

# Problems

## Hustle Gang

[Intro:]

Fuck ya'll nigga want with a nigga like me man  
Eat you nigga for dinner  
I'm all on er partner

[Hook:]

Don't get it fucked up  
Don't get it fucked up  
You know you don't want these problems  
Nigga, you know you don't want these problems  
Nigga, don't get it fucked up  
Don't get it fucked up  
You know you don't want these problems  
Nigga, you know you don't want these problems

[Verse 1:]

I got a snubnose for you fuck hoes  
Steady talkin, til 5 bitch you ain't gon board though  
I'm a gangsta bitch, we aimin like you ain't tonight  
I ain't ridin with that 5, Shawty show you're right  
Me slip, like how?  
On the low between us, I'm strapped right now  
Yeah, fed case ain't nothing to me  
I'm a head case, know that when you run into me  
Get money, every G you make it like 100 to me  
I'm fresh out for some these niggas, they big dummies to me  
Okay? Now get some paper if you wanna play  
Have yo head in my hallway for 100K

[Bridge:]

If you know it or you don't  
Nigga, this ain't what you want  
Keep on playin with me hatin and you ain't gon make it home  
If you know it or you don't  
Nigga, this ain't what you want  
Think cause I went the prison I won't put this pistol to yo dome?

[Hook:]

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[Verse 2:]

It's funny how niggas get hype when they get on stage with a mic  
You know I see em bitin the style cool, they still can't deliver it right  
I've been killin this shit for so long, I don't remember the height  
What's that like? They ain't really bout that life, They ain't really bout t  
hat life  
No lie on this mike, chillin with habitual whores  
Hit er with the hammer like Thor  
This ain't no Ford, this a G4 ho, act like you been here before  
Open up the suicide doors, like I jumped out the window of the 25th floor

Ready for war, I came out the womb with a sword, cut my umbilical chord  
See I'm headin where you ain't never been  
We are not the same and that's evident  
I make flexin just look so effortless  
Hit that celery till I'm hella bit  
See these hoes, these hoes ain't celibate  
And they ain't hesitant, not at all  
For a nigga with a proper drawl, she give me that box like the post office d  
ropped it off, and that's real

[Bridge:]

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[Verse 3:]

Damn no Tip, I got these hoes  
Live it way, got a sake pose  
Covered it like wear ladies flows  
New York bitch, real lady clothes  
Put em all now, real nigga act  
Better put it now  
You better go for the Oscars  
Cause impostors will get whack niggas that's mobsters  
That ain't playing that  
Niggas wanna sleep, I lay em down  
Shinin', you see the ray around, no recess in this circle  
We don't play around  
With my zig-zags I J down this motherfucker real quick  
Cause life be her bitch  
Will I'm gon serve hers big dick  
Boy this Compton, driving lane  
Me and ya'll, it's bout the same  
Same nigga without the game  
Keep shit, it ain't potty trained  
Big bucks like a Shawty bang, bad boy with that naughty chain  
Big stripes like referees but home boy this is not a game  
So... break bread with the real bruh  
Make sure you live life till it kill ya  
Drop another molly in my tequila  
Till my life in my dreams looks familiar

[Hook:]

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[Verse 4:]

Off the drama and I'm back nigga  
Still a king and that's a fact nigga  
Fuck talkin, I'm that nigga  
That's one deep, no pact nigga  
Bad boy, no act nigga  
No internet, but I'm at niggas  
New McLaren, all black nigga  
That's front sealed up like Shaq nigga  
In the game but don't play round  
Try this shit with me - you get layed down  
I stick and move, I don't stay round  
Make the hardest nigga turn greyhound  
I don't talk the talk, I just run shit  
How you think you're me but ain't the shit  
Could go bananas on some shit  
I keep a team on that dumb shit  
I keep a strap that just might clap  
Money low and I might trap  
Yea I'm on it, fuck my opponent  
He run up on me, I might snap  
Got me feelin like fuck em  
I'm face to face, I don't duck em  
My heat in hand, I don't tuck em  
I don't body bag em, I stuff em  
With hot shit, hot shit  
Yea I'm talkin bout hot shit  
With heavy metal, I rock shit  
Til showin bove but you not shit  
I go for real, just ask tip  
I green light my clique trip  
Six niggas hoppin out one whip  
Go to reconstructing your whole hip

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[Verse 5:]

I'm a down shore baller, ATL stunner  
Bitch leave me I'm a take everything from er  
Please try a nigga where I'm from with that drama  
So we can fire pistols at yo goddamn mama  
Let me find out, you layin on me for riches  
Cut his head off, leave his forehead in the kitchen  
One o' your eye balls on the stove, the other missin  
I think his head exploded, that nigga teeth in the dishes  
Hey when you learned that as pong I learned this shit in the trenches  
I am at a nigga just like Twitter, follow my mentions  
4-4 deuce cutless, deuce buttnicks extensions  
And you can hustle on main street, TKT gave you permission

[Bridge:]

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