

Do We Have A Problem?

Lil Baby

I just told P this really nigga's worst nightmare, man
They don't wanna see Lil' Baby with the Barbie

Tell 'em my Nina my bitch she a rider
I got a shooter right now got a driver
They want that heat I'm the only provider
Little bad foreign bitch word to Fivo
Niggas know the vibes that's worth a five, yo
Beef we 'bout to resolve, yo
Pull up on a opp, do we have a problem?

Hold up shorty, hold up bitch, please don't touch me
Look at my fit, look at my ankle, look at my wrist
This one a pack, this one a brick
That one a opp, that one a lick
This one for Pop, this one for Juice
I am the one, bitch you a deuce
Niggas give it up in my city
Really shed blood in my city (Get love in my city)
Niggas will son your whole set like it's around six
Clips, whole team get flyer than round trips, bitch
She still spying on my flicks, he admiring my drip
Check what I do, the check will clear too
Pull up like a drive through, so check your rear view

I don't care how long it take to get a opp back
All my niggas outside, steak bitch we outback
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Ay yo, Baby, let's go

2022, I'm coming through in that new shit
How we opps you see me and you don't do shit
I done really trapped in the Carter, I got the blueprint
Gotta read department, we shopping I like the loose fit
What's the point of having this muscle if you don't use it?
I play the game to win, I'm not losing
Opps know my address, I'm not moving
Brodie know to take it to trial, they gotta prove it
She gets what she wants when we screwing
I'm on point I know what I'm doing
Way too smart to act like I'm stupid
I get my advice from Mike Rubin
I'm not by myself, my whole crew lit
Next year Chanel, I put her in that new print
It is what it is I can't make no excuses, I hit the whole group
Do that make me a groupie?
Balenciaga coat this is not Gucci

We went city to city in bullet proofs
You can't run with my gang, they'll bully you
Been had switches I know what them fullys do
I'm a vibe let me know what you wanna do
Ain't no fun by yourself, bring a friend or two

We be Minaj-ing that boost up his ego

She a lil' demon off that Casamigos
Yeah, Baby

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There's no auto tune on me is there? (Nope)

Don't mean the rapper when I say bitches ride the wave
Flooding my watch but ain't giving a clown the time of day
Ain't talking Christmas, wouldn't holla in my holla days
I fuck with niggas that be shooting at they opps for days
Trust me
They gon' let me know
They gon' rep me when they catch you lacking
That forty-five special flow
They gon' wet you, yo
Yes, I'm always good for the bag
Niggas gon' hop out on that ass ski mask

Heavy on the ski mask too
And the ski mask ain't for the pan-demi
It go with the semi, paid a pretty damn penny