

Problems

B.G.

I've got problems
In my fucking house
Bitch would you please
Get the fuck out

Trust these hoes, they all slick
I found out, they ain't shit
Almost was played by my main bitch
Over, she tried to pull 1 on quick
I'm paperchasing, trying to get rich
On a 68 tour with my clique
She hit me while I'm on the road and was like
babe shit bad cause moms spend a few nights
I say yeah, its cool
But now, check what this hoe do
Slickly moving momma in my house
Cause picture the whole wild she put out
Now dat ain't even the half of it
Wit moms come 2 neices, 2 nephews, 2 cousins
they done got comfortable in my shit
Churin don't flush the toilet after they piss
Bitches, wild kids, jumping and playing
Break lamps, wasting food and leaving stains
Mom laying in my lazy boy
Kids jamming tapes in my VCR
Flipping my TV like a light switch
God can only stop me from killing this bitch
I'm on the way back to my crib
I pull up, "this can't be how I live"
I jump out ready, to start bucking
I'm pissed off, mad and disgusted
Bitch tryna give me a excuse
It ain't nothing you can say or do
You ask the moms stay, cause shit was bad
You ain't said nothing bout cha whole fam
Look at my shit, it's fucked up
and it smell like a project cut
You ain't had the decency to clean up
You, ya ma, and children, can pack up
Please hurry before I go off
And mess around in here and catch a charge
You don showed me, you ain't shit
You showed me, a bitch gon be a bitch
Look what you don caused in my house
Before you get pissed (the whip) get out

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Here's another fucked up episode
My cousin came to visit from Chicago
I ain't seen him since we was young bucks
I turned thug, and he wannabe with the bustas
So why he down visiting, he staying wit me
I put him under surveilence learned him in a week

He don't put 100% in his hygenes
He lied and stunned bout what he doing be in the streetz
He eating, he shitting, he sleeping, all for free
He ain't cleaning behind his self, he think it's the double tree
I'm almost to the point to ask him
Whats happening? But I know, he get smart, I'ma slap him
Now I gotta leave him by his self for the weekend
I gotta fly to handle business in Cleaveland
I jet and this nigga go through my phone numbers
Call em', tell him I got him a surprise party, come over
So happen that I'm finished a day early
And decide to fly back home and check on this bitch
I get down, fucked up my shit packed like a nightclub
Sofa's ripped, tape is broke and it's full of weed smoke
Nigga got it coming, every tooth in his mouth
I'ma knock-out, I can't believe what he did to my house

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