

# F\*\*kin' Problems

## A\$AP Rocky

Fuckin' Problem"

(feat. Drake, 2 Chainz, Kendrick Lamar)

[Hook: 2 Chainz, Drake, and Rocky]

I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin problem  
And yeah I like to fuck, I got a fuckin problem  
I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin problem  
And yeah I like to fuck I got a fuckin problem  
I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin problem  
And yeah I like to fuck, I got a fuckin problem  
If finding somebody real is your fuckin problem  
Bring ya girls to the crib maybe we can solve it

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

Hold up bitches simmer down  
Takin' hella long bitch give it to me now  
Make that thing pop like a semi or a nine  
Oh baby like it raw with a shimmy shimmy ya  
Huh, ASAP get like me  
Never met a motherfucker fresh like me  
All these motherfuckers wanna dress like me  
Put the chrome to your dome make you sweat like Keith  
Cause I'm the nigga, the nigga nigga, like how you figure?  
Getting figures and fuckin bitches, she rollin' swishers  
Brought her bitches, I brought my niggas, they getting bent up off the liquor  
She love my licorice, I let her lick it  
They say money make a nigga act nigger-ish  
But at least a nigga nigga rich  
I be fuckin' broads like I be fuckin' bored  
Turn a dyke bitch out have her fuckin' boys, beast

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Drake]

I know you love it when this beat is on  
Make you think about all of the niggas you've been leading on  
Make me think about all of the rappers I've been feeding on  
Got a feeling that's the same dudes that we speakin' on, oh word?  
Ain't heard my album? Who you sleepin' on?  
You should print the lyrics out and have a fucking read-along

Ain't a fucking sing-along unless you brought the weed along  
Then ju.. (Okay, okay, okay)  
Then just drop down and get yo' eagle on  
Or we can stare up at the stars and put the Beatles on  
All that shit you talkin' bout is not up for discussion  
I will pay to make it bigger, I don't pay for no reduction  
If it's comin' from a nigga I don't know, then I don't trust it  
If you comin' for my head, then motherfucker get to bustin'  
Yes Lord, I don't really say this often  
But this long dick nigga ain't for the long talking, I beast

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]  
Yeah ho this the finale  
My pep talk turn into a pep rally  
Say she's from the hood but she live inside in the valley now  
Vacate in Atlanta, then she going back to Cali  
Got your girl on my line, world on my line  
The irony I fuck 'em at the same damn time  
She eyeing me like a nigga don't exist  
Girl, I know you want this dick  
Girl, I'm Kendrick Lamar  
Aka Benz is to me just a car  
That mean your friends need to be up to a par  
See my standards are pampered by threesomes tomorrow  
Kill 'em all dead bodies in the hallway  
Don't get involved listen what the crystal ball say  
Halle Berry, hallelujah  
Holla back I'll do ya, beast

[Hook]

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