

Fuckin' Problem

Lil' Wayne

I love all my bitches
That's my fuckin' problem
A 2 dollar bill is still a couple dollars
And if any one of them niggas got a fuckin' problem
I'mma milk all of 'em
Cause they fuckin' cowards
I love red bitches
There's just something 'bout 'em
But I'm gettin' better pussy from a brown one
Been schoolin' y'all niggas, I'm your alma mater
I'm the shit
Where the fly swatter

I know you likin' who you eatin' on
Make me think about all them nights we got a threesome on
Make me think about how you suck it like your teeth are gone
If your friends hatin' on you, fuck 'em
To each his own, yessir
I do my drugs then I sleep 'em off
Like it just be callin' me
I need to turn my ringer off
Ain't a fuckin' singalong
Unless you brought the weed along
That kush, okay I got that kush
Cop pounds and put my people on
We can take the stairs up to the stars
That's where we belong
Fuck that shit you talk
I beat that pussy like production
Or like Rocky, beat the Russian
Or like Jordan, beat the buzzer
Nigga, gimme what you've got
Take that money like an usher
One man band, all you hear is repercussion
Told a bitch, too much selfish gonna lead to self destruction
She looked me in my eyes and said
Man, I ain't worried 'bout nothin'
I said shorty, you a beast

I love bad bitches
Okay, what's the problem
If she thinks she gonna come up
I'mma fuckin' drown her
I'm wildin' in public schools and public housing
Can't afford failure, I'm just browsing
I was 15 with \$100,000
And if you talk trash
I'mma fuckin' possum?
And nigga, if your bitch got eye problem
You know what it is, armed robbery.
Tunechi

I heard 'em tell me "Go get 'em, young"
I haven't seen a movie since I started livin' one
I be in a room full of bitches gettin' drunk
Smokin' like a point guard, no look, passin' blunts
Fuck you talkin' 'bout? Euro, this and that,

Wanna walk in these shoes? Have the outfit to match
And niggas schemin' on what I had, but
We gon' put money in the bag or a body in the bag (You choose)
And all these new bitches old news
Throwin' stacks at 'em like "That's prolly gon' bruise"
And every dream girl that I fucked came true
Now every night feels like deja vu
And the hatin's no use, she ain't waitin' on you
I tell a baby, "Tell ya man kick rocks with no shoes"
And I murder that pussy, and I ain't leave a clue
Cause I put her on her knees and made her swallow all the proof
That sick shit, a mill, yeah, I'm a fuckin' problem
I'm fine wit' it, though, bitches like fuckin' problems
And I can't solve shit if I'm the fuckin' problem
Just know I got 'em, let me know if there's a fuckin' problem
Out the city, but you can't take the city out 'em
I know these hoes well, see the water spittin' out 'em?
Long story short, money always colorblind
She blew the team for some Red Bottoms
(Euro)

I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin' problem
Had a few ugly bitches, but I had to hide 'em
Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em
Can't trust them hoes poking holes up in condoms
Put her ass on a brush, she a supermodel
If you swallow these kids, do that make you childish?
Now she say I got a fuckin' problem
Because I fucked her once and gave a fuck about her
Her hair blown out like the 80s
I drive these bitches crazy, mental asylum, she'll pay me
I ain't looking for a lady, call was meant to get you Hitch
I ain't looking for a wife, I need a one night trick
That can ride it like that, suck it like this
Hit it from the back in the back of the whip
I'm a Mac, I'm a pimp girl
You don't need make up with a Mac on your lips
She drive a X5, beefin' with her ex man
Baby I'm a dog and a DMX fan
Told myself I wouldn't mess with my ex again
Popped a lil' x then I tried to explain
I keep it too real to ever be a lame
Too many girls in this world, y'all can be lame
She all on my dick cause I got street fame
Tell that thirsty ass bitch don't speak my name
Kidd Kidd, a nut from the 9
Tell 'em: "don't worry 'bout me, I'm just fine"
Girl if you comin' with me then let's ride
See I know you want money, so don't waste my time
Uh, wear that ass out, fuck her till we pass out
Fuck a hotel, we goin' to my mans house
Scratch that, your baby mama was an amp tray
We treat that pussy like some good weed and pass that yay
To my niggas, she fuck my niggas
Bought some bitches and she was wit' it
With you she wasn't, but she did it
She let you lick it, but never stick it
You be trippin', you say you fallen', nigga you slippin'
Uh, stupid ass nigga tryna fall in love
If I fall it's gon' be from too many drugs
You asking questions 'bout what she was
With the Rida Gang, she told you in the club
Hahaha