I know what the problem is I know what the problem is, yeah Girl I'm sick and tired of the arguing oh Girl I'm sick and tired of the arguing oh yeah Complaining bout the shit you ain't used to have problems with, yeah And I know what the problem is I know what the problem is, yeah Complaining bout my bitches Like your niggas ain't apart of this yeah And I know what the problem is I know what the problem is, yeah But girl I'm sick and tired of the arguing oh yeah Complaining bout my bitches Like your niggas ain't apart of this yeah Complaining bout the shit you ain't used to have problems with, yeah And I know what the problem is I know what the problem is, yeah They say that shit this dude do really fucking with your confidence yeah Get you dodo shit to do and give a fuck about the consequence yeah But I kept 100 [?] but you official like a document yeah Cause who the fuck you talking, you know that I ain't regular Don't be stupid, you can miss me with that bullshit like a matador And I know what you like, what you like is like a metaphor And you know I do you better than the Jewish nigga credit score But you ungrateful I can see where this shit headed Thought it was but I guess we weren't ready I guess we need to break this like the levies 'Fore I find your side nigga, turn his chest to spaghetti Boom-boom It's like I hate you but the love still be heavy And I ain't starting over, you just cut this like machetes And I guess I gotta settle, be a dog just forever And my mind made up And my mood on whatever I can see it in your eyes, you ain't down to ride You was lying Ay, it's only a matter of time till we finished Girl I'm sick and tired of the arguing oh yeah Complaining bout the shit you ain't used to have problems with, yeah And I know what the problem is I know what the problem is, yeah Complaining bout my bitches Like your niggas ain't apart of this yeah And I know what the problem is I know what the problem is, yeah But girl I'm sick and tired of the arguing oh yeah Complaining bout my bitches Like your niggas ain't apart of this yeah Complaining bout the shit you ain't used to have problems with, yeah

You said that you know what it is You swear that you know how I feel I can't believe you mad at me

When all I did was keep it real Texting bitches, saw you hiding your phone Yeah, yeah, whose that bitch Britney? Whose that bitch named Simone? Yeah you mad cause I lie well Nigga you lie too You mad cause we over I'm mad you ain't tell the truth I'm mad I had to find out from who, and who, and so and so And all your friends, they know what's up So I hit them Did you even think of us? First you say that I'm crazy Then you call me a baby And then you betray me And then you blame me for why you played me This can't be love No this can't be love, no

Girl I'm sick and tired of the arguing oh yeah
Complaining bout the shit you ain't used to have problems with, yeah
And I know what the problem is
I know what the problem is, yeah
Complaining bout my bitches
Like your niggas ain't apart of this yeah
And I know what the problem is
I know what the problem is, yeah
But girl I'm sick and tired of the arguing oh yeah
Complaining bout my bitches
Like your niggas ain't apart of this yeah
Complaining bout the shit you ain't used to have problems with, yeah