

What's The Problem?

Styles P

Yeah, it's the heart is out
Cut you up, throw you out on the day I put the garbage out
In the glad bag or the hefty, shoot with the lefty
Nobody test me, told you I'll cut class
Bruise from your ear to your mustache
Fuck around, nigga you'll be swallowin' crushed glass
Back on my hard shit, back on my yard shit
Back on my scarred shit
Thirty sets a day still hatin' the bar shit
Nice with a hawk like a Navy Seal who is the target?
Make the walls look likes it's red paint, red rug
Need a little love, nigga get you a lead hug
My bullets gon' frap, gun in my backpack
Fuck all the chit chat, my shit got kicked back
Your face I split that, kickin' in the door ask 'em
Where is the bricks at? Nigga

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I don't give a fuck if he's famous
Still knock the one, shotgun to his anus
Then to his kneecap, then to his shoulder
Soldier, should of read my file or folder
I'm colder than Antarctica or Alaska
The blaster, you don't need a rocket, I'll get you to NASA
I told you, ain't nobody nicer, fuck with the shyster
You gettin' sliced up, I ain't finished yet, this only my start up
Catch him outside then I'm shootin' his car up
Tell him sayonara, there's no more tomorrow
No more today now, go 'head lay down
Pop, pop, pop, nigga go 'head stay down
We don't play clown, this ain't the circus
You makin' me nervous, what is your purpose?
One more move, it's your funeral service

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