

Problem / Fuel

Supa Bwe

(Supa!)

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, I'm still alive, that's a problem, solve it
Come get it in blood, 'cause I spent it, fuck it
Shorty want a thug, yeah, she meant it, bingo
Bitch, I spent your granddaddy pension in Gucci
I talked to my pastor, he did not get through to me
I just fucked my ex-bitch, so I guess she not through with me
Shorty give me brain, give me tutoring, I needed that
Niggas stole my sauce 'cause they lame, yeah, I need it back
(Yeah!)

Snuck up on that nigga with a rifle (Rifle, rifle)
Asked him if that shit really worth dyin' for (Dyin' for, dyin'
for)

Don't forget that
30 pound stain, fuck 'em
Pussy, let me get that
Murder on my brain, 'cause they testin', I ain't with that
I got 30 reasons in this clip for you to get back
Shorty let me fuck, but I only hit her gift-wrapped
I was pushing 10 sacks, now I fuck up 10 racks
I need nine for nine or it's dead, I'ma take that
I'ma put this eat-eat at your motherfuckin' wave cap
Money on the way, bet
I ain't catch a break yet
I ain't crack that safe yet
I don't leave the crib lackin', I know it ain't safe yet
Gotta get my food taste-test
Gotta move around with a vest
Thirty-popper on me, go apeshit