

Think We Got a Problem (feat. Bun B & The Game)

[Sheek Louch](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Chorus: x2]

I think we got a problem, got a got a problem
I think we got a problem, got a got a problem
I think we got a problem, got a got a problem
Think we got a problem, think we got a problem[Sheek Louch:]
Think we got a problem, mask on, show you how to rob em
Revolver, show you how to solve'm
Drivin down Harlem, the Aston a problem
No tint fishball it ain't hard to spot him
Think we got a problem, weed got too much
Only thing damn I'm down to my last dutch
Think we got a problem, but really it ain't dough
There's one of me, and these bitches I count about three four
Think we got a problem, the homey just all talk
He ain't gon pop a balloon with a pitch fork
Think we got a problem in the club with this dogg
Rude boy, starks, ladies, everybody[Chorus][The Game:]
Think we got a problem, Game in Manhattan
Black on black Aston the 21 strapped in
Dominican chick ridin shotty all strapped in
Customize the dash on my shotgun strapped in
Cops on the shoulder gotta pull a Hova
Time to fade to black cause I ain't pullin ova
The engine is a problem, that ain't no question
Pop the trunk see the speakers kickin' like Beckham
Think we got a problem, Sheek know I'm hot
Kiss and Styles should make me a member of the Lox
I take all the beats I remember how to box
If I ever get knocked out, I remember how to pop
Remember how to load everything inside my glock
Ask the niggas in the hood cause they remember who I shot
Think we got a problem, I snitched on myself

And I hate rats so I dug a ditch for myself what[Chorus][Bun B:]
Well it's the king of the trill Bun B'der you know the name
And the streets is like the NBA, I love this game
Keep a bottle of Henessey, a blunt and that purp
With my hand up on my heater, and my killaz on churp
You see me one deep in the spot, think I'm slippin', try ya luck
Cause I got sixteen homeys with me, that stay ready to buck
You can duck dodge or dive, but it won't do diddly skwat
But leave ya with a leaky liver and both ya kidneys shot
But you may not pimpin' I ain't fin to ask for it
My money, my hood or my respect, I'm a blast for it
You can't push fast forward, rewind or pause
I'm a beat you till you shittin ya draws, so call the laws cause[Chorus]

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