

## Her Problems

Tsu Surf

Pray for me, I be sinnin'  
Who cares when we been winnin'?  
Decided I should take the shot myself; John Lennon  
Still trap, just keep it lower  
Ex bitch still think I owe her  
Touchdown in Cali, hit shortstop up like I need a blower  
Gettin' fellatio  
Went to school with her, this really just a phase she owe  
That probably mean we made it though  
They actin' like I'm new to the town  
Textin' my old teacher what I'd do to her now

Two bitches: one had a heart, one was a Smith N'  
One I neglected, one I was grippin'  
One was for barkin', one was just bitchin'  
One got closer when it thickened  
One was hittin' that commitment  
If I do commit, how she know what it feel like  
When she get way more love  
On social sites than in her real life?  
Bad enough to fuck her raw  
Contemplatin' and still might  
I just gotta know what it feel like  
Dirk Nowitzki with the same clique  
Scorin' with the same team, shot got the same kick  
Up on a Tuesday, but been up since Friday  
Two friends, can't choose, they suggestin' Ménages  
We still trap without the dream  
Buncha bitches, buncha guns: way more ratchets than I need  
Just somethin' to smoke blunts with  
She from Chiraq, but go to Rutgers out New Brunswick  
Convo, [?] made up in a condo  
Sometimes she get homesick, bump a lot of Rondo  
Should see them thighs, back tatted, pair of eyes  
Her brother got cased up, her bio say "free the guys"  
'Cause she was with the shit  
Said her boyfriend was a hitter, and her boyfriend got hit  
Life divorced 'em, forced her to that abortion  
But she in college, so it's pros to that  
Same nigga that held her down can't hold her back  
Yeah, it's love, but that came with a kid  
No school, minimum wage, and all of the above

Just vibin', kush blunts  
Starin' at the ceiling, takin' in all of her problems  
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Starin' at the ceiling, takin' in all of her problems

Pass the blunt back, tell me what her hug like  
Say sometime she think about  
What that baby would've looked like  
Damn, so everybody got demons  
She had nightmares, I'm sittin' daydreamin'  
Don't trust niggas so she masturbate  
Turn her blunt down, she had enough, she got class at 8  
I'm about to slide, shawty