# Boi (I Got So Many)

## Young Problemz

VERSE 1:Boy I got so many ways
Ways to get paid
Wake up everyday
Money to be made
Boppers know my name
Boys know my face
When I pass by,
Bet ya girl wave (hey!)
They feelin' my dougie
Fresh like Dougie
But not Dougie Fresh,
Dougie D, I'm thuggin'
And these boys are broadies
Got this thang on me
This the Chico
Young Problemz Gang homie,
Catch me at the club
Girls show me love
Boys dap me up
Haters mean mug
But I ain't even trippin'
A playa steady pimpin'
I don't need ya girl boy I got so manyCHORUS:(Boy I got so ma- boy I got so many. (WORK))Ayy DJ play that girl song
Put that song on
If ya money ain't long
Boy you betta gone
x2VERSE 2: Mike JonesAy boy I got so many ways
Ways to get paid
24 hours
Money to be made
I started off with nothing
Now I'm platinum plaque made
Back then they ain't want me
Now they all up in my face
I ball up in the club
24s and up
Yeah my Bentley big
But girls still rub

They trynna take me home
Wanna be my cuddy buddy
So I got a day and night
Like Kid Cudi
I swear she wanna love me
She wanna fuck me
I can take ya' girl away from you
Boy trust me
But I ain't even trippin'
I said I ain't trippin'
To much money on my mind to worry 'bout women (Boy)(Boy I got so ma- boy I got so many. (WORK))Say
DJ play that girl song
Put that song on
If ya money ain't long
Boy you betta goneVERSE 3:Ayy this the Justo,
I got so many
Ya'll got dimes
But I got twenties
When I hit the club
All the girls say ye-ahh.
Do it one time for the mo ayayya
Justo a fool
Look how I'm stuntin'
Hit the club with a fine suga brown honeyI got so many honeys I got so many guns
I got so many hundreds you got so many ones
I walk up in the club tell a hoe to give me a some
And just because I'm stuntin' all the hoes gimme numbers (huh)
Jump up in the whip the rims got so many inches
I got so many hoes cause they know that I'm the businessDolla signs on my mind
Got ya dime movin' Ds
Waffa five, extra Gs, taking 9 out the keys
'Ypnotized,
Jewelery gang,
Busta rhyme
I ain't lyin
I'mma shine
I'mma grind
'Till it's time
Suicide
Extra lamb like a gyro
Wrap 'em like a egg roll
Beat up out the taco
Feed 'em to the octos
Fully fully auto
Shawty bout that good plate

Fuck around next they be sleepin with a sting ray
Jump ribbon ribbon figa feeds yas to the lizard
Can chop you up like chicken liver
Chop ya [?] I feed it to ya
Gucci Mane so icy nigga
Don't that sound familiar to ya
Wish ya would fly cause fuck around around with choppas (so icy)(Boy I got so ma- boy I got so many.
(WORK))Ayy DJ play that girl song
Put that song on
If ya money ain't long
Boy you betta goneI say I got so many problems,
A bitch ain't one
So many revolvers
So don't play dumb
I got so many dreads momma you could pull work
It's JM if you think I'm broke you're dumb
That means that you're a dummy
So don't say a thang
I got so many homies
Young Problemz GangBoy I get so much hate
'Cause I'm doing great
Pocket full of cake
Poppa don't play
Man her lil' weight
It's the boy J
Diamonds in my face
You boys diamonds fake
What's the dame dealie
You boys is silly
Weezy wanna milli
Your problems wanna billi

Songwriters
JONES, MICHAEL A. / SOLOMON, BRANDON / GILBERT, JUSTIN / DAVIS, ARMOND JR. / DAVIS, JERRY / TREMER, JABARI / GOREE, MARCUS / JORDAN, STEFANPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/