

Singin' From My Heart

Problem

(Verse)

They say money ain't everything,
Shut that up, don't talk to me like a child girl I'm not that young
Even though I'm gone I don't mean now I ain't linin still
Don't think cuz of fame I can't get ass murdered still
So I do the things that really it's supposed to be
The feeling fuckin failing, should we scare you where's yo fuckin shoes
Girl I'm on my grind on these niggas, I ain't shinin on these niggas
Have my eye on these niggas if they try, fuck these niggas
It's what they doin
Yall fake niggas, yall getting that, I don't want that love
Remember bad deals, I could get it in the car and go spark that plug
Stop betrayin me baby, I did back, don't start that love
And girl should you do me, you already ready for it, I'm finna do it no
Fuck these niggas mane, they don't know no better
Been 4 months since that my nigga, I ain't seen no letters
That guy 50, he should be with me out getting his wealth
Last time we talked he told me he was gonna kill himself
Fuck! I don't know what I'mma do without my dog
You in the game, gonna yell your name til you get out my dog

(Hook)

My Lord, it's crazy how this track got me singing from my heart
I'm swerving lane to lane, champagne all in my veins
It's crazy how this track got me singing from my heart
I'm swerving lane to lane, champagne all in my veins

(Verse)

Damn shame you niggas lame, prayin, bringin niggas pain
Sucker niggas all in pain when the feds yell my name
Like go Problem, go Problem
You think that I don't want problems, don't know Problem
That will be second when I feeled it
I'm parasailing
Diamonds ain't from vills click
Yea this is the real boys and this that shit we live for
Pop champagne and live for
Grindin while my kids snore
Mama see my billboard and she went nuts
Bitches actin for a handout, all I give is two fucks
I've been drinkin too much, I've been smoking too much
Girl I can't put it down, roll a joint, puff puff
I ain't talkin bout no Diddy,
This is really how I'm feelin everyday
I'm a redal mixed with apple juice, like pains go away
I'mma stay up in the booth til you lames go away
Yo have me by that march when you say they name if you pay

(Hook)

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