

# She Solve All Problems

## Juicy J

I ride in a Rolls  
With Bullet proof Doors  
One call to my goons  
They invade your Home  
I'm out here getting Money  
I take care my Business  
New rings on, Two chains on  
I'm riding around and getting it  
Nigga out here bumping gums like we ain't gone get em'  
Nigga think we playing games till we catch him slipping  
Get a tag on your toes, hope your casket fit ya  
Yo mama crying in the church with yo baby sister  
Fucking with that white girl, call her Taylor Swift  
Put that pistol to yo face, you'll get a face lift  
You keep talking, In yo own grave  
Boy we shooting on sight, so you DOAI got this black bitch, she a fine ass model  
I like to squeeze her ass, I like to hear her holla  
When my funds low, she'll go and get them dollars  
What I love about her, She solve all problems  
She solve all problems, She solve all problems  
She solve all problems, She solve all problems  
What I love about her, She solve all problems  
She solve all problems, She solve all problems  
Hundred rounds, no way I'm missing  
Fuck a snitch We'll leave no witness  
Now you sleeping with the fishes  
Should of mind your fucking business  
Straight up out the Three Six Mafia  
Run up on ya, then pop ya  
Have ya body missing for a hundred years, Jimmy Hoffa  
All my niggas real, just dealers and killers  
And you won't know who a killer, untill he kill ya  
Don't Blame me, take a look in the mirror  
You a bitch in the streets, but you gangster on Twitter  
We got them guns, Memphis niggas call em' yoppers  
When we pull them pistols out niggas wanna talk  
You tough as King Kong when you with your partners  
But they to busy running to even see who shot ya  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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