

# Problem

Meek Mill

Static, it's gon' be, it's gon' be static for sure  
Cause what, what the rap audience ain't ready for is a real person  
You know what I wanna say, a real N-I-G-G-A  
I'm coming out, I'm 100% real  
I ain't compromising nathing  
Anybody that talk about me got problems  
So, anybody that try to take away the Chasers' money as a whole, they got a problem  
We gon' suffocate

Fresh off the boat, it ain't no stretch on the coat  
We made that money, that money don't make us  
We finna go get it like it was the first  
And niggas is hurt, they say it's a drought and these bitches is thirsty  
Then they make an excuse  
Cause we still up and lit like it's Sunday at church  
Blowing a roll, I got it back, I was down in the O  
All around us, the gold  
Niggas say that they hot like the top of the stove  
Blooded down at my shows, Christian Louboutina  
Look how I switch that new designer, I made my bitches Saint Laurenta  
Hold up, welcome home to Chapo, glad to see you back out  
Since you been on lockdown, we been in the crack drop  
Banana prices back down, we up in the trap house  
Yeah, bout to blow the money like a scammer  
Tell them bitches that I'm going Hammer

It's looking like we got a problem now  
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We put in that work and y'all calling now  
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It's looking like we got a problem now  
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Uh, pull up to Diddy and load up the dirty, so we can go put in some work  
Be with them killers and hang with the hitters, you mention my name and get put on the shirt  
We get the car, we hitting your block  
Bend on that bitch, throw that shit in reverse  
Jump out the van with the drum on the Glock  
Chasing them down, if you trip, you get murked  
Woo, whipping the white with the soda  
Fucking them over I'm fucking with Hova  
I jump out the Phantom, I'm sipping the Fanta  
I bought that new Bentley, and I flooded the Rollie  
All of these niggas know me, all of these bitches, they know I'm O.G  
Come to my city, you know we O.D  
Toting, I see me no rolling on me  
She got all this ass out, I got all this cash out  
I'm a fuck your girl like I love her in my glass house  
She gon' cut you off, nigga, I tell her to never fuck you raw, nigga  
Put a sign on that pussy

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