

Roll up

Problem

[Verse 1: Problem]

Compton, California
It's well known, I get it crackin', though
I already run my town, it's time to take it national
Real is all I ever speak, every quote is factual
Lick between my girly's legs
She's 'bout to cum, she grabs my 'fro
Serving balls like McEnroe - cheese, I need no macaro'
Play me like a Fruity Pop, goons'll pop that cantaloupe
When OT I go OD - it's two things that I'm gon' need:
A pack of bougie ghetto bitches and a pound of fire weed
That'll have me adios, gang of boos, Apollo show
Fuck 'em like I love 'em then I dip back to the barrio
Money spinning like a wheel, it's cool 'cause every day I earn
No one's higher, forest fire, check all the tree I burn
Chachi Mr. Maserati, J full of that kamikaze
Pop your hottie off a molly while she's cheesin' for paparazzi
Never sloppy, always cool - you the type that always lose
Always makin' money songs when yours as short as interludes
Ask you hoe, I've been the dude - beent the truth, never fake
Never hate - used to have to bend the rules to get my cake
Now I don't, now I'm straight - but my bitches ain't, though
Every day's a celebration - Diamond Lane, it's separation

[Hook: Problem]

I'm just ridin' 'round with my niggas smokin' weed
Pull up on my bitches, yeah, I'm smokin' weed
Handle most my business while I'm smokin' weed
Only the realest of the realest get to smoke with me
So roll up... (roll up, roll up...)
Go 'head, bro, roll up... (roll up)
Bitch, you wanna smoke, you'd better roll up
(Roll up, roll up...)
Go 'head and roll up... (roll up)
Or get the fuck from 'round me, pussy!

[Verse 2: T.I.]

I've got an O of bubble kush, finna roll that shit
Dirty Sprite, 2 litre, I'mma pour that shit
Got a bad bitch with me with a bad bitch with her
They back that ass, I throw that D
Not bullshit, I'm dead serious
All I wanna do is get bread here
Took her back to the condo, I didn't wan' fuck her
No sir, all I do is get head here
Hydro smoke all in the air
Ten bad bitches, big derrieres
Pretty toes, pretty titties, known millionaire
The Louis duffel, I can fit about ten in there
And what the fuck I care about if I offend a square?
Up your ass, shove your opinion there
Nigga, you lookin' at a self-made millionaire
Lil' nigga, but I walk like a grizzly bear
Okay, don't get it fucked up, we with this shit
What you rap 'bout, we did the shit
Remember standing in the trap, I had 50 nicks
Six months, came up, I had 50 bricks

100K looked like a meal ticket back in the day
Look at me know, I could double, triple that in a day
And that ain't some shit a nigga just happen to say
Literally, I'm tryna let you know what happened today
G4 touch down, Bentley pull 'round
Hopped in the back seat, her head went down
While I roll one up, double my cup
Pour up drink 'til I throw up
Everybody know I don't give no fuck
I'm rich, you don't like me? So what?
I'm drop-top riding, my Westside up
Hustle Gang in this bitch, nigga, get with us

[Hook: Problem]

[Verse 3: Snoop Dogg]

A lot of y'all got Snoopy Dogg on y'all bucket list
You wanna smoke a bleeze? You wanna bust a flig?
I've got no problem with it - my nigs, just make it quick
I'm tryna lay low, hey hoe, as I stay low in your bitch
She couldn't roll a blunt 'til I taught the hoe
And now she's a pro
Easy though to freeze a hoe, pleasurable and feasible
Scary thing, that Mary Jane
Gon' do her thing no matter what
Get... up, tizatted up - it's bad enough, next batter up
Dreaded up, breaded up - connect the dots, set it up
We blow 'til you can't get enough
Like "give that up," don't give a fuck
Rules I bend 'em, hoes I break 'em
Take they mind and in time reshape 'em
Once I got 'em, shoot 'em, shot 'em
Now the bitch is my new assistant
Lookin' good, steady twistin'
Exercise to maximize
Minimize my bottom, Problem
Let me tell you what I'm gon' do
Diamond Lane, comin' through
Sell a pound, maybe two
In the red, in the blue
Smokin' green like "what it do?"

[Hook: Problem]