

Problem

Chris Webby

I was coming down, I was switching lanes
I do it real big, that'll never change
Switchin' old schools, catchin' private planes
I'm a beast, I'm a dog, I'm a mothafuckin' problem
Hip-Hop, what you know about it?
I murder everything, how could you ever doubt it?
Bitch I do this shit for real, when you see me shout it
I'm a beast, I'm a dog, I'm a mothafuckin' problem

I'll get your girl's head spinnin' 'til that bitch is dizzy
Shot glass full and I'll tip it quickly
Shouts to Big K.R.I.T. in Mississippi
On my hustle, word to Nipsey
Back here to rip beats, that's what it is see
Gone for a second but I'm back, did you miss me?
Bomb on a record with the sack of the piff, B
Bomb any record when I snap and it hits me
You'll get chewed like a frisbee
I'm a rottweiler bitch and my leash isn't with me
I need a priest to forgive me
For the sins I commit from CT to Sydney
Jesus, indeed a psychopath
And not a goddamn soul could write this fast
Not a damn soul know how to write this track
Shuttin' shit down 'til the lights go black
Kill 'em with subliminals, unhittable
An original criminal with the syllables
Fuck a visual, I'm invisible
10-4: Situation Critical
R-R-Roger that, I b-b-b-body tracks
So all these hatin' copycats can suck my dick and swallow that

It's young Krizzle and I'm certified
Pull up in your lane with the bitch you came with 'fore you get inside
Built tight like a motherfuckin' cutlass on point
With the D's and the window tint
Wood on deck with the chrome on rim
Piled up twice I ain't tripping on nothing
Bitch, you know what this is
Ain't got time to waste
Rather not grind the brakes
Rather just take my bread - get pounds of cake
Get a bitch down to shake, spring up in over head
Plot like chess, grind like skaters
Bring a bitch down like Garcia Y Vega
Must be fine and surround me with paper
League of my own, motherfuck your majors
Now I'm back on track
Dark with the flow, black on black
Twenty-four beat, I shat on that
Suburb with the urgin' to hear me rap
Still get love in the hearts of trap
Still hit the Bank and they give me dap
See wherever Big K.R.I.T. been that day
Shit he thought Sugar Ray

Rollin' in ready to fight and throw fists

I had a bad day and I'm pissed so don't trip
You wanna get hit? Then keep runnin' your lip
Because I got a short fuse and it's already lit
About to flip if you say another word to me
Not killin' a beat doesn't occur to me
Not true if they say they never heard of me
If you want me to stop, you better murder me
South to the North, holla back
CT love, I got your back
White boy's here and I rock a rap
Rock my brim low and roll that grass
So cinematic when I rock a beat
Cameras on, and they all on me
With my dude from the South K-R-I-T
If they steppin' in the way then R-I-P
Spittin' heavy dough
Need that fire? Let me know
That's why your girl's Facebook status is a Webby quote
I got 'em, ain't nobody big enough to block 'em
This isn't algebra baby, but I'm a fuckin' problem

[Hook]