

Problemz

Young Gunz

We here to make sure these
Niggas take heat and remember

That we bout it, bout our business
Like P and da limit

Got some bout it, bout it
Bitches that fiend for the
Niggas use to flee me for
Them niggas now C all up in
It hit it when i want to
No matter how u treat
How much you flee'em
You can get it when you want to
You dont have to eat'em
Jus dick'em down right
Never speak on

Never play us
You dont like

Get a flagrant for that fuck
You hatin for that dude jus
Playin his part she datin boy

Down at them clubs
She jus had to go
Young gunnas from State
P had to show
Should of seen
The people shakin and movin

And movin and grovin
But gunna was coolin
Long as i had my tool in
Girllies was choosin
Everybody else actin foolish
Over there actin stupid
Come over here and we shootin

If you at the bar buyin drinks
Holla (whoop whoop)
V.I.P full of stinly stink say
(whoop whoop)
If you creepin with his wife
Holla (whoop whoop)
Like, like
Lets do it
If there's 23s on da whill
Holla(whoop whoop)
Young Gunnas bangin thourgh
Your speakers say (whoop whoop)
If you cheatin on your man
Holla (whoop whoop)

Dont tell'em notnin
These niggas aint bout nothin

They look here
With them fake stares
We gon get the cuttin

You know theres frontin girlies
All up in da place
Plus they probly mad bitches all in our
Face 4-5th on da hip
And da buddas to 8
These niggas wanna trip
Then we give these
Niggas a taste
Dont shoot at cars
And wont shoot from far

We chase'em and lase'em
For all the shit they talkin

Plus hatin, fuck waitin
We sendin mothafuckers to satin

Been takin niggas girlies for
Ages she throwin it from da
Back im grindin all on her
Hip she talkin that freak
Shit bout how she a freak
Bitch maybe a chewy quick

Never go to sleep
Cuz you know those chicks
Soon as you
Go to sleep
They all up in
Your grip
Catch'em in the act

And they still deny it
Might cause a riot
I been cut the
Bitch off
She still on my dick

Its mack daddy
Young scrappy

Nah i aint rappin
Youngins get
Back at'em

Mashin through the traffic
On our way to perform
If you knew
Like i knew'em
You would try
To keep'em home
Cuz once we
Get'em its on
You wont get'em
Til da morn
We dont love'em

We jus smut'em
We hit it

And then they gon

Plus she was
All up in my
Business
Askin bout my cases

Knew what i was charged wit

And wanted to know facin
Heard i keep it on me daily
Where ever i go
Beat the case home

Still fightin muhondo
WUT