

\$\$\$ PROBLEMS

Homixide Gang

(YP, this bangs)
Uh (Uh), uh, uh, uh, uh
YP, YP, YP, YP, YP

I don't have no money problems
All my bags is filled up with dollars
I'm poppin' tags, switching swag, yeah, you know we rockin'
I got automatics and this shit had come straight from the doctor
Just let us know, we'll pull up on the scene
It's foreign, back to back, we made it out, we found a way
And we ain't never goin' back
Talkin' to my nigga, tell him we gotta go to Japan
We count this money for hours straight, this shit hurtin' my hands
Diamonds on me, stack like towers
Yeah, my boots on steroids, they Balenciaga
This drip we rockin' one-of-one, I can't even pronounce it
It's not in store, huh, so don't try to go find it (Huh)

We ain't havin' no money problems
We like to run it up, yeah, we get big bucks
Rock out the show in Japan, we rock out the show in Thailand
We havin' Givenchy, what ya sayin'?
We havin' this shit in our pants
Hey, hunnids, fifties, and thousands, we gettin'
We spendin' this shit on a lil' body-body
Hey, Goyard bag for my luggage
Bitch wanna see me, she said that she love me
Hold on, I gotta get this cash
I run it up fast, I might see jetlag, ayy
I'm on a jet, it's fast, they say it's a Leer
I'm talkin' to the pilot, he say that we here
Hit in the bedroom, I'm pullin' her hair
She like it like just right here
Dress in all black, I'm Opium, yeah
I'm a rockstar villain, for real
Told baby, I don't wanna see no tears
I'm a rockstar, ready to kill
And I be on point, I look both ways
And I look in my rear view, for real, yeah

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