# Problems

**Migos**

I been balling so long but I don't want no problems
Keep that FN in reach, but I don't want no problems
Hundred thousand worth of crosses, I don't want no problems
I know every lock on Slauson, but I don't want no problems
Pullin up in YSL, these young niggas got problems
They can't see me with that wooly, they gon swear it's a problem
I'm gon slide down your hood when you and your girl having problems
OG bag 'pose to be in, what the world is the problem?

I'm a wrap my money it look like Oprah Winfrey
I'm a sell one of my mansions, everything new but the kitchen
Ain't no cypher, no no wrestler, but I'm wrapping in midget
And I'm master selling them P's, now my money no limit
I got my bed up, I shed up, don't let up, no police, I'm fed up
They cannot forget us, I got your schedule, I fuck up your schedule
I shoot at your head, your dreads, they buy us
You bitches just know it's too hard to get by us
I'm not advertising but boy you can try us
I sang to your bitch and she call me Mariah
I see and read everything round me but bibles
Bugatti I swear, I'm not gonna hurt anybody
I swear I'm not gonna tell anybody
Just get it this molly and stand right beside me
I'm with PeeWee Longway
You know every day a long day
You know I'm not Kanye, but I been rocking since the first day

I see you walking with that sack, I'm a take it like Debo
Me and Thug in the alleyway, we hit em up below
If you tell on my partner DMingo I'm a shoot you like free throw
Run up on my brother Takeoff I'm a whoop you like Rico
Young nigga, young nigga, young nigga
My nigga keep pistols grenades and missiles
My diamonds they cold as icicles I'm trapping and making a deal like a pickl
e
I am the nigga you want to be
My diamonds they black just like Willie B
Niggas in the hood they know me
I walk around with the set, no army
Porsche Panamera, one button, top gone
All these bad bitches, Spanish hoes, Hong Kong
Plug hit my phone (Brrt) I just need a zone
Birds singing like harmony but I don't need a bone

Choppers and uzis, you talking, we're shooting
I'm moving my squad and my family, ain't no recruiting
I do what I do, you know I keep it true
Without throwing on Tru, your religion is fool
Old ass money but the whip brand new
On brand new shoes, got brand new jewels
Whipping that Yayo, looking like mayo
It come from Barbados, my wrist is tornado
I kick it like Kato, hundred round drums
Walking with bombs, serving the junkies they asking for crumbs
And it ain't no problem, got that revolver

Think you a problem, I got to solve you
We ducking police like we felons
Put two hundred on your watermelon
That's your head, or cerebellum
These fuck niggas fake niggas know that they telling
Them tickets them piegons, you know that I sell them
My migo, he hit me, you know that I mail him
If Thug want a pack you know I'm a let him
These fuck niggas ain't special


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