

Who Want A Problem

Styles P

Oh yeah, S.P. the Ghost, I'm back
Y'all know how I do
You don't want no problems with me (LADIES!)
You see me, leave me alone
'Fore somethin bad happen, y'know?
HAHAHAHAHA~!

Who want a problem ha, ha?
Yeah, I wanna know who got a problem with me
I ain't got a model with me, good lookin hood chick
that'll hit you with a bottle for me
A couple homies from the hood that know how I do
When I move they gon' follow me
Yeah, you from D-Block right?
Ruff Rydin all night, you outta see my lights
Watch the 'gnac get chased by the champagne
Mary jane blowin, livin life in the fast lane
Gotta stay fresh, cause I live by my last name - Styles
And they ain't make 'em like me in a while
Black tie affair, them Airs is crocodile
So whoever want a problem I still can stomp you out

Who want a problem ha, ha? Is it the nigga over there?

Yeah look look
Neo on the beat, glock in my murder hand
Back seat Pakistan, I can just kill a man
It's gettin warm, they home for the summer
And left the winter clothes in the dorm
I don't want a problem, it's too much flesh out
They want me to cock back and blow their chest out
See me in the yard with a Newport, stressed out
It's too damn hot to walk around here vest out
Feel me dawg, make money or make a hit
Other than that, can't think of shit
My son gettin bigger, it's like every week this lil' nigga
His clothes or his Jordans don't fit, who want a problem?

HEYYY~! I'm comin the 4th quarter
So I'ma just give you the summer to tread water
Way they wrote it down in the paper it said slaughter
Found him in the tub with nothin but red water
But anyway, back on track
Honey in the black on black, ass all fat
Whattup ma? You feel like winnin, feel like spinnin?
Lil' Jimmy Chu footwear, antique denim
Shh, you do the math to that, six months
for these Louis and these jeans is a half a stack
What more could you ask than that?
Whoever got a problem get all of the desert and half the mac
BRRAP

Talk to me!