

1, 2, 3

Lost Boyz

1, 2, 3 thousand problems
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1, 2, 3 thousand problemsIt'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 downThey 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 side1, 2, 3 thousand problems
1, 2, 3 thousand problemsI 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 doughI 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 rawSome 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 booze1, 2, 3, thousand problems
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1, 2, 3, thousand problemsA 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 caravanUnderstand, 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 door1, 2, 3, thousand problems
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1, 2, 3, thousand problemsThey 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 1, 2, 3, thousand problems
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1, 2, 3, thousand problems 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 1, 2, 3, thousand problems
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