

# Problems

Lil Durk

Aight, this round two right here  
Or you could say two-point-give  
But this that Get Back Gang shit, you feel me?  
For real

Now who tryna fuck around? (Who?)  
Fuck with us and get fucked around  
Headshots if you duckin' down (Boom)  
Then we shoot at the fuckin' ground  
See, folks 'nem be killin' shit (Whacked)  
Whack the target and the witnesses (Whacked)  
We don't believe in no half dones  
We start somethin', then we finish it (Huh)  
If it's beef, then we gotta cook it  
Killin' niggas a hobby to me (It is)  
I got shorties that's loyal, them boys catchin' bodies for me (For real)

See, niggas be 'flauging (They 'flauge)  
Like they want some problems (They don't, problems)  
But that ain't no problem (For real)  
My niggas, they starvin' (They starvin')  
Them niggas is monsters (They is)  
With the glizzies they marchin' (Boom, boom)  
And if you actin' retarded  
Then pistols get sparkin' (They do)  
Ain't talkin' revolvers  
Spot 'em, I got 'em (I got 'em)  
I gotta problem, I solve it  
I take 'em out like the garbage  
See, they catchin' bodies for me, me (They is)  
They catchin' bodies for me, me (My kids)  
They catchin' bodies for me, me (My soul)  
Do not get bodied for me (Bitch)

Bitch, all I know is the hard way (For real)  
Any action we part take (We do)  
Well protected like All State (For real)  
We got chopper like Harley (We do)  
Might shoot up the party  
Then we're chillin' in hallways  
Hit a nigga in the back of his head  
Leave his dreads like a bald fade (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Shots fired, niggas panickin'  
Bodies droppin', niggas scramblin' (Get out of there)  
Leave him stiff like a mannequin  
No need for a ambulance (Huh)  
Free Zoo, boy, we all gorillas (Free him)  
We be shootin' at all the killers (We do)  
And my killers, we all familiar (They is)  
You get killed if you not familiar (Who is you?)  
Out the way when we come through (Move)  
Still in the way, then we slump you (Boom)  
Hockey sticks and them drums too  
Chopper sound like a drum too (Brrah, boom)  
All I know is murk niggas  
We be comin' like the purge, nigga  
Tweak in the streets and your ass get left on the curb, nigga (Fuck you thou

ght, bitch?)

See, niggas be 'flauging  
Like they want some problems  
But that ain't no problem  
My niggas, they starvin' (Okay)  
Them niggas is monsters  
With the glizzies they marchin'  
And if you actin' retarded (For real)  
Then pistols get sparkin' (Get killed)  
Ain't talkin' revolvers (For real)  
Spot 'em, I got 'em  
I gotta problem, I solve it  
I take 'em out like the garbage  
See, they catchin' bodies for me, me (They is)  
They catchin' bodies for me, me (They is)  
They catchin' bodies for me, me (My shorties)  
They catchin' bodies for me, me (My kids)  
Do not get bodied for me, me  
Do not get bodied for me, me (Please, for real)  
Do not get bodied for me (Please)  
'Cause they catchin' bodies for me (They is)

Do or die, do or die, nigga  
Who gon' ride, who gon' ride, nigga?  
Tell the truth, don't lie, nigga  
Homicide at your side, nigga  
Readin' you them lines, nigga  
You better lie, nigga  
'Cause if they trick you, you gon' die, nigga  
For real, for real  
Shoot to kill  
For real, for real