

# Problemz

Young Gunz

We here to make sure these  
Niggas take heat and remember

That we bout it, bout our business  
Like P and da limit

Got some bout it, bout it  
Bitches that fiend for the  
Niggas use to flee me for  
Them niggas now C all up in  
It hit it when i want to  
No matter how u treat  
How much you flee'em  
You can get it when you want to  
You dont have to eat'em  
Jus dick'em down right  
Never speak on

Never play us  
You dont like

Get a flagrant for that fuck  
You hatin for that dude jus  
Playin his part she datin boy

Down at them clubs  
She jus had to go  
Young gunnas from State  
P had to show  
Should of seen  
The people shakin and movin

And movin and grovin  
But gunna was coolin  
Long as i had my tool in  
Girllies was choosin  
Everybody else actin foolish  
Over there actin stupid  
Come over here and we shootin

If you at the bar buyin drinks  
Holla (whoop whoop)  
V.I.P full of stinly stink say  
(whoop whoop)  
If you creepin with his wife  
Holla (whoop whoop)  
Like, like  
Lets do it  
If there's 23s on da whill  
Holla(whoop whoop)  
Young Gunnas bangin thourgh  
Your speakers say (whoop whoop)  
If you cheatin on your man  
Holla (whoop whoop)

Dont tell'em notnin  
These niggas aint bout nothin

They look here  
With them fake stares  
We gon get the cuttin

You know theres frontin girlies  
All up in da place  
Plus they probly mad bitches all in our  
Face 4-5th on da hip  
And da buddas to 8  
These niggas wanna trip  
Then we give these  
Niggas a taste  
Dont shoot at cars  
And wont shoot from far

We chase'em and lase'em  
For all the shit they talkin

Plus hatin, fuck waitin  
We sendin mothafuckers to satin

Been takin niggas girlies for  
Ages she throwin it from da  
Back im grindin all on her  
Hip she talkin that freak  
Shit bout how she a freak  
Bitch maybe a chewy quick

Never go to sleep  
Cuz you know those chicks  
Soon as you  
Go to sleep  
They all up in  
Your grip  
Catch'em in the act

And they still deny it  
Might cause a riot  
I been cut the  
Bitch off  
She still on my dick

Its mack daddy  
Young scrappy

Nah i aint rappin  
Youngins get  
Back at'em

Mashin through the traffic  
On our way to perform  
If you knew  
Like i knew'em  
You would try  
To keep'em home  
Cuz once we  
Get'em its on  
You wont get'em  
Til da morn  
We dont love'em

We jus smut'em  
We hit it

And then they gon

Plus she was  
All up in my  
Business  
Askin bout my cases

Knew what i was charged wit

And wanted to know facin  
Heard i keep it on me daily  
Where ever i go  
Beat the case home

Still fightin muhondo  
WUT