Like Whaaat

Problem

[Verse 1: Problem] Who dat, talkin' bout, who dat? Run up on me, you'll get your ass beat blue black Go on get nerve, I'm off the curb Push mountains of herb, you niggas already heard The bro Berg keep a pistol gripped pump on his lap at all times Wherever, however, 'cause young niggas they trying See 'em and be like "huh, nigga, what?" "Huh? Give a fuck like what?" Hell yeah, this the remix, we comin' harder than cement ... to they nose, no Kleenex Shining like the sun, no Phoenix Diamond Lane gang wear it big, no 3X (free Miller?) You gangbangin' foolie chucker ...still good on the block, Timmy Duncan... ...labels can't advance me... That Cali... got Diddy dancing [Hook] Aye, I'm just doing my thang Fingers in the sky, banging my gang, like... Ooh... go on, fall back 'Cause you don't want no problems like that 'Cause we gon' be like "huh, nigga, what?" Huh? Give a fuck, nigga, what? A nigga be like "huh, nigga, what?" "Huh? Give a fuck, nigga, what?" [Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa] What's Mackin 30, under 30 I'm a young rich black man What's happening No it's ain't Taylor less my hands is in Grands I'mma spend, grams put them in Seen that Bombay, ran from the gin Staying low key, still they know me Smoking OG, and I blow it by the O-Z Fader, please I'm getting stupid high, me and B-R-O-B My Js super old, Rick Owens, no sleeves We at the after-party, you can brig you own weed We gon' take shots until someone has to drive us home Come from a place where they do tote that chrome Smile on they face, but ain't nothing a game Stacking that paper, don't get in their way Or Rat-tat-tat [Hook] [Verse 3: Chris Brown]

Ok it's OHB sir, bag bag I got an ounce of that bounce in a Glad bag Molly fucking up my liver, got a bad back And if you trying to fuck with her, I'mma tax that ...all on the floor, I'm trynna pour it up Lean on my.... so slow it up And the police trynna pull up on the scene Then they ask you what you seen Right behind me that's the drum line All you hear is 'brat, brat', hit it one time Punch line, nigga had bread since the lunch line I can put some soldiers on the front line Open season, just give me the reason To bust, and just let it squeeze and My rope-a-dope is the meanest I box you up in the freezer Comatose, paraplegic I'm dodging the misdemeanors Hoping I don't get subpoenas

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Tyga] Huh? banging out the truck I'm T-Raww, bitch, go on let a nigga... Huh? you heard what I said Your bitch is a bird, but I don't give her bread What? Problem pass the weed These niggas claim they ballin' Then why they clothes free? Cause motherfuckers cheap Like a nosebleed seat You ain't gotta go to Miami to feel the heat LA, burner to your belly My niggas OGs, keep the burner in the telly Getting head till it ache, that's a motherfucking headache Do this shit tonight, send it straight to felly felly Why? I'm selling dreams, the money team ... but they ain't got no fiends Got the juice and the cream Wu-Tang, Raheim I'm a money, money, money machine

[Hook]

[Verse 5: Master P] Probably getting paper Don't fuck with you broke niggas, you haters Like D. Howard with the motherfucking Lakers I represent the street, No Limit is the label Throw your hoods up, where you from? We in this bitch deep And niggas get dumb Niggas in the back poppin' bottles ... throwing dollars Louis V down from my head to my toes C-Murder in the pen, and that iron getting swol' Never gave a fuck 'bout no niggas wanna hate Keep the chopper in the car, case I wanna play She showed me the... call that... Dhali I know she a freak, cause she gone off molly Pushing 160 when I'm riding in the go You ain't from round here, better walk slow

[Hook]