

# Problemz

## F.T. (Fuc-That)

Let's do it, oh oh, Ramsy, Nasty  
Young  
We 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 to  
You 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 show  
You 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 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  
Don'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 Muhando  
        Yup, hey

Hey, whatz up?

Gunnaz, hey

Hey, hey, hey

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