

Control Problems

Cozz

Most niggas
Okay

Most niggas that I know got control problems (Yeah-yeah)
I let God handle (I let God)
I let God handle mine (Yeah-yeah)
Even stressed, I be blessed
I got new problems
I let God handle (I do)
I let God handle mine (My man)

You can't damage my, my ego
It's too amplified, my fit
Bitch, it's sanitized, too clean
Wash it in a dryer (Ha)
Most niggas that I know got ho problems (For real)
I let God handle (I do)
I let God handle mine (Yeah, yeah)

And my bitch humb is cattle size (It's big)
Love 'cause all of my tats, I look vandalized (Tatted)
She can tell I've been through hell through my damaged eyes (Suffered)
But I let God handle (I do)
I let God handle mine (My guy)
I take her down better than a toy that's batterized (Batterized)
Lick it down, I make it [?] (Hey)
Rich niggas give her butterflies
But I'm from the bottom like a bag of fries
I had a dime before I had a dime
Money ain't a personality trait
I get for free but niggas had to buy ('Cause they losers)
Ayy, I made no excuses, yeah, I made no alibis (Get it)
Everything I manifested it was fantasized (For real)
Now this feeling that I got, I just can't describe (I'm lit)
Now all I preach is that cheese, yeah, I'm pasteurized (Yeah, yeah, yeah, ye ah)
This bread got my pockets meaty, boy, that sandwhich fire (Woo)
Real shit, holdin' no weed but my hands is hot (We hot)
Ain't nothin' forced 'cause my source it come from the Lord (For real)
You try to force, you a dork, let her be a whore (Ha, ha, ha, ha)

Most niggas that I know got control problems (Problems)
I let God handle (I let God)
I let God handle mine (Yeah-yeah)
Even stressed, I be blessed, I got new problems (For real)
I let God handle (Yeah)
I let God handle mine (Okay)

You can't damage my, my ego
It's too amplified, my fit
Bitch, it's sanitized, too clean (Bitch)
Wash it in a dryer
Most niggas that I know got ho problems (Flex)
I let God handle (Bitch)
I let God handle mine

Niggas playin' with my name on the internet

Thinking 'bout getting 'em whacked, but I ain't sent 'em yet
Catch a homi', do some time
He ain't worth me gettin' into that
So I'ma let God handle mines
One of his other opps'll probably slide
Yeah, that's how we bomin' with the gang
Throwin' up the gang
We got weaks stomachs in that Mulsanne
Ain't gotta speak gang, it speak for me (Gang)
In a Mulsanne with a model thing
She don't eat nothin' (Lil' skinny ho)
I ain't shit, fuck that bitch and dip, I'm for the streets (I'm for the streets)
Never work out with these hoes, they be wantin' more from me (They wantin' more from me)
I don't check in with no bitch, it ain't no parolin' me (Ain't no parolin' me)
Stop bein' a control freak, you can't control me, sippin' (Ain't no controllin' me)
Sippin' hard, livin' large, never really trippin' (Never)
If you ain't richer than me, fuck your advice, I don't listen (Fuck off)
Billion dollar nigga, no one realer, that's the vision (No one)
Forever fuckin' bitches in villas 'cause life's a midget

Most niggas that I know got control problems (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, problems)
I let God handle (I let God)
I let God handle mine (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)
Even stressed, I be blessed, I got new problems (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, for real)
I let God handle (Yeah)
I let God handle mine (Okay)

You can't damage my, my ego
It's too amplified, my fit
Bitch, it's sanitized, too clean (Bitch)
Wash it in a dryer
Most niggas that I know got ho problems (Flex)
I let God handle (Bitch)
I let God handle mine

Ha, haha, haha, [?]