Problems

Horse Head

Thraxxhouse!

And now there's nothing left to do but get this money
So I pretend not to hear them when they call me
I feel like my friends they're disappearing one by one
But I got problems of my own to fuckin' deal with

Find me on my phone, in the club in the back
Fake friends want me, only call me when they need something fro
m me
Shorty want to be next to me and DRP
If you only want my dough, you a fake-ass ho
Why you only call me when you need something from me?
I'ma just count this money
I'ma just stack this money
Nothin' funny 'bout a fake friend, all they do is take shit
Tell it to your face, then go and do the opposite
Right behind your back, they'll stab you in the back like that

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Lose friends overnight, yeah, I do it
To my crew, yeah, we all goin' through it
I don't got cheddar time for a friend
I swear to God, I'll be your own 'til the end
Thraxxhouse niggas, yeah, we gettin' real slim
Pull up on little baby, yeah, she tryin' to hop in (skrrt)
So many problems that I never deal with'
If I pull the trigger, will you keep my name lit?
Now there's nothin' left to do except get rich (brr, brr)
Only time I feel alive is your ice-cold lips
One of your fake friends sittin' in the backseat
You're the only nigga that I'm callin'
My friends go one by one
I miss witch house so much, fuck

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