

Problem

Young Thug

Okay okay, so, YSL
We're YSL a.k.a. Private Fly Gang you know
Yeah man, we the Private Fly Gang you know, join in bitch Bitches in love with these slimers, how many now?
Lil nigga money long as a Greyhound
Smokin' that shit out the pound
We never lost it, it ain't nothin' to be found
These bitches come and go 'round and go 'round
I took the booty, nailed her like a mount
These bitches gon' cover me, I call them gowns
Boy that's your problem
I might fuck up a boy that's your problem
Gettin' distorted lil boy, that's your problem
No need for abortions, I'll nut on your momma
Send him up to God with no problem
Got icin' on icin' on boogers on boogers lil bitch that's my problem
Boy check out that Rollie it shine like a motherfuckin' problem In a Bentley burnin' loud and I'm gassin'
I got hundreds sittin' on hundreds, that blue cheese, I'm not ranchin'
I done took off on a boot now I'm Paris Hilton dancing'
And I feel like Marilyn Manson and I want a fucking Grammy
Pass me that mud, please just pass me that mud
Sticky white birds, call 'em doves
Implants up under my girls
Please no-no fallin' in love
I'm runnin' 'round with a bitch, mine bout thick as a cup
Meanwhile they hatin', I done spent me some dubs
And I'mma lie to that ho like a rug
Gettin' money of course
Blat! Cookin' white like the Porsches
Shout out to Nelly Air Forces
Hop in that 'ghini ran right on your porch
Hop out like motherfuck the doors
Yeah, I'mma go ahead and free Offset, yeah he a Migo
(Free Offset nigga) Bitches in love with these slimers, how many now?
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 Boy check out that Rollie it shine like a motherfuckin' problem Damn, we gon' try you in these streets
 We gon' G her with no sheets
 How long ago? 'Bout a week
 All my attires are neat
 All of her friends are unique
 I wanna fuck at least three
 Can I? (Yeah, sheesh)
 He playin'? I pop him like Pop Tarts
 I'mma demon, only see when dark
 I look like I got a Visa card
 Private Fly Gang, yeah agree with us
 Dinosaur B's and some C's with us
 I like that cat bald like an eagle bruh
 Since I ran up my racks ain't no tamin' us
 Damn it's Friday, I need angel dust
 I fuck that bitch if she starin'
 Pull up and hop out Mclarens
 Don't say I won't 'cause that's darin'
 I'll shoot him with a bow and arrow
 Yeah, my bitch is a motherfuckin' horse with no saddle
 Yeah, shoot that bitch one time with a double barrel Bitches in love with these slimers, how many now?
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