

# 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