

# Problemz

## Young Gunz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Let's do it, oh oh, Ramsy, Nasty  
YoungWe here to make sure these niggaz take heat and remember  
That we 'bout it, 'bout it business, like P in the limit  
Got some 'bout it, 'bout it bitches that fein for the nigga  
Used to flee me for the niggaz now see all up in it  
Hit it when I want to no matter how you treat 'em  
How much you flee 'em you can get it when you want toYou don't have to eat 'em, just dick 'em down right  
Never speak on another playa she don't like  
Get a flagour for that, fuck you hatin' for  
Dude just playin' his part, she datin' boy  
Down at the club she just had to go  
Young Gunnas from State P had a showYou show see them people shakin' and shakin'  
And movin' and groovin' but Gunna was coolin'  
Long as I had my tullin', the girlies was choosin'  
Everybody else actin' foolish  
Over there actin' stupid  
Come over here and we shootin'If you at the bar buying drinks holla  
Oh oh  
V.I.P full of sticky-stick say  
Oh oh  
If you ready creep wit his wife holla  
Oh oh, like-like, let's do itIf its 23's on the wheel's holla  
Oh oh  
Young Gunnaz bangin' through the speaker say  
Oh oh  
If you cheatin' on your man tonight holla  
Oh oh, like-like, let's do itDon't tell 'em nothing  
These niggaz ain't 'bout nothin'  
They look here with them fake stares  
We gone get the cuttin'  
You know they frontin girlies up in the place  
Plus they probably mad bitches up in out face

4-5th on the hip and them Buddhas a 8  
These niggaz wanna trip Then we give these niggaz a taste  
Don't shoot at cars  
And won't shoot from far  
We chase 'em and lase 'em  
For all the shit they talking plus hatin', fuck waitin'  
We send a motherfuckers to Satan  
Been takin' niggaz girlies for ages  
She throwin' it from the back I'm grindin' all on her hips  
She talkin' that freak shit  
How 'bout she a freak bitch, maybe a chewie quick  
Never got to sleep 'cause you know them, chicks  
Soon's 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 If you at the bar buying drinks holla  
Oh oh  
V.I.P full of sticky stick say  
Oh oh  
If you ready creep wit his wife holla  
Oh oh, like-like, let's do it If its 23's on the wheel's holla  
Oh oh  
Young Gunnaz bangin' through the speaker say  
Oh oh  
If you cheatin' on your man tonight holla  
Oh oh, like-like, let's do it Its Mack daddy Young Scrappy  
Nah, I ain't rappin' Young ins get back at 'em  
All the action through the traffic on our way to perform  
If you knew like I knew, you would try to keep 'em home  
Soon as we give 'em the song  
You hit it before the mornin'  
We don't love 'em, we just smut 'em  
We hit it and then they gone Plus she was all up in my business  
Askin' 'bout my cases  
Knew what I was charged with  
And wanna know what I'm facin'  
Heard I keep it on me daily wherever I go  
Beat the case  
Homes still fight Muhandó  
Yup, hey Hey, whatz up?  
Gunnaz, hey  
Hey, hey, hey

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>