

# 1, 2, 3

## Lost Boyz

1, 2, 3 thousand problems  
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It's a cool summer night  
My 4 4's on my waist, gotta half a stick of dynamite  
Got some beef with some niggaz across town  
Keep my man to the ground, I gotta shut it down

They pull up on my block, I'm in my little brown hooptie  
So they guess I want the white rock  
They walk close towards my ride  
Surprise motherfucker, it's a handful of South side

1, 2, 3 thousand problems  
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I put two to his head, I jumped on the southern state  
Then I'm rushin' out to Hempstead  
One down and one to go, I heard the next nigga's on  
And he's gotten a ball of dough

I kick in the nigga's door  
I sat the nigga in the door with my nickel plated fo', fo'  
And word up that shit is soft  
The way this nigga hit the floor when the freaky got raw

Some bitch tried to burst but I shot her in the back  
Aiy yo, Money, where your stash at?  
He took me back inside this room  
Beside the safe full of G's, he had mad bags of booze

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A lot to do  
I call up the underground  
let me speak to that nigga Lu  
He said, "Taliq, whats up my man?"

I got this nigga locked down wit my joint to his gun  
And word up he got a mail press  
Aiy yo, Money, what's this address?  
1, 2, 45, Boulevard Queens and I tell my man, they try to caravan

Understand, I'm on a mission  
And just be nice to pack some extra ammunition  
And get some phillies from the store  
And park the van on the corner and you're comin' through the side door

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They get robbed, they wanna go  
Money, beggin' and repeatin', they don't want trouble  
I told that Lu to move the chairs  
Aiy yo cheeks, help me take this damn bitch down the stairs  
I come back up for the session, money still tied the fuck up confessin'

I blow some smoke into his eyes  
"Here nigga, take two more puff before you die"  
Yo, I stood up, about faced him and yo lost boys waste him  
Aiy yo queens boys waste him and yo south side waste him

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It's 3 o'clock in the morn, shit is on motherfuckers, shit is on  
Yeah, yeah, I gotta get this nigga, Shawn  
I'm drivin' in a stolen car with no motherfuckin' lights on  
I heard, Shawn got crazy ends  
But before I do this thing, I go and pick up my best friends

A 40 ounce and let the fields right  
I got to see the boy hillside  
Understand, now he's in court  
I roll all my windows down, pull my shit on the corner

But I still bein' sneaky 'cause I'm freaky, Taliq, I'm freaky, Taliq  
But right now I got beef wit this nigga named Shawn  
Shit is on, word is bond, money is gone  
He's with his bitch, in bed

I pull out my 44, and I don't wanna do his head  
'Cause this shit is too easy  
Even though he can go in one squeeze, G, it's it's it's crazy  
Mr.B's LB's, a people 1, 2, 3, 3, thousand problems

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