

Fuckin Problems

Busta Rhymes

I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin' problem
And yeah I like to fuck, I got a fuckin' problem
I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin' problem
And yeah I like to fuck I got a fuckin' problem
I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin' problem
And yeah I like to fuck, I got a fuckin' problem
If finding somebody real is your fuckin' problem
Bring ya girls to the crib maybe we can solve it

What they sayin', though? Talk to me, boo
Tell me what you and your bitches really wanna do
We just met, and I like to fuck, in case she never knew
Beat up the pussy on the balcony - better view
Go ahead and suck that dick - but never chew
No need to leave your girls out, you can bring 'em too
Ass bouncin' on a nigga like a kangaroo
From One Oak to Greenhouse on Avenue
Fuck 'em 'til they in a coma and they got a clue
Smellin' the pussy aroma, what you tryin' to prove?
Massive-ass orgy in the fountain, blue
Still spendin' money from my deal with Mountain Dew
I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin' problem
Especially when I got a lot of fuckin' options
Bid on the baddest bitches like a fuckin' auction
I need a new endorsement from a fuckin' condom

Watch me...
J-Doe

Yeah, fuckin' bad bitches is my fuckin' problem
I don't know one fly nigga who ain't fuckin' got it
Same issue that I'm havin' which is fuckin' awesome
Why this fuckin' problem even considered a fuckin' problem?
Yeah I'm fuckin' bad bitches from LA to Boston
New York City, Kansas City, all the way to Austin
Texas, one look at my necklace, she hop on my checklist
Fuck her and her best friend
And my flow is infectious, I should be arrested
I'm young and I'm reckless, you must have a death wish
If you try to go against me, nigga
I'll put you and your career under six feet, nigga
I see no contender unless I'm lookin' in the mirror
Told your girl come surrender, tomorrow I don't remember
Gotta fallout like November, but I'm colder than December
Got money on my agenda come and roll on this adventure
Ma'fucka, I beast!