Prblms

6LACK

And she said
You a God damn lie
I ain't mean to say that shit girl I was God damn high
So we left the crib now we in the God damn ride
She lookin' God damn fine
I wanted a bitch who was down to Earth
But she want the God damn skies
List of my problems
Got this one on my line that won't stop fucking callin'
It's crazy I made her that way
Every time I see her out, I see the hate in her face
Like why you do that
Tell her you love her when next week you just want your space
Why you do why you do that
Tell her you want her but next week you do your own thing
Why you do why you do that
I can't explain it but just know it working for me
She text me I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you
But how the fuck can you hate me

When I ain't did shit, but be the real thing
She know I'm the real, that'll never change
I never been the one, to try to explain
While you catch them feels imma sip on this drank
It's easing my brain

I got real shit to stress about girl I ain't worried bout shit
Remember that I tried to build ya now I ain't worried bout shit
I got real shit to stress about girl I ain't worried bout shit
Remember that I tried to build ya now I ain't worried bout shit
So I found me a new thing I'm not as lost as you think
Got plenty queens in my hometown all they need is drank and that dank
So I found me a new thing I'm not as lost as you think
Got plenty queens in my hometown all they need is drank and that dank

Now I'm like
It's a God damn shame

We done crashed we done burned
But baby you the God damn blame
See I wanted love but you wanted God damn fame
Every God damn thing
I wanted a bitch who was on the move
But you want to God damn lay
List of my problems
Got this one in my bed and she just wants to sleep
Fucking up all of the sheets
She only wake up to eat
Do this shit every week
Like why you do that
Crying you want to be great, but sleepin' until the next day
Why you do that
Don't got that much in the bank, we go out she order the steak
Why you do why you do that
She can't explain it but just know it working for her
She claiming she down on her luck, but really she don't give a fuck
And I cannot make this shit up

And I ain't did shit, but be the real thing
She know I'm the real, that'll never change
I won't be the one, to try to explain
While you catch them feels imma sip on this drank
It's easing the pain

I got real shit to stress about girl I ain't worried bout shit
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