

Issues

Luniz

I think it was Friday night, I met her at the club
Apple Martini-ed up, smokin bud with my thugs
Then yo yo, there she was, très bon booty Like Beyoncé no fiancé, let's keep
in touch

I wanted to beat it up, cause she was a superbad
I mean with all that ass, same night hit it that fast
We at her mega pad, still diggin like a sav'
We poppin x tabs, the head was extra lav'
But this her baby dad and he don't live with her
And at his grandma's pad they left the kids with her
So that explains the pictures I see of this nigga
She says she's low on scrilla, she wanted gifts for her
So she can get her nails done and get her weave fixed
And I can't stand no nappy hair bitch
And so I break off bread, nothin but pocket change
She blew my socks again and then I hopped in the Range
And then she kept on askin for bread, like everyday
"My children need some aspirine, I got some bills to day"
Now what am I to say, cause Yuk, he love the kids
Puffy sell millions, but Yuk, he love the kids
So I broke off bread, I did it for the kids
Never trust a bitch, never think Yuk a trick
I got the slut dismissed, she got the dismissal
I ain't fuckin with you, bitch, you got too many issues

You got too many issues
Here, let me get you some tissue
No, I don't mean to diss you
But you want me to give you some money, quit actin funny
Baby girl

Time after time, rhyme after rhyme
I look around, some hoe after mine
But I'm just steady on the low, steady 'bout my flow
Why try to keep a hoe steady when they be steady wantin mo'?
I don't want no hoe all on my back, all up in my sack
Before I burn one, at every corner that I turn on
Hoe, get a life boppin all night like you a nigga
Need to be at home with yo damn children
Like that shit was cool, well ain't shit cool
About your children missin school
Because you done cut a fool at the club last night
And you ain't six
Ran into a couple of ballers cappin like you broke them tricks
But them tricks make cheese, they pop bottles for fun
And you'll fuck one just to say you fucked one
How dumb can one get, didn't even break bread to get with you
And walkin round like you the fuckin shit, bitch, you got too many issues

Bitch, you get rotated through every crew like a tire from BF Goodridge
Cause you 21 now, what, you actin like a good bitch?
I'm tryin to get my nigga sucked cause he from outta town
You just suck his dick while I weigh out the pounds and then you out
What you mean you don't know, don't you need a little bread?
You can feed a starvin child for just a little bit of head
You suck a broke nigga dick but won't suck a rich nigga
He a white boy, little man, limp dick nigga

Three minutes and you gone, then I hit you at your home
Give you a little for your pocket, now your weekend is on
I don't understand, huh? Then why the fuck I'm talkin?
Matter fact I'm wastin time, huh, bitch, get to walkin
You try to help a rat bitch, she'll diss you on some wack shit
You weigh 125, how you still lookin fat, bitch?
Save them cheap yeah, I'm tryin to diss you
You a broke-ass, think-you-bad bitch and you got too many issues

Nigga, fuck yo broke ass
You ain't got no muthafuckin money anyway, nigga
Don't come over here talkin about I got issues
You got issues
Nigga, you rollin on stop
So don't even try to come over here
Either you pay me or don't pay me no muthafuckin attention
So ehm that's all this about over here
When you look my way I already know you gots to pay
All this issue shit, you can take that shit to the next bitch
I ain't the one, nigga
Please
Please believe it
Fuck that
Pay me
Yeah I got issues, so what?
I'm tryin to get fly, youknowsayin
I'm tryin to go to the Century Club
I need \$100 on my hair
I need uh 50 to go the nail shop
I need 200 for that new Iceberg make-up
So uh, what you workin with?
Shit, I'm a real bitch
Yeah
And I need to get my car washed
As a matter of fact, I'm tryin to roll yo shit
Don't you got a Jag or somethin?
Yeah, I'm tryin to roll yo shit, nigga
On the real, me and all my muthafuckin homegirls
We comin to the party...