

## 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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