This kind of love, big business, whole slab, I kill for

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'Cause love don't get no higher than this, no, no (Higher)

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